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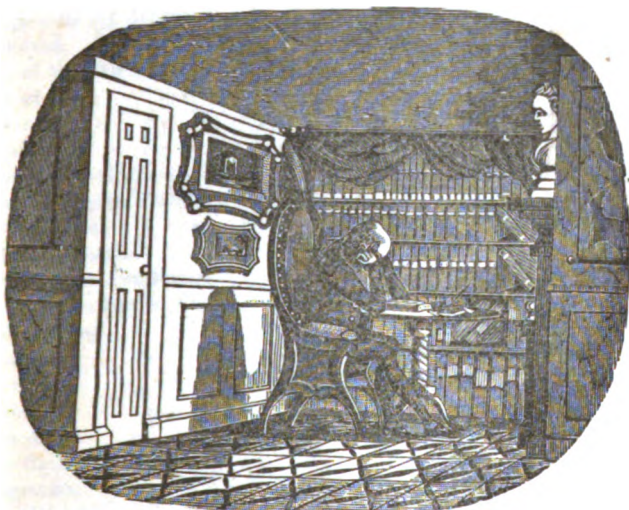
THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. I. 1848—9.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them:—*Cowper.*

AMHERST:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1848.

No. 1.

PROLEGOMENA. *Hammond*

IN presenting to the public the first number of this our INDICATOR, some few words, by way of preface, will naturally be expected of those to whom its management has been committed,—stating at least the motives in which it has had its origin, and the plan upon which it is proposed to conduct it.

We are aware that a general *distrust* of periodical literature is fast gaining ground in this country; and it must be confessed that this sentiment is too well supported by the character of much of the trash with which the press daily, weekly, or monthly teems.

The country is indeed flooded with reviews and magazines of all kinds—they form the distinguishing feature of our literature—and among them there are doubtless some of positively pernicious tendency, and very many of no moral or literary value. Yet even if these formed, as some rashly assert, a majority of the whole, it would be no good reason for condemning that department of literature as universally worthless or corrupting. There are at least some few on which we may safely rely to prove the contrary. If indeed we expect reviews and magazines, even when best conducted, to form for us without other aid, scholars, and statesmen, and distinguished proficient in any department, we shall be at once and deservedly disappointed. Such is not their office. For service like this we must seek more imposing volumes, that require hard and persevering toil to master them. We willingly acknowledge that not all the periodicals of the country would ever make one accurate scholar or profound thinker. But it is in the highest degree unjust, to infer from this, as many do, that they are only a waste of time. They have their own

duty to perform ; and when well managed they do perform it, as fittingly as more ponderous tomes do theirs. Some aim only to present an agreeable relaxation from studies ; and who will deny that even this is an important and useful office ? Others are filled with the records of progress daily made in the various departments of science and the arts. Others still assume the responsible task of sitting in judgment upon the multifarious offspring of the modern press. *All* make it their especial business to show

“ The very age and body of the time,
His form and pressure.”

Upon their pages we find the first tidings of those constant advances of our race, which are hereafter to be digested into more permanent forms, and become part and parcel of the concrete wisdom of the Past.

Works of this nature have another important advantage, in giving Science, Literature, and even Religion, access to many places which they would never reach in less popular forms. “ Worthless as an old newspaper” has almost become a proverb. Perhaps the words are just : but they who use them as a reproach too often forget the real good, a hundred fold its original cost, that same worthless paper has already done. This dingy sheet has detained some poor laborer from the village tavern—that *tora* magazine once did its part to divert the village girl from the frivolities of dress and gossip—an article of no extraordinary merit in yonder old Review first bent the mind of some eminent man to the path he is now so honorably pursuing.

But it is not our business to write a formal defence of periodical literature. Others will be found to do this at once more ably and appropriately than we. The Magazine we offer to the public differs widely, both in origin and character, from all those of which we have spoken. Strictly local in its design and conduct, it seeks for support only within its own narrow circle. Our only promise is to *indicate the literary taste, spirit, and acquirements, of the undergraduates of Amherst College* :—our chief aim to raise these to the highest attainable standard : so far as the other objects of such a periodical are consistent with this, we shall of course pursue them ; but this will ever remain of paramount importance.

The advantages of such a magazine in this respect are too obvious to need more than a passing notice. It has long been felt impossible to acquire by any of our college exercises that habit of close analysis

and criticism which must ever be the basis of a pure and elegant style. Not the most careful instruction from the most accomplished Professor, nor the closest attention on the student's part, can effect this by means of pieces heard once in the recitation room or society hall, and then forgotten. If general ease and fluency of style be attained by such ephemeral productions, it is the best we can hope for.

Thus it often happens that those who have borne through college the reputation of fine writers, find themselves afterwards scarcely above mediocrity, when their productions pass the novel ordeal of the Press. In the former case, a fine voice, an easy manner, or a bold startling style often serves to gloss over many serious defects. In the latter, the article must stand or fall by its own intrinsic merit. Fixed there "in black and white," it lies open to careful and repeated criticism. Even the author himself can judge better of his own writings, when he sees them thus transmuted into some pages of fair type :—and he must be indeed "bound with oak and triple brass" about the *head*, who does not improve by it.

Many too will avail themselves of the wide scope afforded by the contents of such a magazine, to test their powers in flights of fancy for which the narrow routine of college exercises affords little or no encouragement—secure beneath a fictitious name from the mortification of ridicule or failure. Here especially may the whole tribe of college poets display their powers—a race who "love the shade" now, as much as their progenitors did in Horace's day. We would not be understood in this as meaning any disrespect : without looking for a new Shakespeare or Byron among us, we yet feel confident that there exist in college germs of true poetic feeling, which need only to be fostered, by the very means now offered, to produce abundant and delicious fruits.

It is not expected, however, that any more than a local interest will be felt in our productions, whatever be their merit. To us students they will have a charm that none else can feel ; now as the work of our friends and associates, and in after years as memorials of our own youth, and the pleasant days of college life. To a small class of the community—our fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins and *particular* friends, we trust they will be scarcely less interesting as *indicators* of the thoughts and feelings of the absent. To the Alumni of this college—elder children of our Alma Mater—and in fine to all in any way interested in her welfare, we hope the work will be, for her sake, no unacceptable offering.

Influenced by these views, the present undergraduates of Amherst College have joined almost unanimously to place the undertaking upon such a basis as leaves but little fear for its permanent prosperity; and in their name, we, to whom its charge has for the present been committed, commend it to all under whose notice it may happen to come.

For ourselves we have little to say. Of the honor which our classmates have indulgently conferred upon us we are deeply sensible; but we shall strive to render our grateful acknowledgments rather by a faithful discharge of our duties than by verbal professions.

In performing the responsible task of selection from among the materials offered, we shall make every effort, (as we have already taken every precaution) to preserve the strictest impartiality. If the hopes we have formed of success be blighted, it shall not be through remissness on our part. But while we thus promise our own best endeavors, it must be remembered that these alone can never fulfil the design of the work. We are but too well aware that no labor of ours could ever make the *INDICATOR* what it will profess to be—a just representative of the literary merit of the Institution. To fulfil this promise we shall require the hearty and generous support of all connected with it. In the subject matter of our numbers, we shall feel ourselves limited to no particular class of themes. Grave or gay—literary, moral, scientific, æsthetic, or humorous—all will find a place that we deem best fitted to promote the object of the work, and render its pages at once interesting and profitable to our little public.

After all we cannot hope to satisfy ourselves, and still less our readers. We have too much confidence in the generosity of our fellow students, to believe that invidious motives will prompt any part of the deserved, or undeserved censure we may at times incur. But “to err is human,” and we claim no exception from the common lot. Nothing less than infallibility indeed could enable us constantly to please so many varying tastes. We shall do our best; and for indulgence we can only ask, as Horace has before us,

“ — Amicus dulcis, ut æquum est
Quum mea compenset vitis bona, pluribus hisce,
Si modo plura mihi bona sunt, inclinet.”

With these prefatory words we commit our little bark to the waves: that its voyage may be prosperous, not only now but long after we have resigned the helm to others, is the sincere and hearty desire of

THE EDITORS.

CAMOËNS.

Poland.

Few classes of men have had a separate existence long enough to claim the title of nation, who have not acquired a Literature more or less distinct in its characteristics, and have had more or fewer poets to perpetuate their praises and give them a memory in after days. And among all these, the greatest and the best have matched their strength with the noble Epic or the equally noble Drama. Nations are remembered by their poets. Who thinks of Greece without remembering the Song of Troy? Who can read of Rome's conquering legions and forget that Æneas was their great progenitor and that the Mantuan Bard gave his fame to the world? Modern Italy is renowned, not for her Popes, but for being the fatherland of Ariosto, the two Tassos, and "the world worn Dante!" Germany is wider known for its Goethe and its Schiller than for the prowess of its arms, or the more dangerous prowess of its Philosophy. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton and Shakespeare will be read and loved long after the Protector and his royal victim have passed from the thoughts of men, and the conqueror of the Corsican lost in oblivious age! So long as antiquity has an interest, and Poetry a charm, it shall be remembered that "Fingal lived and Ossian sung." And the hero of the present sketch, Portugal's illustrious Camoens, shall long survive the ungrateful country which so cruelly neglected him.

If our principles be correct, and indeed if it be not, it is well that the history of the great poets, especially of the epic poets, should be made familiar to us. Camoens has been selected, because, of all we have mentioned, he perhaps is least known and least appreciated. The reasons why he is so little read and admired are various. His translator has alleged the most obvious one:—"The poem is written in a language unknown to polite literature."

Luis de Camoens is supposed to have been born at Lisbon in 1524, or, as some affirm, in 1517. We know but little of his early life—indeed, the year and place of his birth were for a long time uncertain, and even now his biographers are not agreed respecting them. When he was fourteen years old, we find him at Coimbra, in the University, where he became nursed in all the polite literature of that day. The Latin classics particularly engrossed his attention, with which he is said to have become as intimate as Scaliger, and to have afterwards employed with the taste and skill of a Milton or a Pope. Having completed his education at the University, he repaired to the

court of his Prince at Lisbon, where his accomplished mind and polished manners, together with the recommendations of personal youthful beauty, a warm poetic temperament, and noble birth made him quite a favorite, especially with the ladies. Here he became deeply enamoured of Dona Catharina de Atayde, a lady of rare accomplishments and who warmly returned his love. But for some reason this *affair du cœur* was displeasing to the lady's parents, and through their agency the young poet lover was banished from the court. The place of his exile was Santarem, a small town on the Tagus above Lisbon, and in true poetic spirit he has invoked the waves of the river to convey his tears of sorrow to the object of his attachment. While here he devoted himself to poetic study, composing at this time most of his comedies, many of his sonnets, and probably laid the plan for his immortal poem—the *Lusiad*. But disconsolate and broken-hearted, he determined to drown his grief in the din of arms, and embarked for Africa. Here too he proved himself a man of the heart. True to his love, he was also true to his country, and he wrought as fiercely in war as he had sweetly and plaintively in Song. Encountering a Moorish fleet off the Straits of Gibraltar, he was wounded in the right eye and disfigured for life. Adding now military glory to literary fame, he returned to Portugal asking, as a right, the honor which he so richly deserved. But his greeting was cold and distant. A narrow-minded Sovereign and capricious people could see no merit in his generous patriotism—at least, would acknowledge none, and Camoens had the mortification to find no one at his monarch's court to defend him and obtain an acknowledgment of his services and a remuneration for his sufferings.

“Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.”

The noble mind can endure opposition, invective, and disgrace, for they acknowledge worth in the abused: but cold neglect, an insensibility to those generous acts which demand the highest gratitude and reward—this is insupportable. It crushes the noble spirit; it maddens the heart; it transforms fond hope into despair! Add to this the loss, which he then sustained, of the lady of his heart, the object of his youthful affections, whose unchanging love had cheered and supported him in his exile and been with him in the field of gory death, and who—who, that has not *his* heart, can judge of the youthful

poet's feelings ! His country was insensible to his merits and had refused his claims of remuneration : Poverty shook her snaky arm in her face ; his loved one, the only tie which bound him to Portugal, was no more, and he determined to leave forever his ungrateful country. Proudly resentful of the neglect he suffered, he exclaimed in the words of the Epitaph of Scipio Africanus : "*Ingrata patria, non possidebis mea ossa !*"

In the spring of 1553 he departed for India. Here we find him alternately wielding the sword and the pen. With the one he chastised the piratical Moors ; with the other, he sternly rebuked the vices and sordid avarice of his countrymen. This latter weapon sometimes has a keener edge, and cuts a wound deeper and less easily healed than the former. Thus with Camoens. In a satirical poem entitled "The Follies of India," he aimed a shaft at a few prevalent vices of the country, and though without personalities, yet so deeply offended certain individuals who with unerring sagacity applied the coat to their own backs, that on an appeal to the Governor, they succeeded in their revenge on the virtuous poet and procured his banishment to China. In 1556, this great, though much abused, man departed for the place of his exile "loaded," as he tells us, "with his sorrows, his feelings, and his fortunes."

He spent the earlier part of his exile at the Molucca Islands ; the remainder at Macao. Here, by some instrumentality, he was suffered to hold a subordinate office in the civil government, the perquisites of which afforded him a livelihood and enabled him to devote himself assiduously to the great business of his life—the perfection and publication of the *Lusiad*.

Returning from China in 1561, his evil fortune still attended him. He was shipwrecked. And here we cannot but stop to admire his devotion to his poem. With but a single plank to which he could cling for succor, he suffered all else to perish—the savings of his exile—all his earthly possessions save the treasure of his heart, and to rescue this he struggled with the mighty ocean and was victor ! He rescued his poem and himself, not without difficulty, from a watery grave. It was on the shores of the "friendly Mecon," where he was rescued from the devouring sea, that he paraphrased that beautiful 137 Psalm :

" When we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates stream, &c."

Returning to India, after a short season of tranquility, his enemies

again assailed him, and on a charge of mal-versation in China, he was cast into prison. Having confounded his accusers with the proofs of his innocence, stern Poverty must needs lay its iron grasp upon him, and, for a trifling obligation he still remained a prisoner. At length, relieved from his embarrassment by the generosity of friends, he returned to Portugal. There in 1572, he published the *Lusiad*, that great Poem which had occupied his life and which has acquired for him an immortality of fame.

But the envious were around him, and they were powerful. In his lifetime, Fame twined no laurel wreath about his brow; the great did not rise up to do him reverence; wealth did not fill his coffers. But the most cruel neglect and abject poverty oppressed him, and near the close of his life his faithful Indian servant was forced to beg by night the bread that kept his master from starving by day!

He died in the Hospital of the poor in the year 1579, but in which month or day is unknown. His age was 55. Dying a bachelor, the family in this line failed

“As stars that flit along the sky
Shine brightest, as they fall from high.”

His was a life of trouble: his a death of cruel neglect: but the star of his fame shall burn forever!

The personal appearance of Camoens has been carefully described and biographers have amused themselves in pointing out the resemblances between him and other poets. The similarity of his hair to that of Torquato Tasso has been remarked by Dr. Black, biographer of the latter bard. He is thus minutely described by Nicholas Antonio: “*Mediocri statura fuit, et carne plena, capillis usque ad croci colorem flavescens, maxime in juventute. Eminebat ei frons, et medius nasus, cætera longus et in fine crassiusculus.*”

His character as a man stands out clear and distinct in the actions of his life. Naturally proud; flattered and courted in his youth; conscious of his innate worth and genius; keenly sensitive to the neglect which he suffered; grieving, as a poet-lover grieves, for the death of his lady; no wonder his was a life of sorrow, yet of unbending pride and stern integrity! Vice he ever rebuked and satirized—Virtue he ever praised. We have nothing from which to learn his character as a brother and a son. He was ardent and confiding as a friend; and pure and upright himself, he was too generous to suspect others. But love of country seems to have been the ruling trait

in his character, and even after he had received from it the most unjust treatment, he was led to exclaim :

“ Rude and ungrateful though my country be,
This proud example shall be taught by me,
Where'er the hero's worth demands the skies,
To crown that worth some generous bard shall rise.”

As a writer of poetry he has had few equals, and perhaps no superiors. But two of his Letters are extant. He composed several Tragedies and Comedies, but they were mostly of a national character and the offspring of his youthful muse. It is worthy of notice that his master in the Drama was the illustrious Gil Vicente, whose works were so valued that the great Erasmus is said to have studied the Portuguese language solely to read them in the Original. In his Sonnets, Cancons, and Odes, there is more of the beautifully touching than of the terribly thrilling. They bemoan his fate as a disappointed lover, and a neglected genius. Some of the former kind are exquisitely fine, and Southey has well remarked : “ To most imaginations, Camoens will never appear so interesting, as when he is bewailing his first love. It is in these moments that he is most truly a poet.” A lively truthfulness in description pervades all his pieces. One can hardly read them, even darkly through imperfect translations, without seeing and feeling all that the poet sings. But it is not as a sonnet writer that Camoens is greatest. He was “ the first genuine and successful poet who wooed the Modern Epic Muse, and she gave him the wreath of a first love.” The *Lusiad* is his immortal Poem. It is thus styled from the Latin name of Portugal, which was derived from *Lusus* or *Lysus*, the companion of Bacchus, who planted a colony in Lusitania. In distinction from the great poems of Homer and Virgil, the *Paradise Lost* has been called the Epic Poem of Religion : “ In the same manner,” says Mickle, “ may the *Lusiad* be named the Epic Poem of Commerce.” It celebrates the discovery and conquest of India by Velasco de Gama in 1497, under the patronage of king Emmanuel of Portugal. It would be pleasant, though beyond our present limits, to enter into a critical review of this famous Poem. Yet great and famous as it is, abounding in original thoughts and sublime conceptions, we can hardly call it anything more than a great Imitation of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*. We have been surprised to find so many parallel passages—they pervade the whole Poem. And this is said, not to detract from the praise of Camoens ; for to tread the paths which these mighty masters trod

before him, and to rival and outshine them as he certainly does sometimes, is as much a mark of genius as ever *they* displayed: while the original conceptions of the *Lusiad* are as noble and truly poetic as any in its great models; but we say it to convey *our own* idea of the *Lusiad*—that it is the greatest, the noblest, and the *most original Imitation* the world has ever seen.

An impassioned devotion to the fair sex was characteristic of our poet, and the *Lusiad* abounds with their encomiums. "The genius of Camoens seems never so pleased as when he is painting the variety of female charms; he feels all the magic of their allurements, and riots in his descriptions of the happiness and miseries attendant on the passion of love."

He teems with metaphors—strong, forceful, and sublime. The novelty of fire-arms he has also introduced with much effect, and in his battle scenes

"The bombs tremendous rise,
And trail their blackening rainbows o'er the skies."

Than Camoens, Portugal ne'er had a better poet—ne'er had a braver soldier—ne'er had a truer patriot, and it may be questioned if she ever treated with more cruel neglect one so well worthy of his country's gratitude! But the great in after days have owned his merit. The Italian Tasso composed a beautiful sonnet to his memory; Lope de Vega, an illustrious Spaniard, in his "*Laurel de Apolo*" has bestowed an elegant tribute upon him; and of the English, Mr. Hayley, in his *Essay on Epic Poetry*, thus writes:

"Boast and lament, ungrateful land, a name,
In life, in death, thy glory and thy shame."

In his life we behold many striking coincidences with the other great of earth. Like Homer, he was blind, and poor, and of uncertain nativity. Like Petrarch, he was early an orphan. Like Ovid, banished for love, in many of his sonnets he has bitterly mourned his tedious exile. Like the elder Scipio, disgusted with his country, he deserted it, as he then thought, forever. Like Cæsar, he saved his manuscripts when shipwrecked. And like Dante, he was a wanderer and an outcast on the earth.

Few have loved their country better than he, and few have had such cause to turn that love to bitter hate. To have done this would have been manlike, but to love her still—to serve her in life and immortalize her in death, as he did, is more than manlike—it is God-like!

RALPH.

POLITICAL SONNETS. *Lobdell.*

I

My Country ! for thy fate I have some fears—
I can but feel that Party will neglect
The purposes, and means, and aims direct,
Demanded by our growth to bless our years.
Party its partisans alone reveres—
It seldom highest duties can connect
With those poor follies, nursed by every sect,
In which the Truth, if seen, in chains appears—
Hence we may suffer ; for our laws still yield
To lawless men who seek these shores, a power
That may tread down our Fathers' harvest-field—
The hope of years made ruins in an hour :
The mace of Liberty no man should wield,
Who has not learned the worth of Freedom's dower !

II

They should not be enrolled thy sons among,
America ! who, dead to Freedom's call,
Tamely bend down their backs, and court the fall
And stripe of Rome's ecclesiastic thong—
By despots braided first to lash with wrong
The poor weak slaves of superstition's thrall—
Who, born in ignorance, have yielded all
The rights that to a Freeman may belong.
God of the Nations ! Give—give to the mind
Of thoughtless man one glorious impulse more—
To know what Freedom is—no longer blind
To grope in conscious guilt on error's shore,
But high in hope to seek and quickly find
A Liberty Earth never knew before.

III.

Priests of the Living God ! forsake the shrines !
That to a power abroad would bid you bend,
And know of Liberty the rightful end—
When Justice unto Knowledge Truth consigns—
An oracle more true than any lines

Of Delphic origin—for it will tend,
Which way soever read, those words to blend
With lofty thoughts no earthly power confines !
Priests of the Living God, be true to Man,
Enroll your names upon your country's page,
Armed for the right, and foremost in the van,
A mental warfare with old Error wage,
Calm mid the thunders of the Vatican,
To crown with glory both yourselves and age.

IV.

Ye who would swell the ranks of Papacy,
Are truly foes unto your country's peace—
Ye rivet chains from which there's no release,
Upon your children's children yet to be,
Doomed by your act to mental slavery,
Unless they all, unlike to you, increase
In knowledge as in years, till error cease
Within their breasts to hold its ministry.
How can you claim the name of freemen while
You swear allegiance to a foreign power ?
How can you in the face of freemen smile,
And feel Restraint your very hearts devour ?
Go ! Break your bonds—and teach the despot vile
The life of Freedom by its first glad hour.

V.

One man our country has already had,
Forbidding hope an equal one can bless,
While Folly's mantle, woven by success,
Marks of the Nation both the good and bad :—
The present to the Poet seems but sad,
Hope droops within the shadow of Distress—
Despair, stark blind, *would* weep lost happiness,
And Joy with Power no longer can be glad.
Our common trust must be ourselves within,
Each man must feel he is his country's son,
No longer, in the whirl of party, sin—
But each united form in All a One,
The patriot's work in earnest to begin—
We cannot hope a second Washington !

VI.

Crush Party with the iron heel of Will—
Demon detestable ! It feeds on blood—

Sneaks with the bad, and mingles with the good,
On whom it fattens, though it never fill,
Crying with poor mad Lear, come "kill, kill, kill ;"
Or, like to some smooth priest of holy rood,
It wears a saintly smile and solemn hood,
But is the same deceptive demon still !
O Youth, the first firm step that Manhood nerves,
Should trample bravely on the demon's head,
And waste no jot of Power that Doubt reserves,
But by the anxious of the lofty dead—
Who joy in those whom Faction never swerves—
Inspired, be One whom Party never led.

REVERIE.

All was beautiful around me. I was *somewhere*, but the place was without locality—it seemed as if I moved through immensity, but unconsciously. A bewildering dizziness came over me. Shapes flitted dimly before my eyes, indefinable, yet beautiful. Music floated gently around, softer than the voices of girls.

My brain was no more giddy with swift motion. Forms half indistinct stood still. The music ceased. The strangeness passed away and I was alone. I seemed to recline on the grassy bank of a gently flowing brook. Its crystal waters leaped sportively along, laving the pearl-gems in its bosom : while ever and anon a tiny fish would turn his silver side to the bright sun like the gleam of a half-shown jewel. Fragrant flowers filled the air with their perfumes, and many a long stem gracefully bent over the bank to look at the beauteous picture which seemed to blush in the water. "Birds of the gentle beak" and of bright gay plumage opened their little throats for the gush of melody. A light silvery cloud glittered in the sunbeam like the wing of an angel. The song which had ravished my soul was alone wanting to make happiness complete. And it came, stealing gently o'er my spirit like the rich echo of a seraph's harp ; and as it rose and fell, now deepening to its fullest tones, now faintly trembling and almost gone, methought 'it was not earthly music—it was so sweet. Then my soul bathed in a flood of bliss, and it seemed as if I was to enjoy all that is beautiful in sound and sight, and thus appreciate the fulness of joy which Nature can call up in a human heart.

But all things changed. The light cloud that glittered in the sun-beam now deepened into a dark and wrathful storm. The crystal stream rolled down, a swelled and turbid torrent. The balmy air became thick and suffocating. A weight sunk heavily upon my eyes, and I felt an iron hand laid on my heart, crushing it together. Then I was whirled swiftly away, clasped round by the arms of motion. Away! the earth was far below me, and the icy breath of the planetary spaces froze my humanity and my weakness. My heart asked "Whither?" but the sound I uttered I could not hear, for we left its vibrations far behind. But at length the motion ceased somewhat from the fierceness of its rapidity; the iron hand was taken from my heart: and my eyes were opened.

I beheld! A comet blazed in its fiery path through space. Its mass glowed with the greatest intensity of heat. I beheld the wondrous process of its state and knew it was *the first stage of Creation!* But the Comet was too slow a creeper for my yet furious motion, and I left it to pursue its way alone.

And now I was flung upon the Sun. My feet stood on the hot marl of one of its dark floating islands. And as I gazed upon a molten world hissing, and splashing around me, my human heart would have failed but for a power which nerved it terribly. Here was a tempestuous ocean of liquid fire, heaving from the profundity of its bosom, and glowing like the Furnace of Creation. Here was the Crucible of a world, which God had filled with its molten compound; and as I shriveled under its dreadful heat, and perceived how my frail island rocked upon its awful billows, there came a thought into my soul: "*This is the second stage of creation!*"

Once more I was wrapped in my strange vestment and borne away through space. And a rough, black, desolate globe was before me. Smoke spouted from a thousand craters. Hoarse bellowsings resounded from its deep womb. Dark mountains stood up against the sky, and frightful chasms yawned beneath. It were joy to have seen some shrub, though it were rude, and to have heard the scream of some beast of prey or of birds of the curved beak. But there was no life there. Then the globe staggered at the awful belchings of some tremendous volcano, and as the rocks went rattling down the dark ravine, they smote upon its bottom and a hollow sound came up: "*The third stage of creation!*"

Once more the scene was changed. Swift evidently was the motion. Again I felt the iron hand upon my heart, and my spirits sunk

within me. Oh! it was terrible! But it ceased. There was no more motion. The hand was taken away from my heart. There was a thrill of life through my members, and my soul awoke.

It was a dream. It was the strange wanderings of an unguided spirit. The scene of loveliness played before me—it was the response of Fancy to the soul's aspirations for the Beautiful. And the terrible wanderings of my dreamy spirit were the soul-struggles after the Infinite and the True in Science. The hand which clutched my heart, wringing out its humanity, transformed it for its ordeal.

Thus it was mine to visit the spheres of the sky. I saw how God makes a world! I was admitted to the Laboratory of Omnipotence! I studied the Alchemy of the Universe. Thus worketh the spirit in its night dreams.

Z. A. Z.

THE OCEAN DREAM.

Briggs.

In dreams I walked the moonlight shore,
And listened to the waves,
And thought I heard within their roar
The voice of ocean-caves.
It said: "Far down where the wave is brown,
And the sunlight falls with a silent shimmer,
Full many a gem and diadem
Robed in their light and beauty glimmer;
And many a jewel the corals hide
That rival the glitter of regal pride."

"I know that the jewels are bright and fair
That glow in thy silent bowers,
But oh! can their changeless light compare
With the bloom of summer flowers?"
Then a whisper swept across the Deep,
A whisper soft and low,
As the wavelets broke around my feet
Like a wreath of eddying snow;
I bent my ear to the gentle tone,
And thus the voice of the waves said on.

" The sea-weed flow'rs are bright and fair,
As they float in the crystal tide,
And close their leaves as in upper air,
When the shadows above them glide,
And beautiful shells, that are rich and bright
As a Rose-bud bathed in dew,
Color the waves with a liquid light
As the sunbeams glimmer through ;
And many a form of life is seen
Gliding amid those bowers of green."

" Oh ! tell me not of thy sea-shells rare,
Or the bloom of thy dewy flow'rs,
But tell me of those who are resting there
In the light of thy sunny bow'rs.
Has the spirit fled from the flashing eye,
Has the cheek grown thin and pale,
Do they lie where the clustering flowers lie,
Unmoved by the ocean-gale ?"
I listened—a voice to my ear came low,
Like the soft sweet plaint of some gentle woe.

" Far down where the wave is still and deep,
And softened the sunlight's glare,
They dreamily lie in their quiet sleep,
No trouble shall vex them there ;
Their bodies are rocked with a cradle-motion,
Their hands crossed on their breast,
As if a mother with warm devotion,
Were lulling her child to rest ;
'Tis better to lie in the lonely Deep,
Than be where the loathsome earth-worms creep."

The vision passed and I awoke,
To dream once more alone,
No longer on my senses broke
Loved Ocean's constant moan.
The Moon came budding thro' a cloud,
Like a veiled Eastern Bride,
The Cricket piped to the flow'r buds loud,
And all was still beside ;
I gazed on the vacant midnight air,
And only the stars and moon were there.

THE ELDONFIELD PAPERS.

S 221 y 2.

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No. I.

## THE TWO FUNERALS.

I have never yet seen any village that I loved like Eldonfield. It was my childhood's home; the place where my boyhood and youth glided away, and though years have passed over me since, yet I love to turn back even now and live over again the scenes through which I then passed. They are pleasant moments when I can call up to memory the friends that I then knew and loved; when I can listen in imagination to their voices; mingle again in their sorrows and their joys, and feel my soul once more alive to the buoyancy, the feelings and the emotions of my early days. I can recollect very well the large old fashioned house of my father where my infancy was spent. Even now I seem to see the tall maples which grew up in front of it and threw their deep shade over its sloping roof,—the old oak which stood in the meadow behind it, where my playmates used to come that we might spend our holidays together in our boyish glee; the wooden bridge where I have sat for hours in a sunny day watching the rippling brook and listening to its gentle music as it flowed along over the stones that I threw down in its narrow bed; all these are held up before me in an indelible picture, and limning memory colors them even now with tints as vivid as she does events of yesterday. The village also with its two streets running nearly parallel through it; its rows of white cottages almost hid in summer, by the sweet briars that nearly covered them, and the lilacs that grew so thickly around them; the church lifting up its tall spire, and the grave-yard lying so closely by its side, can, none of them, ever be forgotten or cease to be invested with that warm and lively interest which always clusters around the scenes of our early days. There are some events connected with these scenes, which, memory of former times brings up before me and which I now propose to relate. They are fraught to me with interest, for many of them are recollections of those whom

I once loved and mingled with, but whose names have long since passed away from earth, and whose forms are sleeping now in that quiet village churchyard, in the silence of the grave. They are numbered with the departed, but their memories still live within my heart; and though they are mournful memories, yet I would not lose them for a world. How often is it thus, that our bereaved affections gather around those whom we have loved while living, and cling to them still, though grief for their remembrance may be wearing life away.

It was a quiet Sabbath morning in June that a funeral procession might have been seen forming at the foot of one of the streets of Eldonfield, whence it proceeded slowly towards the church yard. It was unusual for the stillness of the Sabbath to be thus disturbed, but death had entered the village and stricken down two, who were this day to be consigned to the grave. As the procession moved through the street, an unusual interest was manifested on the part of all, for the mother who was following to lay her only child by the side of the husband she had lost, but a few months before. The kind hearted villagers had shown her every token of sympathy in her sorrow, and now so touched were they by her grief, that it seemed as if the stroke of affliction had fallen upon them all. Slowly they moved along and so quietly they entered the churchyard that their own footsteps and the measured tolling of the bell were the only sounds to break the stillness of the scene. In silence they gathered around the grave and and there stood with their heads bowed while the man of God lifted up his voice and prayed for strength to the mourning hearts in this the hour of their trial. A tear stole over his cheek as he remembered the mother, and asked Him who could be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, to strengthen her as she bowed under the stroke of His chastening rod.

The pall was then removed and the coffin opened. It was a beautiful child that lay there in the quiet slumber of death. His hands lay folded upon his breast and his face wore a smile so sweet and gentle that it almost made one feel that it belonged to heaven rather than to earth. Perhaps it was an angel smile, with which one of those bright messengers had wreathed the lips of the child as an earnest to the mourners of the joy to which they were bearing away his spirit. One by one the villagers came up and cast a glance within the coffin, and then also the mother came forward to give her last look to the peaceful sleeper there. She knelt down upon the green sward beside the open coffin. Every eye was dim with tears as she

bent forward and carefully parted the shroud and then laid her hand upon the bosom of her child, seeking even then for the throbbing which should tell her that life still remained. But that heart had ceased to beat forever, and the hand which the mother now took within her own was stiff and cold as marble. Still she did not weep. She could not. Her eyes were as dry as though the fountain of tears had been sapped by the fiery ordeal through which she had been called to pass. She re-arranged the shroud; laid the little hand once more in its last resting place; smoothed back a single flaxen curl which lay upon his forehead, and then with an agony depicted on her countenance which told that her heart was breaking, she rose and turned away.

The coffin was now closed. On it was inscribed

A. T.

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indicating the name and age of the deceased. It was then lowered into the grave; a bundle of straw was carefully laid above it, and then the first spade full of earth was thrown in, sending back that dull and heavy sound so painful to a mourning ear. The earth was heaped up over the grave; the sods laid neatly around it, and after the old minister had made a few remarks and returned thanks to those who had kindly buried the dead,—the villagers left the place, many of them with a heavy heart. The widowed mother lingered among the last, but as she turned away she was heard to whisper,

"The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee."

Faith had triumphed and that too gloriously. That mother's heart though riven with anguish was yet stayed by the thought that it was a merciful hand which had mingled for her the bitter draught, and that that hand doeth all things well. The last tie which had bound her to earth was now broken and she looked and longed for a reunion with those she had loved, in a brighter world. Widowed and childless she went to the home which she too was soon to leave; for in three months the grave closed over all her earthly sorrows. She

died peaceful and calm, trusting her all to a risen Savior, and with her last breath gently murmuring, "we shall meet again."

"WE SHALL MEET AGAIN." There is a power in these words which the cold-hearted skeptic never felt. What a joy it gives to the mourning one to think of a world where there is no more bereavement or sorrow; where He, who has given affliction and pain to the believing children of earth, shall hush their every sigh, and wipe away their every tear; and where the ties which have once been severed among the disciples of the meek and lowly One, shall be re-united to be broken no more forever.

But we digress. In the morning a young and tender flower which had just opened itself to a stormy world, and then closed its leaves forever, had been consigned to the dust whence it sprang; the evening was to close with a similar duty to one that had long been blossomed for the grave, upon whose head the tempests of life had beaten for almost a century without effect. Every one felt the contrast as the declining sun shone in upon this funeral scene. The melancholy duties with which the morning had opened, and the solemn services of the Sabbath had served to soften every feeling of those who now stood at the grave of the old man who was to be gathered to his fathers. There was a deep and unbroken silence as we stood for a few moments gazing at his features as he lay in the coffin before us. But what a silence it was! There was not a single whisper of grief, not a sob of sorrow, nor a sigh from a single mourning heart to break it. The old man had seen wife and children and connexions torn from his side, and now not one of them was left to weep over his grave. He had outlived them all. The friends of his youth, the companions of riper years had all passed away. There was not one survivor who had walked the long journey with him, for even the old men who stood by his coffin recollected him in the vigor of life, when they were occupied with the sports of childhood. He had grown up like a tree in the forest, and had stood unbroken and strong, while the woodman's axe and the decays of time had leveled all that grew around him, and now he too had fallen, the last relic of an age that had passed away. What a tale he might have told us, could he have broken the hushed stillness of that moment when we were looking for the last time upon his features. His life had been full of years and he might have told us what it was to outlive all we love or care for here on earth, and to travel on to the grave for years in loneliness, without a single heart to beat in sympathy with our own; without a

single voice to greet our ear in tones that we have long been used to love. It was sad to think of him living so long with his memories and his joys all belonging to a past generation, and one could hardly help preferring the fate of the child whom we had that morning laid to rest, and who had slept in death before his short life had become saddened with the troubles of a sorrowful world. How many griefs, how many blasted hopes and blighted joys had he escaped, which the old man had been forced to bear in his toilsome journey of life. Was it not better that he should die thus before the sea of life had become ruffled with a single wave, than that his frail bark should have to brave the storms and the tempests and finally sink down in darkness, unguided and alone?

As we laid the old man in the grave, the last rays of the setting sun fell over the scene and then left us to the shadows of twilight. The time had been well chosen; for the evening was a fitting period for him to be consigned to rest who had been toiling on in life for so long a day. A spot had been chosen for his sepulture in the midst of his family, who had preceded him, and we left him there till the grave shall give up its dead.

"And so life passes away," I whispered to myself as I left the churchyard,—*"it fleeth as a shadow and continueth not."* Truly said Fenelon. *"Les hommes passent comme les fleurs, qui s'épanouissent le matin, et qui le soir sont flétries et foulées aux pieds."*

• W. •

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## ORPHICS.

From right to left swingeth the Pendulum. It hath ticked the death-knell of the present moment and joined it to the past, and it now returneth to the Future.

From left to right it swingeth back again, bearing a point of time from the Future without end, through the momentary Present, to the Past without beginning; and by the short arc it describes, separates an Eternity past from an Eternity to come. dX.

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Fame and Immortality—they flee from the living: and alas, for the dead! they have fled away from their Fame and their Immortality.

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## DAWN OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

LITERATURE is the mirror of the popular mind. Whatever be its form or appearance, whether its different aspects be considered as the cause or the effect of the various changes to which society has been exposed, it will always be found to picture forth distinctly, the predominant feelings and tastes which characterize the age in which it is produced. No one can become an accurate historian; no one can indeed fully understand the state of society at a certain period of its history, without having studied and thoroughly understood the nature of its cotemporaneous literature. Society may mould the literature, or the literature may give character to society, in either case as certainly as we learn the nature of the one, do we become acquainted with the qualities of the other, in either case we shall find that the history of the one in its great and essential points is but a record of the other in its fundamental characteristics, and that each of the two offers us a direct and positive counterpart to the other. This principle, if true, becomes of incalculable service, in enabling us to determine many points in the literary history of the world that would otherwise remain entirely covered with obscurity. Thus, from what we know of the character of society at a certain age, we are able to judge with almost infallible certainty, of what must have been the character of its literature, even though no specimens have come down to aid us in our estimate.

Only by this means are we able to arrive at a correct judgment of the state of literature in the early periods of English history. A veil of darkness hangs closely drawn around the intellectual and physical condition of those times, and it is only by collecting and combining the scattered light which we can gain from them both that we are able to see with any distinctness the prominent outlines in the picture of each. Neither is able to give us alone a fair representation of itself, but the one and the other, to be understood fully, must be viewed in that reciprocal relation by which the history of both shows they are ever connected. Thus when we turn back five hundred

years and attempt to reconstruct the fabric of old English literature, its proportions and form can only be determined by the structure which society was at that period assuming. It was then the dawning point—the time of the first great impulse to both literature and society. There had been a long night of darkness in which England with the rest of Europe had been shrouded for ages, but the obscurity was now beginning to vanish, and upon the eastern sky could be seen the first faint but sure harbinger that heralded the coming day. Various influences had been tending to this. The crusades had arisen and poured in upon the European world the light of Oriental art and refinement. The feudal system was becoming freed from its harsh and tyrannical features, and the strict exaction of military servitude from the yielding vassal became less and less rigidly enforced. The retainer had begun to despise the degrading bondage in which he had so long been held and to look upon himself as worthy of a better state and entitled to higher privileges than any which he had yet enjoyed. Kings were taking into their own hands the power which the nobles had heretofore so despotically exercised over their vassals, and thus while removing that which had been such a fruitful source of violence, were also changing the state from a collection of petty clans and feuds to a single united and consolidated whole. Society seemed waking up from its slumber of ages, and rousing itself for a new effort, it endeavored to shake off the fetters of ignorance and superstition which had so long bound it in the dust. In England the active spirit of Edward III. was doing much to favor this movement. Not content with his wars carried on so successfully in Scotland and France, he directed many of his efforts to the improvement of the civil and social condition of his people. The code of laws which Edward I. had instituted, and which the weakness of Edward II. had prevented from carrying out, Edward III. faithfully executed. Under him, social order in England spread itself through the community. Society was still rude and uncultivated it is true; there was a great deal yet that needed culture before it should attain a high degree of refinement; but the work had begun, and in looking back now upon that time, we can clearly discover the germ of that social tree whose strength and maturity after ages were to unfold, and whose vigor was to increase while the storms and the tempests that sometimes sweep over society were to visit it in vain.

Perhaps in no case does the physical condition of man undergo any material change without affecting in a corresponding degree his

intellectual state. The whole history of the world shows the inseparable connection that exists between the social and mental progress of man. So closely are these two woven together that neither can be separated from the other without destroying the whole fabric of human society. Hence we expect to see any advancement in one of these particulars followed by a corresponding development of the other, and we are very rarely disappointed. Both must progress together; and so they will as long as the present constitution of things remains unaltered. In viewing therefore the movement which was now taking place in English society we cannot be surprised at the change which also marks the literary history of that period. It was a change more wonderful and distinct than has perhaps ever characterized the literary history of any other nation. Since the time of the conqueror, the French language had been universally spoken among the nobility of England, but this was now beginning to give place to a form of speech far better suited to the national tastes and feelings of a country-loving Briton. The English language, which had heretofore been merely the rough means of communication between the inferior orders of society, now became the vehicle of thought for almost all classes, from the low menial up to the king. The long hostility that had been cherished between the Saxon and Norman seemed to be now dying away. Both for the first time stood upon a common ground, when the proud Norman laid aside the language of his fathers and adopted another which they had so long looked down upon with contempt. This was a strange concession, and it would doubtless never have been made had it not been for the change that was now going on in the civil and social relations of the people of England. The retainer was leaving his down trodden condition and fast rising in the scale of society, while the lord was being forced to consider himself in the light of a retainer to the king. Both classes were coming nearer and nearer together, and the noble, in order to preserve his power, found himself obliged to yield to some of the tastes and feelings of the vassal whom he had heretofore despised. No concession which he could make was calculated to be received with so much favor by the common people as the adoption of their language, and nothing was better fitted than this to establish a permanent and national literature. The English language, as such, was now considered worthy of the attention of the learned. It was no longer a rude dialect, the use of which would stamp a man with disgrace, but as the means of communication between the higher circles,

ignorance of it could not be tolerated. Every effort was now made to improve and cultivate it. Translations into English from the classics were at this period made for the first time in the primary schools.\* Many of the romances of the south of Europe began to be rendered in the native dialect of Britain. The songs of the Saxon were frequently substituted by the minstrels for the gay ballads and love ditties of France. Previously to this the works of the learned were all published in Latin, since no one had heretofore seemed willing to run the risk of writing a book and giving it out in his own native tongue. It was an experiment which in those times of little reading, for a long while no author had the hardihood to perform. But the changes which society was now undergoing promised better for the author and seemed to call for some work, which all could read and which should tend to give stability and firmness to the language so recently adopted. The call was obeyed, and in 1356 were published Mandeville's travels, the first book in the English language. The Bible of Wickliffe soon after appeared, and English literature had taken its first step. To us in this age of books it may seem a short and feeble stride; but when we look at it in the light of that rude age, and think of the difficulties that were to be faced and the prejudices to be overcome before such a work could be accomplished, we cannot but feel that it never made at any one period of its history a truer or greater advancement than this. It was a good beginning of a work which a master hand was soon to carry on. The foundations had been laid and the work well prepared for the father of English Poetry to arise and carry on the edifice in which he was to be the first and greatest architect. Ch.

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### OH! SING THAT SONG FOR ME.

That plaintive song—Oh! stay not yet,  
But sing it once again,  
For many sweet remembrances  
Are wakened by the strain.  
Though it may have no soothing charm,  
No magic power for thee,  
Its music strangely moves my heart—  
Oh! sing that song for me!

\* Hallam. Hist. Lit.

Sweet thoughts of other happier years,  
Of childhood's fairy hours,  
Those hours, when Fancy fondly dreamed  
Life was a path of flowers ;  
Of friends whose forms so dear, so loved,  
I never more shall see—  
These memory wakens in my breast—  
Oh ! sing that song for me !

Long years have passed since first I heard  
That well remembered lay,  
Years in which sorrow's heavy clouds  
Have gathered o'er my way—  
But Hope's uplifted finger points  
Far o'er life's troubled sea,  
To realms of bliss, " the Better Land"—  
Oh ! sing that song for me !

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THE BIRTH OF THE DEW-DROP.

Day had passed, and Evening stole along with silent step and sober mien, and spread her gray robe over field and forest.

But Earth moaned sadly, and the breezes filled the ear of Evening with her voice of wailing. Then Evening said, " Why art thou disquieted, O Earth, and why dost thou refuse to lie in quiet beneath the robe I have spread above thee ?"

And Earth said, " Because there is in it no beauty. Day cometh and giveth me a garment of brightest green. At her voice the flower-ets raise their heads and she arrayeth them in gorgeous hues—but at thy approach, they bow upon their stems, for thou takest away their loveliness.

It is not thus that thou hast dealt by the sky, for though thou hast hidden its kingly sun, and taken away its tapestry of cloud, yet hast thou placed therein a million of gems and it is filled with glory."

Then Evening mused awhile and said, " Thou hast not spoken ill, and Earth at night shall also have her jewels." And she sprinkled dew drops on every leaf and flower and scattered them over each vale and hill.

Then Earth looked upward to the sky and smiled, for Evening had now given both their sparkling beauty.

for its full disclosure arrives, is only rivalled by the completeness with which that disclosure lights up every feature of the long mystery that has preceded. It has however one great fault that must be obvious to the most careless reader. To secure the general effect of the whole, when viewed, so to speak, as a *picture* embodying some single sentiment, the author has almost entirely sacrificed the interest of one of its parts. Passing over the first ten chapters, which serve as a general introduction, we are presented with two distinct novels—the only link between them being in the person of the heroine herself. The first, extending to Jane's flight from the house of Rochester, is life-like, natural, exciting. It portrays dark and strong emotions, but they are such as rise in every human breast. The other is tame, unnatural, and uninteresting: the feelings it depicts are scarcely known to one among a million, and at the same time so directly opposed to those before excited in us, that they rather revolt than attract us. We can indeed see the design of the author in the plan he has adopted; and we cannot but acknowledge when we have closed the book and can take in the whole at once, that by this marked contrast he has rendered the whole a more effective *picture*: but as a *tale* its unity and symmetry is destroyed. Even the beauty of the contrast is weakened by its arrangement, so that we have almost the effect of anti-climax'. The quiet scenes of the second part appear dull after their more stirring predecessors, and were it not for their effect as a foil for these, would become absolutely tiresome. It is worthy of remark how completely this difference pervades the chapters. While all bear the marks of equal labor, the minutest details of one part are spirited and often picturesque: while in the other they are almost uniformly strained and languid.

The greatest charm of Jane Eyre, however, lies not so much in the interest of the plot as in its masterly delineation of character. For vividness and variety the personages are unsurpassed in English fiction: they show a power of entering the heart and appreciating its deepest emotions which very few possess, and still fewer can embody in language. They are remarkable too for the unity of their development. Not only are the main features preserved, but all the more delicate shades that we rarely see on paper. Scarcely a sentence could be taken from any conversation in the book that would not by its form and spirit alone indicate the speaker.

It would be a pleasant task, did not our limits forbid, to attempt an analysis of the various characters. The heroine herself is as well worthy of study as many creations of Shakspeare even. She is a

true woman, and yet one of a high order. She has not one unfeminine trait about her, and yet we see a strength of purpose, and a degree of available *practicalness* that rarely falls to the lot of the "weaker sex," combined with that ready tact and quick observation which they claim as their especial distinction. The most strongly marked feature in her character is one for which our language has no fitting term. Not self esteem, for use has made that a term of reproach—nor individuality, for that is too vague—nor egotism for that is too limited. It is more like self reliance than any thing else, yet even that does not fully express it—a sort of self-concentration—a disposition to find sources of enjoyment only within one's own heart—to cherish one's own peculiarities, and look within one's self rather than to the world without for motives and rules of action. This is not, as some may think, an unlovely trait: would there were even more of it actually existing in this age of universal philanthropy, and Societies for minding every body's business but their own. In Jane Eyre it triumphs over all other passions—love, pleasure, ambition, all. We can see how it was fostered within her from her very infancy, and grew to be her guiding principle. Through her cheerless childhood—amid the privations of Lowood or the gay *noblesse* in the saloons of Thornfield—the plighted bride of Rochester, or the devoted assistant of St. John Rivers,—we have ever before us "a quiet little figure, sitting by herself."

In Rochester and St John Rivers we have a most perfect contrast. In the former the author's power is displayed to the best advantage. Rochester is not a saint: neither is he one of those seductive villains whose chief charm lies in their wickedness. He is a man: and rarely has civilized man with all his powers and passions been so faithfully depicted. The author has dared to present us his hero's faults without gloss. Novel writers usually shrink from this, lest it diminish our love for their favorites: he has shown that we need perfection to excite our sympathies no more on the page of fiction than we do in real life. Many have cried out against the moral influence of such a portrait: but whoever can trace the workings of that deep manly heart, as it gradually becomes subdued and purified, and feel himself more injured than improved by the study, must have a fount of corruption in his own heart deeper than even Rochester's. Such a one should beware how he study history: he will find few of its great or good men pure enough for his taste. St. John Rivers strikes us less favorably. In seeking an effective foil for his hero, the author has presented us with a personage at once unnatural and

void of interest. With his spiritless stoicism and fanatical pride we have no sympathy: and it is only when we fear and almost hate him for his influence over Jane, that we cease to be utterly indifferent to his existence. This lack of interest, as we have already remarked, pervades the whole second part. St. John's sisters are by far the most poorly drawn personages in the book: more like the milk and water creations of the Laura Matilda school than any others in Jane Eyre: very unexceptionable, and very lovely, and very flat.

Miss Ingram is a perfect type of her class: indeed all the characters who compose her *set*, play their parts to perfection. But we must not delay longer on these subordinate characters.

The tone of the work is decidedly original, and calculated to please only a few: but those few will be such as have learned from bitter experience to judge soberly and impartially of the world about them. There is very little romance about it, and no flattery for human nature. Tender minded young ladies will tell you they *dote* upon it—"but then the author does scandalize the world so!" *Perfectionists* will find but little comfort from the writer of Jane Eyre. He has shown mankind as they really are: in total depravity at least the book is *orthodox*. There is little wit in it: but it abounds with something of a far higher order,—a rich fund of deep satirical humor. It is one high merit of the work in our eyes, that *humbug* of every kind, however consecrated by age or fashion, finds no mercy in its pages. The Rev. Mr. Brocklehurst with his canting hypocrisy, and the fashionable follies of Rochester's guests come alike under an unspared lash.

We should be glad, if space were allowed us, to illustrate these hasty remarks, and enrich our own pages with extracts from the work itself. There are many scenes which for graphic delineation we deem unsurpassed by the most renowned novelists of the day. But the work is already so universally known that there are but very few, we think, to whom the passages we would quote are not already familiar. It will be enough to name the economy of Lowood—the first interview with Rochester—his declaration of love—the night-scene with the maniac, and again her hideous revelation—the *belledom* of Miss Ingram—and best of all, one of unequalled pathos, the death of Helen Burns. If there be a scene of more touching beauty in English fiction, we are ignorant of it. Unmanly as some may think it, we are proud to confess how the tears came into our eyes when we read it.

Who wrote Jane Eyre? Its authorship has been for a time as

great a question as that of the New Timon or the Vestiges of Creation. We doubt not it will soon cease to be a secret; but on one assertion we are willing to risk our critical reputation—and that is, that no woman wrote it. This was our decided conviction at the first perusal, and a somewhat careful study of the work has strengthened it. No woman in all the annals of feminine celebrity ever wrote such a style, terse yet eloquent, and filled with energy bordering sometimes almost on rudeness: no woman ever conceived such masculine characters as those portrayed here: and to use a test which, trifling as it seems, has weighed not a little with us, no woman ever made such blunders in discussing millinery, and the various articles of feminine apparel! For the truth of this last criticism we appeal to all our fair readers.

Once more we turn from the book with regret. We feel that in this brief sketch we have done our subject little justice; but if any are led by it to spend, like us, a dull vacation day over the book itself, we know they will forget the rudeness of the guide-board in the pleasantness of the path.

TWILIGHT RECOLLECTIONS.

When the weary day declines,
When the red sun faintly shines,
When the shadow of the tree
Stretches lengthened o'er the lea,
And the eddies in the brook
Sadden in each shadowy nook,
And the weak stars faint and pale
Dimly pierce their azure veil,
Then with spirits sad and low,
Like the starlight's trembling glow,
Like the brooklet in the meadow,
Whispering 'neath the deep'ning shadow,
Like the skyward pointing tree,
So my tho'ts steal back to thee,
While Hope's sunlight slowly fading,
All my soul with grief pervading,
Throws the shadow of Life's tree,
(Ever farther creeping, creeping,
Till upon thy grave 'tis sleeping.)
Ever farther unto Thee.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter."—*Solomon.*

"Here be we, five moral God-fearing citizens, set up to make sport for the mob."
Massinger.

"H-e-i-g-h-o."—*EDS. IND.*

READER, what is your conception of an Editor's table? We wonder whether you have ever formed such daring conjectures as we were wont to do, touching the meaning of that mysterious phrase. In our younger days we halted between two different exegeses—literal and metaphorical. The first existed to us in the shape of a large pine frame, such as we once saw in a daring intrusion upon the *sanctum* of our friend who *does the* — *Intelligencer*. Gaunt it was, and paintless, but plentifully bedaubed with printer's ink: drawers and pigeon holes innumerable garnished it round about, and on it lay in hopeless confusion the papers of the day—add thereto a small inkstand and a large pair of scissors, and you have it complete. Our other interpretation was more to our own taste. Instead of taking those ambiguous words literally, it rather presented them to us as the phenomenal eidolon of an abstract and transcendental conception—the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—in short as a pleasant fiction, typifying only certain final pages in smaller type, where the poor wretch who had been strutting in full dress through essays, disquisitions and sonnets interminable might don his easiest wrapper—sink leisurely into his biggest editorial chair—and indulge himself in a cosy and confidential chat, not having the fear of Kame and Whately before his eyes. Such at least shall ours be.

We had prepared a small sample of our powers to grace our first number: but the printer and his devil are inexorable—we are *crowded out*. We regret this exceedingly, for we would fain have "scraped acquaintance" a little more closely with our readers before again venturing into their presence. This first number has been prepared amid many delays and disappointments incident to the commencement of such an undertaking by hands so inexperienced as ours. These we trust will not again occur. To those who have already favored us with contributions we return hearty thanks for their assistance: and we would remind both them and others that upon these we mainly rely to fulfil the design of the work. But this has been more appropriately said in another place.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QX Phi, and "The Warning" will appear in our next.

"Cycloid" has gone down the *curve of swiftest descent*.

"Lines to my table" are *under ours*.

"Carril" is requested to allow the late "venerable Adams" to *requiescat in pace*.

*, T. T., and the Wanderer, are respectfully declined.

THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. I.—NO. II.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cowper.*

JULY, 1848.

AMHERST:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCXLVIII.

NOV 7 1923

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1848.

No. 2.

BEETHOVEN.

Emerson.

We can hardly account for the fact, that our language contains so few musical works adapted to the popular taste. While in almost any circulating library you may find biographies and sketches innumerable, of the poets, the painters, and the sculptors; and abundance of elaborate treatises on Art, in its various departments; a readable, well written musical work, whether biographical, historical, or scientific, is scarcely to be found. The reason for this, we apprehend, is to be sought, not in the intrinsic nature of the subject, for surely no one of the fine arts has a stronger or a more general hold upon the affections of mankind at large, than music. Among the rudest and most ignorant classes, it is not uncommon to find persons of really good musical taste and correct notions.

In a reading community, well written works of this kind, would certainly meet with very general acceptance. Perhaps their scarcity may be attributed to the fact, that there are few men, who combine much literary excellence, with any great skill in musical criticism. Indeed, many of the books which have been written, have either had mere musicians for their authors, and thus by an obscure and technical style, been rendered unattractive to common readers, or else have been written by men possessing it may be, the requisite literary qualifications, but destitute of musical taste. Moscheles' *Life of Beethoven* has afforded us great pleasure in the perusal; not only as a respectable literary performance, but from the strong desire we have long entertained to know more of the character and of the works of the great composer. Mr. Moscheles is a professed musician himself, and we

cannot say that his book is entirely free from the defects hinted at above. He evidently writes *con amore*, and is sometimes led away by his admiration for the artist, to an undue palliation of the faults and foibles of the man. Biographers are peculiarly exposed to the "*Lues Boswelliana*," or "disease of admiration"; but the intelligent reader, will make due allowance, and need not be misled by it. It is not our intention, however, to write an extended review of Mr. Moscheles' book; but rather to give our readers a brief sketch of the life and character of Beethoven.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn. His father, Johann Van Beethoven, was tenor singer in the Electoral Chapel, and died in 1792. His grandfather was also a music director, and bass singer, of some eminence. Beethoven's general education was indifferent. He received elementary instruction, and learned a little Latin at a public school. Music he learned of his father, who often found it necessary to drive his stubborn son to the piano-forte. A characteristic anecdote is related of him, showing his fractious temper at this early age. Little Ludwig had a pet spider, which would let itself down from the ceiling and alight upon his violin, whenever he was playing. His mother one day killed the spider, which so enraged him that he instantly dashed his violin to pieces. Although he received his first instruction from his father, he was afterwards placed under various teachers; until in the year 1785, at the age of 15, he was appointed by the Elector, Max Franz, organist to the Electoral Chapel. That he was possessed of extraordinary talent, even at this early age, is shown by an amusing incident related of him. Heller, a famous singer, was one day boasting of his professional skill, when Beethoven offered to bet that he would that very day, put him out, at such a place. Heller accepted the wager without hesitation. Beethoven, when he came to the passage, by a skillful modulation on the instrument, so confused the poor vocalist that he came to a dead stand. Heller, irritated by the laughter of those around, complained of Beethoven to the Elector, who slightly reprimanded the young organist, and bade him "play no more such clever tricks." About this time he began to compose, and he showed his first cantata to Haydn. The celebrated master commended him, and encouraged him to persevere in his studies. In the winter of 1786—7, Beethoven visited Vienna for the first time. Here he became acquainted with Mozart, who on hearing him extemporize upon a theme given him, exclaimed, "That youth will one day make a

noise in the world." He returned to Bonn, but he was discontented. He had seen Vienna, "The central point of every thing great and sublime that music had till then achieved upon the soil of Germany." It was the home of Mozart, of Haydn and of Gluck. No wonder the youthful enthusiast pined for a closer acquaintance with those great masters and their works. Accordingly in 1792, he obtained the Elector's permission to reside in Vienna, for the purpose of improving himself under the tuition of Haydn. Here in this favorite home of the muses he ever afterwards lived.

One of his first acquaintances, was the celebrated Van Sweiten, formerly physician in ordinary to the Empress Maria Theresa. Beethoven became a constant visitor at the house of this man, whose admiration for him was so excessive, that he frequently kept him playing the greater part of the night. Among the notes addressed by him to Beethoven, one runs thus: "If you are not prevented next Wednesday, I should be glad to see you here at half past eight in the evening, with your night-cap in your pocket." About this time also, he became acquainted with the noble family of Lichnowsky, whose munificent patronage he enjoyed for several years. By his splendid talents, he soon became the "observed of all observers," and it was not long ere his fame had spread through Germany. There was a wild unearthly character about his music, a strange and fascinating originality, which seemed not so much to provoke, as to transcend, and utterly to set at defiance all attempts at criticism. He mocked at all the rules of the schools; by the sublime flights of his genius, he soared beyond all competition, and compelled even envy to gaze with abashed and wondering admiration. Courted and flattered as he was on all hands, it is not a matter of surprise, that a temper naturally wayward and capricious, should feel the evil effects of so much indulgence. His manners were often rude and boorish. He spurned the laws of etiquette; to his superiors he was insolent; and to his most intimate friends, imperious and exacting. In this, the most brilliant period of his life, before age and disease had impaired his powers, Beethoven was peculiarly susceptible to the influences of the tender passion. He had all the delicate sensibility, and ardent feeling of the true poet, and like most true poets was always deeply in love. These attachments were, however, mostly of very brief duration. "One day," says M. Ries, "when I was rallying him on the conquest of a fair lady, he confessed that this one had enthralled him more powerfully and longer than any other—that is to say full seven months." When

Beethoven was about twenty-five years of age, he began to be afflicted with a complaint, which of all others, must have been most distressing to a musician. We refer to his deafness, which in after years became a dreadful disease, and rendered him inexpressibly wretched. In the autumn of 1802, Beethoven set about the execution of a grand instrumental work in honor of Napoleon, for whose character he had conceived a high admiration. In his political sentiments, he was strictly republican, and he believed that Napoleon had no other design than to place France on a republican basis. In 1804, he finished that gigantic composition known by the name of the "*Sinfonia Eroica*," a fair copy of which, with a dedication to the First Consul of the French Republic, was on the point of being sent to Paris; when news arrived that Napoleon had caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the French. Beethoven instantly on hearing this intelligence, tore off the title page of the symphony, and flung the work upon the floor with a torrent of execrations against the "new tyrant." It was not till the death of Napoleon at St. Helena, that he could forgive him for being *Emperor*. He was in the habit of conducting almost all his greater works himself, on their first performance; but his success as a music director was indifferent. With his fiery temper, he was perpetually embroiling himself in altercations with the musicians, and at length his increasing deafness rendered it impossible for him to lead an orchestra.

In his domestic affairs, he presents to us a sorry picture. He rarely resided in any one place more than a few weeks. The causes for these constant changes, were generally extremely trivial. A wrong exposure to his apartment, a fancied defect in the water, were enough to send him packing over the city in search of new lodgings. Much of the time he had neither a decent coat nor a whole shirt. The most perfect confusion reigned in his rooms. Books, music, bottles, proof-sheets, letters, here the scribbled hints of a noble symphony, and there a goodly Stracchino cheese, lay strown in every direction. And yet he was perpetually eulogizing his own neatness and love of order.

Beethoven was educated in the Catholic religion. He appears, however, to have inclined rather to a kind of philosophic deism, or natural religion. A striking peculiarity in his character was, that he scarcely ever conversed on religion, or expressed any opinion in regard to the creeds of different sects. Indeed there were two subjects of conversation which he carefully avoided, namely: thorough bass

and religion. Both he declared were exhausted themes, and admitted of no farther discussion. In the year 1814, the allied Sovereigns met in congress at Vienna. Crowds of distinguished foreigners visited Beethoven, and the Sovereign in the realm of harmony, received the united homage of kings and nobles. Though at all times he was blunt in his manners, and often rude and uncivil; yet he appears not to have lacked in natural kindness of disposition. To his intimate friends, to those who appreciated his character, and humored his peculiarities, he was uniformly kind and gentle. Neglected as had been his early education, soured as his temper was by the unkindness of his brothers, who suffered him often to want the common necessities of life, and endowed with a temperament of extreme sensitiveness, it is not to be wondered at, that he shrunk with disgust from contact with common, vulgar men. Nothing vexed him so much as to be flattered and fawned upon. He was once invited to take up his residence in a beautiful villa, belonging to the Baron Von Pronay, where he had assigned to him a fine suite of apartments. Charmed as he was at first with his new abode, yet he soon took a dislike to the place; and for no other reason, than because the Baron, whenever he met him was continually making profound obeisances to him. Beethoven was very fond of seating himself in the dusk of the evening, at the piano-forte, to improvise; but his playing, especially in the latter years of his life, was most painful to those who heard it. Sometimes he would lay his left hand flat on the key board, and thus drown in discordant noise the music, to which he was giving utterance with his right. Especially disagreeable was it to hear him improvise on the violin, owing to his inability to tune the instrument. The music which he thus produced was frightful, though to his own mind, it was all pure and harmonious. When engaged in composing, his actions were extremely singular. Often in a fit of complete abstraction, he would go to the wash basin, and dabble in the water, till his clothes were entirely wet through; all the while humming and roaring, for sing he could not. Then with his eyes frightfully distended, he would pace the room, jotting down at intervals his sublime conceptions, and again he would dabble and hum. We quote entire from Mr. Moscheles' book, one or two characteristic anecdotes.

"When Beethoven was playing with me at Count Brown's his three marches for two performers, P—— was carrying on a loud and merry conversation, with a beautiful young lady. Beethoven made several attempts to silence them, without

success, when suddenly, and in the midst of playing, he jumped up and said loud enough to be heard by every body present, 'I do not play for such swine.' The music accordingly ceased to the vexation of all."

"Beethoven was at all times exceedingly passionate. One day when I dined with him at the "Swan," the waiter brought him a wrong dish. Beethoven had no sooner uttered a few words of reproof, (to which the other retorted in no very polite manner,) then he took the dish, amply filled with the gravy of the stewed beef it contained, and threw it at the waiter's head. Those who know the dexterity of Viennese waiters in carrying at the same time, several plates full of different viands, will conceive the distress of the poor man who could not move his arms, while the gravy trickled down his face. Both he and Beethoven swore and shouted, while all the spectators roared with laughter. At last Beethoven himself joined the chorus, on looking at the waiter, who was licking in with his tongue, the gravy which bedewed his countenance. The picture was worthy a Hogarth."

"Beethoven should by no means be offered as a model for directors of orchestras. The performers under him were obliged cautiously to avoid being led astray by their conductor, who thought only of his composition, and constantly labored to depict the exact expression required, by the most varied gesticulations. Thus when the passage was loud, he often beat time downwards, when his hand should have been up. A *diminuendo* he was in the habit of making, by contracting his person, making himself smaller, and when a *pianissimo* occurred, he seemed to slink beneath the conductors desk. As the sounds increased in loudness, so did he gradually rise up, as if out of an abyss; and when the full force of the united instruments broke upon the ear, raising himself on tip-toe, he looked of gigantic stature, and with both his arms floating about, seemed as if he would soar to the clouds."

"If in playing to him, I made a mistake in passages, or if I happened to strike a *wrong* note, where he required a peculiarly accented one, he seldom said anything; but if I showed any want of expression, if I omitted a *crescendo*, or if I did not succeed in rendering the character of the piece, he became incensed; the former he said, was chance; but the latter, want of knowledge, of feeling, of attention. Indeed he himself might often be reproached with the former defect, even when playing in public."

His personal appearance is thus described :

"Beethoven's height scarcely exceeded five feet four inches. His figure was compact, strong, and muscular. His head, which was unusually large, was covered with long bushy grey hair, which being always in a state of disorder gave a certain wildness to his appearance. His forehead was high and expanded; and he had small brown eyes, which, when he laughed, seemed to be nearly sunk in his head; but on the other hand, they were suddenly distended to an unusually large size, when one of his musical ideas took possession of his mind. On such occasions he would look upwards, his eyes rolling and flashing brightly, or straight forward, with his eye-balls fixed and motionless. There was an air of inspiration and dignity in his aspect; and his diminutive figure seemed to tower to the gigantic proportions of his mind."

Beethoven died on the 26th of March, 1827, in the 57th year of his age. In viewing his character both as an artist, and as a man, we see nothing but originality, of the most strange and startling kind. He introduced a new era in the musical world. At first, many of his works appear, repulsive rather than attractive. They require long and patient study before they can be appreciated. The shrill dissonances, the bold modulations, at first, appear to us strange and incomprehensible ; but at length, we learn to love and wonder at them. The "gnome-like pleasantries," the stormy, chaotic masses of sound, first amaze, and then entrance us, as we catch the inspiration, and feel the rush of emotions, called forth by the sublime harmony of the master spirit.

THE FINE ARTS.

Loddell.

BEAUTY has an enchanting power. Wherever man sees it, he bows and worships. No heart is so insensible as not to feel a thrill of rapture when Beauty waves her majestic wand, and calls up before the vision, the glowing pictures which exhibit her own loveliness. We admire the nodding lily that blooms in the valley, the gold-tinged cloud that floats along the evening sky, the symmetry of the human form ; but we stop not here in our admiration. Nature's are the most perfect specimens of skill and beauty, yet we delight to look upon man's attempt to surpass her wondrous glories, or to imitate what she has wrought out to perfection. We yield, then, homage to the beautiful, both in nature and in art. Universal experience declares that the very constitution of the mind requires it.

Homer is remembered for his immortal songs ; Plato for his comprehensive philosophy ; yet we forget not Pythagoras and Socrates, though they left no *written* traces of their being, to the world. So is it with the Painters, the Architects, the Sculptors, who inscribed their names centuries since, on the imperishable roll of fame. There may be no vestige left of their works, on which we may gaze and wonder, yet as long as Antiquity sends forth her voice in praise of her depart-

ed sons, so long shall there be some to embalm these heroes in their memory, and to draw forth instructive lessons from their successful life.

The scholar's mind is moulded by the works he studies. The dead still speak to him and fasten their own impress on his character. Poets and philosophers may have more power to fashion the youthful mind, than they who chisel out the rough marble, or paint upon the glowing canvass the lineaments of perfect excellence and beauty, but still Apelles, and Phidias, and Zeuxis fail not yet to influence the enlightened world.

The student of their classic age feels his soul fired within him and waking up to glorious action, when he learns that Alexander would allow no one to paint him for immortality but Apelles, and none but Lysippus to cut him out from the eternal rock. He beholds Parrhasius at the Olympic games arrayed in his purple robes, and decked with a garland of gold; he sees a king of Bithynia offering to discharge an immense public debt, for the Venus of Praxiteles; and it is such a sight, though it be imaginary, which elevates his conceptions, and makes him earnest in his efforts to secure for himself equal renown.

The painting may have lost its color, the well-wrought marble have crumbled into dust; yet we know that they once drew forth the astonishment and admiration of tasteful and critical minds, and hence they still speak out

“—— in characters that never die,
The human greatness of an age gone by.”

Two questions arise:

1. What were the causes of the wonderful development of art among the Grecian people?
2. Should Americans emulate *their* bright achievements?

In giving an answer to the *first* of these questions, it may be remarked that they did not, as some have supposed, derive their extraordinary skill from the Egyptians. Their first rough-hewn ideas of image-work may have been transported across the sea from the land of colossal beetles and flat-nosed sphinxes; or they may have acquired them from Phœnician artists. To the latter source we may attribute but very little of their knowledge; but Egypt poured forth her treasures, like her own mighty Nile, to beautify and enrich all Europe. Greece partook of her munificence and the more ancient performan-

ces of her own artists agree well in their style and character, with the works of those "magicians" who once trod the soil of that comparatively enlightened land. Yet mere imitation could not satisfy Grecian enterprise. And in this single fact we behold the secret of their unsurpassed success.

We would not give them credit for their excellence as though they had been the inventors of the arts of design, and yet had brought them to such a state of perfection, for it cannot be disputed that there is much of the grand and lofty in the Egyptian style, though it have none of that real grandeur and sublimity, that grace and beauty, which are demanded by a perfect taste.

The pyramids and obelisks may outlive the existing races of mankind, but they will bear stronger evidence of the degrading state of servitude under which the Egyptians groaned, than they will of an enterprising people—the cultivators of art. They were set out there on the plain to astonish the human mind forever, and though they do this, they will never convince men that their builders were skilled in the noblest and sublimest forms of architecture. If it be true that Athens and Sparta obtained their knowledge of these arts from their neighbors across the dark-colored sea, men's admiration shall be not less lasting, as they witness the vast superiority of the copy which was taken by their honored sons, from the disfigured and disproportioned original.

The question then for us to consider, is, by what means were the Greeks enabled to arrive at *so great* a degree of perfection in the arts of design?

Is it true that the human mind is now less expanded,—less given to look at what is excellent and beautiful, than it was two thousand years ago? We do indeed read over the poetry and the philosophy of some of the mighty intellects which were once the presiding geniuses of Greece, and feel that they had sublimity of thought, and beauty of conception, yet we are hardly willing to admit that their capacities were broader and deeper than we may witness in this nineteenth century;—hence we find not the reason of their superiority *here*. Nor did the balmy and elastic breezes that floated along the shores of Greece, bring with them richer pabulum for her children to feed on,—nor the bright sunshine of her heaven, her beautiful scenery, her delightful climate, furnish a deeper source of inspiration, than existed along the banks of the majestic Nile, on the plains and hills of Palestine, or beneath the shadow of the gigantic Apennines.

While her cloud-capped mountains and her smiling vales, were not surpassed in sublimity and beauty, by those of any other land, it was not these which so developed the plastic powers of the mind, and gave them that full play which brought out from the cold dull rock the external anatomy of man, seeming to need nothing but a soul infused, to wake it up to life—it was not simply causes like these, which effected such miracles of art. Operating as a stimulus, in some degree, upon him, the *scenery* of Greece did not alone give the artist his success; for we must remember that even now the same sun that lighted up the groves of Attica, shines with undiminished splendor, on the land,—the same pure and balmy air breathes along the whole Grecian shore; yet no bards rise up and chant immortal song, no sculptor's hands work out great wonders of art, as if guided by supernatural agency.

The wild workings of democracy,—was it these which drew forth such unsurpassed excellence? Was it the stirring spirit of liberty—that liberty which is worth

“—a whole eternity of bondage,”

which gave the Grecian mind such a mighty impulse, and made it over-leap all that had gone before it, in its splendid exhibitions of art? Reasonably, we may attribute much that was accomplished, to the noble spirit of generous emulation, which ever characterises an enlightened, free-acting democracy. The various states of Hellas, were rivals for honor, and they labored hard for superiority. Hence not only the Fine Arts flourished, but every branch of human knowledge was cherished, and watched with diligence.

Before this day, poets and philosophers, orators and heroes had come forth, and battled manfully with the foes of right and freedom. Then followed the tide of Grecian glory. But when the republican governments fell beneath the sway of tyrants, genius felt his hand grow palsied, and his heart grow faint. True, princes, with their gold, gave some impulse to the artist's faltering will, yet gold could not lead on to effort, like the inspiring power of a generous rivalry, called into exercise, by the increasing renown of independent sister states.

Freedom yielded to oppression; and Art sunk down into neglect, along with philosophy and literature, while heroism and eloquence fled forever from the land of Homer, and Aristotle, and Demosthenes, and Plato. Thus it becomes certain that liberty, and a spirit of emulation, were two exciting causes of the Grecian mind, and to their

existence among the Greeks, we must impute somewhat of their pre-eminence in art.

But the games of Greece, where the human form was seen in its natural and perfect beauty, where was gathered all that was calculated to arouse and dazzle, where the victors were honored as a sort of demi-gods, these public games were one great means of developing that extraordinary manifestation of artistic skill, which her painters, her architects, and her sculptors displayed.

But the causes we have mentioned, are not sufficient to explain the secret of their great success. Powerful they were, but their chief source of inspiration was this—their *mythology*. They believed, not so much in the existence and eternity of one great presiding God, as in the agency of beings who were under the control of an inexorable fate; every city and hill-top, every stream and meadow, had its guardian deity, and him, men would represent on canvass, or in the more enduring, life-like marble. Had these gods been thought more exalted; pure, mystic spirits, not goaded on by an all-controlling Destiny,—beings like Israel's Omnipotent, Phidias would have moulded some other than the features of divinity, and had he not worshiped a god of higher character than did the Egyptians, he would never have embodied in his work, that most sublime of all Homer's conceptions, of Jupiter rocking high Olympus with his nod, while

"All around
The sovereign's everlasting head, his curls
Ambrosial shook."

Here, no doubt was the source of that superior excellence in art, at which the world has wondered.

Immortal beings and men-gods, transferred from their clay to heaven, were to be exhibited in all their divine and exalted attributes.

This, then, was the mysterious power which gave the sculptor his success. It unfolded before his mind perfection, displayed only in the wondrous universe of which he formed a part. He saw no deity, but Nature spoke out loudly of an Omnipotent, and the artist would draw on his canvass, or cut with his chisel from the mountain quarry, his ideal of a god. He would bring forth a work for an immortal life, while he moulded the form and lineaments of "incarnate immortality" itself. His object was to present to human sight, the imagined glory of Deity, and he was stimulated to his efforts by all the motives we have noticed, to accomplish his design.

Such were the causes of Grecian superiority and renown in the Fine Arts. And if Praxiteles has left behind him a statue not surpassed in beauty of execution, by anything which Pisano or Michael Angelo produced—unexcelled by any work of the kind ever executed by man—well may we say in sorrow to Greece, “Thou once lovely and honored land, how art thou fallen! How art thou dishonored by the descendants of thy glorious sons! Wake thee, to thy duty, and again thou shalt astonish the world!”

But while none have *excelled*, there are many works of modern times, which show us what can be done by the genius of the artist, though he may not try to fashion out the Eternal. They look like the very handiwork of God. Wherever we behold

“The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The sculptur’d marble, and the breathing gold,”

we pause in admiration.

Italy is not more celebrated for her poets, than for her sculptors and painters. Virgil could once speak almost sneeringly, of the superiority of Greece, in the arts of design.

“Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem : vivos ducent de marmore vultus :—
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento :
Hæc tibi erunt artes.”

He little thought that a man should ever arise to rival his own glory, by his skill in art, on the very soil he trod. The cultivation of the Fine Arts then, is seen to distinguish a nation; hence we would briefly consider the second question proposed :

2. Should the Fine Arts be earnestly cultivated by Americans?

If Schlegel’s definition of science is correct, viz : that it is the perfection of all thinking, and in its actual operations as applied to life, and in itself carried to a conclusion, is one with it, then, surely, Americans should encourage the improvement of its every branch.

The fancied objection that these arts are of no *utility*, still clings to our hearts; but of what service is *utility*, if it be not to make us happy? Do we not libel Nature,—do we not accuse God of deepest folly, when we cry out against the ornaments of Art? Let us cease thus to cry, or first tear away the bright colors of the garden, and the gold which fringes the summer cloud. Let us pull down the awe-inspiring mountain cliffs, and fill up the vallies, before we plead so loud and earnestly, for the destruction of what man has wrought that is beauti-

ful and charming, or deter him from loving poetry, painting, and sculpture. The roof of heaven is "fretted with golden fire," and hence, let us fit up our own creations in beauty and loveliness.

The influence of the arts is elevating and refining, and we should cultivate them for this tendency to exalt individual and national character. The objections that there is not wealth enough in the land—that we have no taste for the Arts—and that they are of no real utility; are fast disappearing before the convincing and melting sight of the developments our painters and sculptors have already made. No one will deny that there is a beneficial tendency in good poetry, rhetoric, and music, and yet these are to be classed under the Fine Arts. Let us have more Miltons, Whitefields, Mozarts, and let us be equally anxious for other Raphaels, and Angelos, and Canovas, to arise among us. A nation's heroes are her great men, and he who makes the marble soften into life, under his hand, or dips his pencil in colors, as beautiful as if they had been drawn from heaven, adds lustre to his country's name. We have now artists of the first order; let their efforts be encouraged, and they shall add to the ornament, the refinement, and the dignity of society. Would that in this land, we might have a work performed, at which men should gaze and wonder, while they feel more strongly than ever, the power of beauty, and exclaim aloud,

"So stands the Statue, which enchants the world."

If the Fine Arts flourish no more on the bright soil of Greece, at least let them not be neglected in this land of improvement, which has already produced a West, an Allston, and a Powers. Though there be no gods to paint, or cut out of the living rock, we may well hope, when we see the "Slave" of one of our countrymen, everywhere attracting such attention, that the day is fast coming on, when our country shall cultivate, with the same earnestness that she does the arts strictly useful, those which are imitative, and ornamental.

* * JR.

Error, though men may call it new, is often but some old delusion, clad in new apparel. In all her Protean shapes, she is the same in essence. In all her modern forms, she finds a type, in some old myth, or superstition. She is the comet, which with pale "portentous light," returns at distant and irregular periods.

Truth is the fixed star, which, ever and unalterably shines with steady splendor.

PSALM.

"AS THE HART PANTETH AFTER THE WATER-BROOKS, SO PANTETH MY
SOUL AFTER THEE, O GOD."

Psalm xlii.

As the Hart for the water-brook yearneth,
So yearneth my bosom for Thee !
And my soul with strange agony burneth,
And longs from its guilt to be free ;
Oh where is the joy and the gladness
That dwells in the hearts of Thine own,
For mine is all grief and all sadness,
And sighs in its sorrow alone.

A cloud o'er my spirit is brooding,
Enshrouding in darkness, my heart,
No gleam of Thy sunshine intruding,
To rend its deep shadows apart ;
The hopes I had cherished, have withered ;
The joys I had treasured, have flown ;
And sorrow and darkness have gathered,
Whence the light of thy smiling has gone.

All lonely and sighing I languish,
For sin does my bosom control,
Oh ! save in the midst of my anguish,
And heal the deep wounds of my soul !
Then come, Oh ! my Saviour ! inherit
The heart that is ever thine own,
And Oh ! may the song of my spirit,
Like incense, ascend to thy throne.

MUSICAL NOTES. *Hammond.*

No. I.

BY ONE WHO HAS NO EAR.

NO EAR? Shade of Diafoirus, we hear some reader exclaim, the man must be a physiological curiosity! Already, in fancy, we see our head preserved in spirits to *adorn* the collection of some future Cuvier, great in comparative anatomy. But such is not our meaning; nay, dame Nature has supplied us with no ordinary expanse of those useful appendages. Nor have we suffered ought from the executioner's shears. Our natural ears stand in all their pristine proportions. The fact is, we spoke *metaphorically*, we have no ear for *music*. This is a melancholy fact. Even maternal fondness had to admit it, while we were yet in tender infancy. Our elder sister reiterated the opinion when we maliciously set at nought her cherished accordeon—an heirloom in the family. It gradually impressed itself upon our youthful mind that they were right. Singing masters came not near us. Social choirs eschewed our presence. Aunt Phebe's piano was *taboo* to our touch. Jewsharps were a sheer waste of our infantile pennies. Cornstalk fiddles gave forth no touching melody in our hands. Our voice was like unto the wind, whistling through rusty keyhole. We remember once attempting to whistle Yankee Doodle, and getting a compliment therefor, from our grandmother. The dear old lady listened a while with great zest; "well," said she, "that does beat all! to think of a child like that whistling psalmtunes!" In short we were *destitute of ear*.

We have spoken jestingly of this, yet in truth it has been no jest, but a mournful reality. This is no fancy sketch we are writing, but our own actual experience. Gifted with the more passionate love of music, we have been from childhood unable to gratify our own taste. The love of it has grown upon us with years, a strain of sweet music thrills us to the very soul, and yet for the life of us, we cannot sound

a note correctly. Think not that it is a light thing, this want of ours. Imagine a man, alive to every charm of eloquence, to all the delights of sweet social converse, to every voice of affection, capable of listening to all these, and yet debarred from ever uttering a syllable from his own lips; what a poor, dumb, cold fragment of humanity, he would seem; in what constant misery he would dwell! Yet such a case would scarcely be worse than ours has seemed at times. The most intense delight to which our feelings are sensible, is derived from music; we have thought at times we would give years of our life to be able to utter ourselves, the entrancing sounds that have charmed us from other's lips—and yet we are doomed always to forego that pleasure.

It has been an anomalous position, truly, thus to find our purest joy in sweet melody, and yet to be precluded from ever sharing the pleasure with others. We have many reminiscences associated in our memory, with favorite airs, and some of these it is our design to embody in these papers.

"Some so merry that you'll laugh,
Some are sad and serious,

and no doubt,

"Some so trite that their approach,
Will be enough to weary us."

When we said we loved music, we did not mean to include *all* music. Nor even all *good* music, for we must confess to a most wayward taste, that setteth at naught many things of high esteem in the eyes of *connoisseurs*. It would be hard to define what we do like, so little do we know of the musical vocabulary. It is our impression that our favorite pieces are for the most part simple in style, and distinguished rather for melody, than the sudden *contre-temps* and artful discords of the modern school; but this we venture only as a mere conjecture. Our first reminiscence is of the accordion afore-mentioned, wherewith our sister was wont to accompany herself in "Thou, thou, reignest in this bosom," all the summer evenings. Methinks I see her now,—she was fifteen, and of course in love—sitting through the long twilight, in the old-fashioned stoop, alternately pumping at her aged instrument, and listening to the distant wailings of her beloved's flute, from the boarding school opposite. *En passant*, the flirtation lasted three months, then we heard her sing "My heart and lute are broken

now," and for three days the accordeon fell into disgrace. At the expiration of that time, the heart was mended, and the melody-pump, once more in high favor, went wheezing on through another flirtation.

We have another reminiscence like unto this, that is not many moons old. It is of a young lady, and an old piano, and the tune of Greenville. It was our delight, after we ourselves got hardened to the infliction, to inveigle luckless strangers into inviting her to play. She never needed a second bidding, nor was there much delay in selecting pieces. Greenville was all she knew, and that she did know with a vengeance! How the hapless victim stood, a whole hour by the watch, to hear that edifying tune, with all its variations—how the damsel did turn, and twist, and roll her eyes, and make great shew of using a pedal, that had been lamed for life years before—and above all, how we used to curl up in a corner, and laugh ourselves purple-faced at the fun! This same tune of Greenville calls to mind a second scene. Once upon a time, when it was heaven to us to spend an evening with a pretty girl, we were enjoying that bliss at the house of our friend T—. We confessed our *penchant* for music, and by dint of half an hour's persuasion, got the charming Miss Mary to seat herself at the piano. "One tune then—only one—and that, you must choose." We turned over the leaves in blank despair. It was the collection of some long-named Academy, and without words. As for determining by the notes, we could as soon have read Hebrew. We gathered courage to decide upon a good looking page, and smilingly she began. Jove! it was Greenville! We grew sick at heart, and ghastly pale—all at once we remembered an engagement at that very moment. As we left the door, the music seemed to our excited imagination to take unto itself speech.

" Wretched sinner,
Wretched sinner,
You're a *did* and used-up man!"

But a truce to trivialities; we have an incident to relate of far different nature, and it is connected in our reminiscences with that more touching song, "The Watcher." This, hackneyed as it is, we do love dearly still, though it requires all our moral courage to confess it. Nothing has done the cause of music more harm, than this constant anxiety for "some new thing." The more beautiful a new piece is, the more universally popular it becomes; and then—not because it is less beautiful than before—not in reality, because we are tired of it—

but because it is *out of fashion*, it must give way to some novelty, of far inferior merit. We confess that we are not partial to "Auld Lang Syne" on the jewsharp, nor "Long, long ago" as a music lesson; but when fittingly performed, they delight us now, as much as when we first heard them; nay, even more, for like the voices of old friends, they have an added charm, and bring with them a hundred pleasant associations. Hackneyed? so is the glorious light of Heaven hackneyed, and the clear cool water; yet, who thinks of avoiding the one, or rejecting the other? A young lady laughed at us once, for asking her to sing "Auld Lang Syne." We said nothing, but we expect to see her yet dancing over her grandmother's grave, because the dear old lady was buried a year ago, and must be *hackneyed* by this time.

But this is a digression. The incident we were about to relate, though not precisely similar to that related in the song of "the Watcher," resembles it in some measure, and is besides an actual fact. It occurred some years ago, not far from our own home, and we heard the tale from the lips of the sufferer himself.

A sudden tempest, one evening, overtook some fishing boats at the entrance of the Bay, and drove one of them some miles to sea. Her only occupants were a man and his son; the one a rough, hardy fisherman, familiar with danger, and fearless of it; the other his only child, a sickly lad of fourteen. To breast the gale was impossible; but by running before it, our fisherman hoped to ride through it, as more than once he had done before. The night was soon pitchy dark; but his heart did not fail him, till his boy, as he rose to perform some trifling duty about the boat, fell prostrate before him in a fit! Can fiction supply a more terrible situation than this, alone upon the tempestuous sea, in a frail shallop, and his only child lying in convulsions at his feet? On they ran, the wretched boy enclosed in the arms of his still more wretched father; but ere many minutes passed, the fisherman descried a distant, but rapidly approaching light. He knew it was a steamer, and that of the largest class that traverse our coasts; every minute was rapidly diminishing the distance between them, and his heart beat quick with the thought of safety for himself, and his child. A moment more and they were just abeam; with all his strength he cried for help, but the wind bore his voice far down to leeward, and it was lost in the tempest, and the clatter of her machinery. Again he shouted with all the energy of despair; he could see the men at work on board, and even the passengers in her saloon; but they could not see him, and the gale hurried him on, away from this, his last, his only hope!

As they passed down to the leeward, a broad beam of light from the cabin windows, shone upon them. "I saw my poor boy's face," he said, "and I think he knew me, and his mouth worked as if he wanted to speak,—to send, it may be, some dying word to the poor mother that was watching for us at home, but the wind swept us into the dark again, and before long, I knew that he was *dead*!"

A vessel picked him up next day, still driving before the storm with his dead child at his feet. When we first knew him, he was as noble looking a man as we ever saw; but, when he told us this tale, and it was not many months after, his frame was bowed and his strength gone, for that one terrible night had brought premature old age upon him.

Q. X.

THE WARNING.

Oh! dream not of Life, it is bitter and dark,
Tho' Fancy may paint it with bright sunny hue,
Tho' Hope o'er the billow lead onward thy bark,
Till the bright shores of promise heave gladly in view,
Oh! think not then fondly thy voyage is o'er,
'Tis a mirage that tempts thee with flattering delay;
For e'er thy young footsteps can reach that bright shore,
The vision of beauty has vanished away.

Oh! dream not of Love—when at eve's gentle hour,
Fond visions of happiness steal o'er the mind,
When the look and the tone have a magical power,
And the dreams of the Past leave the Present behind.
When thy spirit is yearning for childhood's glad years,
For the kiss of some loved one—now vanished and gone;
Oh! think how that love was embittered by tears,
And, steeling thy spirits, unloving live on.

Oh! dream not of Fame—tho' bright visions of glory
Have haunted thy day dreams, thy slumbers perplexed,
For Hope, like the bird in the Talisman story,
Scarce lights on one bough, e'er he flies to the next.
Then dream not—for visions afar that are glowing,
Mislead like the swamp-lights that burn thro' the gloom,
For like them, those bright hopes unattained, are but throwing
A light o'er the pathway that leads to the tomb.

THE ELDONFIELD PAPERS. *Seelye -*

No. II.

THE FORGED CHECK.

Just at the head of one of the streets of Eldonfield, within a stone's throw of the village church, stood Bentley's Variety Store. It was a large two story building, built of brick; with thick doors, and heavy brown colored shutters, and, lest one should mistake its use, this, together with the name of the owner, was fully set forth in the gilt letters of the huge sign, which adorned the capacious front of the edifice. It was the chief center of the village trade. Within, were goods of almost every description, piled up on the counters and shelves, or stowed away in the numerous drawers, or distributed variously through the boxes and barrels which appropriated to themselves one entire side of the spacious interior. Mr. Bentley himself, who was proprietor of some half dozen factories, had but little to do with this department of his business, but gave it up almost entirely to the management of one of his clerks, whose long service had convinced his employer, that he was worthy of all the confidence which was so freely reposed in him. Men are frequently apt to be mistaken on such points, and perhaps Mr. Bentley was, in the present instance. At any rate, a stranger, at first sight, would hardly have selected James Wilson, as the object of his trust. True, his manners were perfectly polite,—he would meet you with as cordial a smile as it was possible for the face of a friend to wear when greeting a friend, and would treat you with every mark of kindness and regard, but when you would look up and meet his glance, you caught a strange fire which burnt up all the feelings that had begun to rise within your heart. It was an indefinable sensation, which you would then experience, and as these glittering black eyes flashed upon your own, you would draw back instinctively, and think of the basilisk that is said to fix his gaze upon his victim, till he can draw it to himself and

destroy it within his folds. Perhaps it was all imagination, doubtless it was in part owing to this, but I never met James Wilson without a shudder. There was that in his very presence, which seemed to tell of some dark passion burning within his soul. It was not awe, and it could hardly have been fear with which he inspired one, but yet it was a feeling very near akin to both of these emotions. One felt a dread of something indefinable in the nature of the man, which would appear, and which all his smiles and urbanity were but the hollow attempt to conceal. Some would wonder that Mr. Bentley should give him so much confidence, while others would wisely shake their heads and prophesy that he would still repent it. And yet James Wilson still continued head-clerk in Mr. Bentley's store, and year after year rolled round, and found him holding as large a place as ever in the confidence of his employer. It might have been merited, and perhaps all the suspicions which were felt, were the mere fancies of a jealous mind,—but we shall see.

William Leslie was youngest clerk in the same store. Every body loved *him*, and no wonder, for his kind nature and winning manners were such as to readily gain for him the affections of all. His frank, open countenance and pleasant smile convinced you that they were the true index of a warm and generous heart. If you shrunk back from Wilson you found yourself drawn towards Leslie with real affection; if you found it impossible to love the one, it was equally impossible to prevent your whole heart from becoming enlisted in favor of the other. Both were capable of very different emotions themselves, as well as of inspiring those of a very different nature in the breasts of others, and yet the lives of both were woven strangely together in the web of destiny.

One morning Wilson entered the store much later than usual, and without noticing any one, walked into the counting room, and silently took his seat at his desk. Evidently something had gone wrong with him, for instead of opening his ledgers and proceeding with his usual business, he sat with a thoughtful air, mechanically tapping the desk with his pencil, and ever and anon biting his lips, while a bitter scowl would spread itself over his features. After a while he took out a letter which he had that morning received, and appeared to be carefully studying its contents. He then crushed it together in his hands, and bending forward became once more absorbed in his meditations. The letter, which appeared to give him so much anxiety, informed him that a speculation, into which he had entered, and

pledged himself for a large amount, in the hope of sure success, had entirely failed, and that the liabilities for which he had bound himself would speedily become due. Utterly unexpected as the intelligence was, it came like a thunderbolt upon the deluded man. He instantly set himself at work to devise some scheme for arresting the evil which seemed impending over him. But whatever plan he proposed to himself, he had no means to allow him to put in execution, and there seemed no way but that discovery and ruin would inevitably ensue. "No way," he whispered to himself, "no way, but," and he started up, "is not Mr. Bentley's credit good for an unlimited amount, and will not his name supply my wants?" The thought of using his employer's signature had no sooner entered his mind than he resolved upon its execution. He thought not of the consequences, or how he should escape detection for such an act;—his whole mind was bent on avoiding present danger and he cared not for the means he used, and thought not of the result. This was his character.

The deed was done. James Wilson was a forger. Crime was no new experience to him, for his memory was a long black catalogue of guilt, and he was already hardened for a far more fearful deed. He had previously covered up one sin with another, and thus concealed his crimes from the knowledge of his fellow men, and this was all he sought or cared for. It troubled him not that the burning gaze of Omniscience looked down into his soul, or that all his dark plans and purposes were laid open to the view of the All Searching Eye. Little cared he for the book of remembrance which registered the guilt of creation, so long as it could be kept safe from the inspection of the world with which he had to do.

"Murder will out" is a true proverb, and no less true when applied to many crimes of less heinous dye. Before a week had elapsed, James Wilson's breast was not the only one which possessed the knowledge of his forgery. This he knew, and it filled him with alarm. How William Leslie had learned the fact he knew not; how he could prevent him from divulging it, was all he cared for. To solve this problem now became the chief object of his thoughts. Poor Leslie, who had become acquainted with the circumstance from accident, little knew the dark schemes of which he was now made the object. Pure and innocent as a child in his nature, he was shocked at the crime, and the knowledge of it lay with a heavy weight upon his heart. He did not wish to injure Wilson—he would not for the world; but when he thought of his duty to his employer, he was

troubled to know what course he ought to pursue. He wished he had not known the fact, for how could he conceal it, and thus injure his employer, and how could he divulge it, when this would ruin his associate? He knew not how to act, and so he kept the matter to himself, and while it was always in his thoughts, he never allowed a word of it to escape his lips.

One evening, after all the rest had left the store, Wilson stood at his desk arranging that day's accounts, while Leslie was without, putting up the shutters for the night. As the latter came in, the other threw down his pen; deposited his books in the safe, and in an easy, familiar manner, said: "Come Leslie, what say you to our long-talked of fishing expedition to the pond? A cloudy night like this is just the time you know, and as we have finished business earlier than usual, it's too good an opportunity to be lost." Leslie was accustomed to yield to his slightest wish, and the other knew it, and so taking the tackle and bait which Wilson had prepared for the occasion, they sallied forth without the knowledge of any one. The pond lay about a mile from the village, and during their walk thither, Wilson used his best efforts to make himself agreeable to his companion. In this he fully succeeded. By the time they reached the pond, Leslie was in high spirits, and readily acceded to a proposition, that they should enter a boat that was drawn up on the shore, and try their success out on the water. Having made this ready, they leaped merrily in, and seizing the oars they glided out into the middle of the pond. Here they paused; let down their stone anchor; threw out their baits and began their work. The sport was a novel one to Leslie, and he was enchanted with it. As he drew in his lines again and again, overjoyed at his success, he little knew of the designs that were then revolving in the mind of his companion. He did not notice that Wilson had not once taken in his line, and that he sat in moody silence; looking out into the darkness, apparently unconscious of every thing but his own thoughts. Could William Leslie but have read those thoughts, how he would have shrunk in terror from the demon that was harboring them.

"Well," said Wilson, at length, turning suddenly around and confronting his companion, "and so you would ruin me, ha?"

The lamp-light flickered over his countenance, and revealed his features wrought up into a look of perfect phrenzy. The poor boy looked up, but as he met the fierce, unearthly gaze that was leveled upon him, he covered his face with his hands, and his heart sunk in

fear as the thought of his situation flashed across his mind. It took him but a moment to reflect that he was wholly in the power of a desperate and fearless man, and yet he could not see how he had injured him, or what he had done to meet his displeasure. Again, looking timidly up, he said; "James, what do you mean? I have never sought to ruin you."

"It's a lie," said his companion stepping towards him, and laying his hand rudely upon the shoulder of the youth, "You have sought it every way, and that too, long enough. But it's now my time to work, and you shall pay for what you have done."

His eye gleamed like the tiger's when it flashes upon its prey, and Leslie saw that there was no hope for him. Still he prayed for life. "You will not kill me James," he said. "In the face of heaven I declare it, I have never sought to injure you. How could I, when my mother always taught me to do good, instead of evil, to every one, and not to think of harming even the worm that crawled at my feet? Sure, I never harbored a single thought to do you ill, God knows."

"Ask him to forgive your sins," interrupted the other with a sneer, and do not now be wasting your short remaining time in idle protestations of your innocence, as false as they are idle."

William Leslie thought of his home; his widowed mother, his only sister, and once more he sought the pity of the terrible man, in whose power he felt himself entirely placed. But 'twas in vain. Wilson heard him through, and then with the quickness of thought he seized an oar which lay in the bottom of the boat and felled him, like a log, at his feet. Before he could recover, he lifted him up in his strong arms, and with a fearful oath, dropped him in the water. In a moment, what would he not have given could he have recalled the deed. At once, the whole enormity of his guilt rushed across him. He was a murderer. Conscience, that had so long slumbered, now awoke, while remorse sprang up within his breast, and seemed to be writing there his crime, in characters of living fire. All his past guilt seemed to come crowding before him, and, so plainly, that he could read with fearful distinctness the record of his life. His mind went back to the sunny days of his innocent childhood, and then he thought of his first crime; of the pain which it gave him; of the manner which he then quieted his conscience, and of the fearful steps in the path of sin, he had since trod. It was a terrible retrospect, but he had to endure it. He could not free himself from the memory of the past. He strove

to drive it away, but it would return, and as the recollection of his crimes would ever and anon sweep some new pang of agony across his mind, there would rise up within him, a still small voice, whispering, "what if all my hopes are false? What if this shall last forever?" Suddenly the clouds broke over him, and a single star shot down its solitary light upon the scene. The murderer looked up and caught the ray, but as the clouds again closed beneath it, and shut it from his view, he sank down like a lifeless thing, for he felt that the light of hope had gone out from his soul for ever.

But he arose. There was a work for him yet to do, and he nerved himself for its accomplishment. Cutting the cable, and throwing overboard the contents of the boat, he rowed towards the shore. Having reached it, in order to prevent suspicion of the murder, he turned over the boat, and with the aid of the oars, pushed it out as far he could, into the pond. Throwing the oars after it, he turned and proceeded towards the village. He reached his home; went to his sleeping apartment without the notice of any one, and sitting down here, he thought over the deed, and for a moment fancied himself secure. But he was a murderer, and in another moment he felt that there was no more security or safety for him. He threw himself upon his bed and tried to sleep, and so he did, for exhausted nature could hold out no longer. But in his sleep, wild images came crowding to his mind; now he would start up and shriek as though in the agonies of despair, and then he would sink back upon his pillow, and clenching his hands with frantic earnestness, groan for mercy; at one time he would be perfectly still, with his breath coming quick and short, and his eyes wide open, as if fixed upon some object of terrible fear; at another, he would toss about on his couch as though instead of resting on a bed of down, he was lying on a heap of thorns; as in his waking moments, so now, his soul seemed harrowed up with agony. Such was the sleep of the murderer.

But the morning came, How sweet was its light. What a joy it brought to many a heart. How gladsome the bright earth looked beneath its smile. The clouds had vanished, and the dew drops studded every leaf and flower with glorious brilliancy. Who would have thought, that a world so fair and beautiful could ever be the dwelling place of sin? Alas! alas! see, in yonder rosy tint that paints itself upon the eastern sky, heaven blushes at the thought.

James Wilson arose and took part in the stir that was made through the quiet village, at the disappearance of young Leslie. He was

among the foremost in his efforts, and even went so far as to go to the mother and sister of his victim, and offer them his consolations. How he could have done it, I never knew, but he did, and no one seemed to suspect him. After almost the whole day had been spent in a fruitless search, the body was found by a company, who first thought of examining the pond, on seeing the upturned boat which was still floating upon the water. With sad thoughts, for they all loved the unfortunate boy, they bore the corpse to his mother's home. It was no feigned grief which made those rough but kind hearted villagers weep, when they saw the frantic sorrow of that little family, which had been bereft of its comfort and its joy. Strong men though they were, they mingled their tears with those whose heart strings were breaking, over the fate of a brother and a son.

Our long sketch must now be brought summarily to a close. Wilson, though striving with all his might, found it impossible to keep up the appearances he had in the morning assumed. He struggled against his feelings, but he could not overcome them. They *would* prevail, and he at last found himself forced to give up to them, and allow them to have their unchecked sway. The thought of his guilt, shut out all other feelings, and this alone seemed burning up his soul. Discovery of his crime, it seemed to him would give him pleasure, for would it not take off something from the burden of the knowledge he alone possessed? Losing all thoughts of the penalty, he went to a magistrate and disclosed his crime. It did relieve him to make the confession, but he repented even of this, when he found himself taken into custody, and confined by the strong arm of the law. But it was then too late, and he knew he could not change his doom. He was found one morning, suspended by his handkerchief, from the grating in the window of his cell, a lifeless corpse. He had committed suicide.

* W. *

Modesty is like pure gold; very valuable indeed, but not half so convenient for ordinary purposes as the small change of impudence.

In the journey of life, as in any other, he who starts without a good stock of the former, will not get far; but if he take that only, he will find his bullion very inconvenient at the toll-gates of society.

PHI.

SONNETS CONNECTED WITH ITALY.

Labdell.

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY, 1848.

As the shadows of almost three thousand years,
 In many a form of fitful grandeur cast,
 O'er the lone field of tombs that shrouds the Past,
 Seem forms of buried hopes and living fears.
 O Italy! what recreant son appears,
 Would Freedom's trumpet shiver, while its blast }
 Reverberates through vales and mountains vast—
 And Liberty her awful front uprears,
 Sublime in resurrection, to tread down
 Slavish apostates to their country's cause!
 Oh! paralyze the guilty with thy frown,
 And give oppression, God! its death-like pause—
 The circle crush of Austria's hollow crown,
 And on its fragments write thy sacred laws.

Italia, sue! Oh! sue to Heaven alone!
 Great Freedom's fire, whose heat the Romans felt,
 Flames and is hot—and soon the ice will melt
 Of Despotism's dark, cold arctic zone—
 Amid whose icy peaks, where many groan,
 The ship of state is locked, in which have dwelt
 Thy people, 'mid the woes upon them dealt,
 And freezing in the splendor of the throne.
 Lo! all around pours freedom's sunny beam;
 The chilling fetters soon will break away—
 Icebergs of error crash, and, moving, seem
 Dissolving with the hues that round them play—
 The ship once clear—take Liberty's gulf stream!
 Drifting to Isles of Peace, in Plenty's bay.

Italians, strike! God justifies the schism,
 When Man usurps a power against His will,

And in His name supplies, by doing ill,
 The wrongs which build the walls of Atheism—
 From slaves to freemen make one euphemism—
 The destiny your rulers frame fulfill,
 Though of your bosom's blood enough you spill,
 Of Metternich to drown the catechism—
 The text of slaves ! Your blood-red swords may blot,
 If only placed its thirteenth page acrost,
 The words, " Our lives and wealth for us are not—
 The subject in the King is wholly lost !"
 Such lies erase, if you would change your lot ;
 Freedom is always worth its highest cost.

Who own a Pope's supremacy are slaves,
 And by their self-willed thralldom bind the curse,
 That blinds his mind and drains the poor man's purse,
 Denying him the food his nature craves !
 He should not live where Freedom's banner waves,
 Who is in thought a slave—or, what is worse
 Has not one feeling in his breast averse
 To the lithe, pliant sophistry of knaves !
 Go, ask in Italy what they may know ;
 Who filled the Spielberg prisons ? Can they tell ?
 Who Maroncelli maimed ? Who Pellico
 Confined within a damp and noxious cell,
 Above whose outer gate the truth might show
 *The black inscription over Dante's Hell !

• Abandon hope, ye who enter.

PARTING.

Calmly through pleasant years,
 We love some kindred mind,
 But only 'mid our parting tears,
 Its full delights we find.

Then how in form and face,
 In every act and tone,
 Beam forth the tenderness and grace,
 That charm us—and are flown.

MEM.

LOVE'S ALPHABET.

Isaac C. Phay.

Love's alphabet, Jenny, I teach you in vain,
 In vain every letter I quote,
 For, believe me, too soon that's forgotten again,
 Which is merely repeated *by rote*.

Why then talk I longer of A B or C,
 If still you remain D E F?
 For though, Jenny, I'd freely *expire* for thee,
 This really is *wasting* my breath!

More attentive to be you have vowed o'er and o'er,
 But from you all such vows are absurd,
 Unless you will promise to *vow ill* no more
 But *consonant* be to your word.

If you wish me your tutor, first *I* you'll select
 Beyond all the rest to esteem,
 By day you must constantly *I* recollect,
 By night 'tis of *I* you must dream.

Let the next, then, be *L*, with which life is begun,
 (That 'tis ended so, heaven forbid!)
 Add an O, and a V, and E—Ah! you've done,
 Already the task I have bid.

Ah, Jenny, I know that my meaning you scan,
 For your eyes tell that *now* you attend,
 But though this fond vision 'twas *I* that began,
 It is *U* that must give it and end.

For Cupid had tried to ensnare me in vain,
 And had conned half the alphabet through,
 But I laughed at his darts, for I felt not the pain,
 Till the spell that he uttered was *U*.

I love you! my teaching amounts but to this—
 This is all that I wish to impart—
 Reward then my lesson, dear girl, with a kiss,
 And repeat it, as I do, *by heart*.

HORACE.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Emerson.

"Read o'er this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have."

Shaks. Henry VIII.

"The bearings of these observations lays in the application on 'em."—*Bunsby.*

Reader, do you happen to have an editor in the circle of your acquaintances? If you have, you are a fortunate man. Cherish that acquaintance. Think what a privilege it is to be hand and glove with one of that class of men, who hold in their hands the destinies of the nation. Conceive if you can, for an instant, of civilization without editors. You see at once that the thing is impossible. You might as well imagine a Dutchman without a pipe, or a lecture on optics without a cloudy sky. Look at the various barbarous nations of the Earth. They are sunk in ignorance and superstition. The sun of science has never shed upon them its cheering beams; they know nothing about Chemistry or Zoology, they have never heard of the magnetic telegraph, or the patent pocket, or Colt's revolvers, or president's messages, or any of the blessings of civilization. What is the cause of this state of things? Simply this: they have no editors. No civilization—no editors. The argument is reciprocal and proves itself. In short, take away this class of men, and the world would be down. Therefore we say, cultivate editors. Reader,

"There's much depends

On having editors for friends;

What had Achilles been without his Homer,

A tailor, woolen-draper, or a comber?"

In general, if you would pick out an editor in a crowd, look for a man with a somewhat anxious, (his enemies would say hungry,) expression of countenance, inky as to his fingers, speculation in his eye, and withal somewhat pinched and seedy in his general effect.

In particular, if you would know the editors of the Indicator, take your stand on the chapel steps while the bell is tolling for evening prayers, and keep a bright look out for them. When you see a keen looking, fiery little morsel of humanity, with a very Roman nose, and a big cane, you may know him, (there is no mistaking the nose,) for editor number one. The first faint streaks of dawning manhood are upon his cheek, and a scowl sits upon his brow. He is of a metaphysical turn of mind, and one day when he happened to be in a confidential mood, he informed us in an editors' meeting, under a strict promise of secrecy on our part, that he had just out-talked completely, a renowned female metaphysician, who had read Kant.

But here comes editor number two, attached to a ratan, and whistling the fag-end of a tune. His countenance formerly rejoiced in a nasal promontory of unexceptionable proportions, but of late years, some unknown agency has caused that organ slightly to swerve from its pristine perpendicularity. In other respects his face is remarkable for presenting nothing, at all calculated to attract attention, being somewhat akin to that of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. He mounts the steps with a serene, self-complacent air, and soars aloft in a manner quite impressive. You feel disappointed, it is not what you expected, and yet on the whole, you are glad you have seen him.

Next comes the patriarch of the editorial corps, beaming through benevolent spectacles on the admiring sophomores and freshmen. Dignity and suavity are happily united in him. If he speaks, it will be in a sonorous, oracular tone, "as who should say, While I speak, let no dog bark." He is one of your strong, massive men, who see clear through a subject, and out a good ways on the other side. Ask his opinion, start him on any thing, and the big Johnsonian sentences come pouring forth, so that it sometimes becomes absolutely necessary to choke him off from the subject.

Number four ascends the steps, with a kind of saltatory gait, and if he chance to pass near you, you can observe his countenance, in which is shadowed forth a kind of calm and sublime indifference, which plainly shows that he is much in the habit of retiring within himself, and holding lofty communion with his own spirit. He is one of those rare men, that have found out what capital fellows for sociability they are, and can at any time sit down alone and have a confidential cosy chat with themselves. He has a good sprinkling of that scarce article, common-sense, in his composition, and possesses a constitution capable of sustaining any amount of "soul-rack."

And, now the impatient bell is rapidly pealing forth its 'last alarm.' The loiterers quicken their pace into a run, gallop up the stone stairs with a lamentable disregard for the proprieties of the place, and slide into their seats all panting, with furtive glances at the implacable monitors in the gallery.

But there is one man whose slow and dignified pace, no bell can hasten. It's an interesting sight, to behold the imperturbable coolness, with which he takes his place in the slip just as the invocation is closing.

For monitors he entertains a supreme contempt. He is bell-proof, and has not the fear of marks before his eyes. That man is number five in the editorial corps. Last, but not least, at any rate as far as external appearances go, for it must be acknowledged that he is rather the best looking man in the set, no very extravagant compliment in itself to be sure, but yet having some relative value.

But we are sure, dear reader, that you will feel a curiosity to hear how we conduct ourselves when sitting in conclave. You shall be gratified.

The place of our meeting was the "ultima Thule" of South College, a room famed in College tradition, as that wherein were concocted the sparkling Symposiaca of the old Horæ—would that the mantle of those ancient worthies had fallen on us—that there were "plenty more of the same sort left." "I say," shouted the occupant of this room, one hot afternoon, "'go 'way little boy and don't make such a noise, I'm sleepy,'" which fact by the way, was plainly depicted in his expressive phiz. But the little boy thus unceremoniously addressed,—an interesting youth of six feet in his stockings—wasn't to be so easily rid of. First, in came a head, then the usual appurtenances thereto, revealing to the astonished chairman, the lank form of his second coadjutor "Halloo! Nestor, is that you?" said he, adopting a somewhat less peremptory tone of voice.

"You're a pretty fellow," replied Nestor, "a fine man of business 'pon my word. Here's a number of the Indicator to be got out in a fortnight, and you're dreaming over your last vacation."

"No, by Jupiter, I was in more important business, plotting amusement for the 4th." How much longer this amicable conference would have gone on, it boots not to inquire, for the door opened and in stalked the remaining members of the editorial corps. After Sampson Brass had whistled out his tune, Ichabod balanced

himself judiciously on one leg of his chair, and the Great Unknown according to custom, had stretched himself Mars-like, over seven acres of bed, the immortal five proceeded to business.

"Well fellows," quoth Quilp "*plungeamus in medias res*, lots to be done; won't somebody make a motion?" "I wish Brass would do it," growled out Nestor; "that is, move his boots off the table."

He did it, and the obnoxious soles were seen gazing out of the window.

"Any *more* business Mr. Chairman?" inquired Ichabod, "just remember, Zoology at five."

"Zoology be blowed," responded the Great Unknown. "Let's do this first. "Duty before pleasure, you know." "Exactly" quoth Nestor.

The chairman now brought to light, a heterogeneous mass, big papers, and little, poetry, prose, and hybrids. "Imprimis, 'Eldonfield Papers No. II.'"

"Hope 'tis'nt so pathetic as the last," sighed Sampson, "My handkerchief is in the wash." This was speedily disposed of.

"Musical Notes, No I. by one who has no ear."

"No brains either, in all probability," added Quilp.

"Confound these serials," rejoined Brass, "Can't a man say what he's got to, and done with it, and not pour in upon us such a 'weak, washy, everlasting flood?'" The chairman read it. "Pretty fair, pretty fair," yawned Ichabod. The Great Unknown, having been asleep, from the beginning of the first anecdote, to the middle of the third, thought the piece rather lacked unity. "Let's have Brass' opinion," said Quilp. Brass having been thus appealed to, looked wise, and began, "Well, gentlemen, the fact is ——— "That'll do," said Nestor, "print it." The sage received a look from Brass, freight with ten-penny nails. "The unfortunate calf" or "The North College tragedy," resumed the chairman. "By a bereaved relative, I suppose," said Nestor. "It looks like *your* hand writing, at any rate," replied the chairman. The sage relapsed into silence. "I move," said Ichabod, "that this honorable body take a recess of ten minutes." The motion passed *nem. con.* The Great Unknown became for a time the Great Unconscious; Ichabod uncoiled himself, and by way of relaxation, read two propositions in Euclid; Nestor ruminated profoundly on the financial concerns of the board. Quilp transferred his pedals to the window seat, in loving proximity to those of Brass, and the two worthies were speedily snatched away, like Paris, in a cloud, less redolent, however, of ambrosia, than of the real Habana.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Wild Flowers" is accepted.

"H." had better be spending his time to better purpose, when at Chapel, than in writing bad "Lines to a Beautiful Lady." We can not countenance such double sinning.

We advise "Dartmoor" to "tumble down to prose," and leave the Peris alone.

"Poetic Imagery" is under consideration.

"Kappa" promises well, and is requested to send us number two, without delay. We do not print the first number of a series, till we have seen the second.

"Translations from the German" are rather good, though it strikes us that we have seen them somewhere before.

. Contributors are requested to send in their communications for the next No. *without delay*.

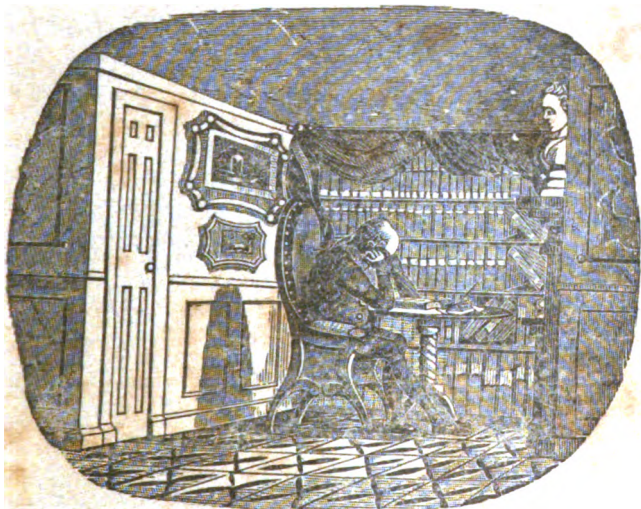
THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. I.—NO. III.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Couper.*

AUGUST, 1848.

AMHERST.
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCXLVIII.

NOV 7 1923

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1848.

No. 3.

POETICAL IMAGERY.

THE MORNING.

Poets are ever fond of describing natural objects. From these they seem to draw their inspiration, and upon these they have exhausted all that is rich in the language of Poetry and beautiful in its conception. It is all natural that it should be so. There is a fullness in nature which freely responds to the development of Fancy, and perhaps we have no better way of testing the poet's "gift" than by an examination of his natural scenery. Morning and Evening are the most common, and indeed the most wonderful natural phenomena to which poets have sung. The former therefore commends itself to our immediate notice; the latter will be the theme of future comment.

No wonder the bards have made a song for the morning and chanted a requiem for the setting sun. Indeed, they are wonderful—emblems of a Beginning and an End—of Birth and of Death—there is nothing in the Universe of Creation laden with richer blessings to man's physical, or fraught with a deeper meaning to his spiritual nature than these.

Let us go back through the shadowy Past some three thousand years, and contemplate with a Grecian heart the Morning. It is a goddess rising from the eastern hill. With a torch in her hand, and her saffron-colored robe floating gracefully behind her, she issues from the gates of Day and mounts her golden car. Her flowing veil she gaily tosses back dispersing the Night. A star is above her head, and as she shakes her torch with one hand, with the other she scatters flowers tearful with crystal dew. Such was the morning when it rose

on the pleasant isles of the Ægean and lighted up some Grecian heart thirty centuries ago. Homer came and "Aurora goddess climbed up high Olympus announcing morn to Jove and the other Immortals."

We do not call the morning a goddess, but still we often personify it in Poetry, and it is a remarkable proof of the influence of Grecian fable that *even now* it has always the gender of the goddess, while the *Sun* is masculine from the god Apollo.

Poets of comparatively modern times have been exuberant in their imagery of the morning. We remember Chaucer, parent of English Song, when

"Lucifer the dayis messenger
Gan for to rise, and out his bemis throwe."

Dante sad and sorrowful, in his terrible wanderings through Purgatory, bears record—

"Aurora's white and vermeil tintured cheek
To orange turn'd as she in age increased."

and perhaps it was a sadder tone which said

"Now the fair consort of Tithonus old,
Arisen from her mate's beloved arms,
Looked palely o'er the eastern cliff."

Indeed, there was a plaintive sorrow in the heart—"his of the gifted Pen and Sword"—else would not the morning have so "looked palely."

It is interesting to notice another feature of the influence of classic fable. Thus Dante has artfully interwoven the myth of Tithonus with the creation of his own rich fancy. Camoens too, no less a true and classic poet than that other "child of Visions," wrought much of his imagery on the same antique structure. In the following example however it is somewhat disguised by its modern drapery.

"Aurora now with dewy lustre bright,
Appears ascending on the rear of night.
With gentle hand, as seeming oft to pause,
The purple curtains of the morn she draws."

Milton, too, teems with a classic richness, and in several instances has recognized two distinct conceptions of ancient fiction. Apollo and his fiery chariot figure in one which we here insert :

"The gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream."

The beautiful fancy of the "Hours" is shadowed forth in the other :

"Morn
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light."

Indeed, it has always been supposed that an Epic poem must be loaded with ancient machinery ; why not then grace its numbers with classic thought ? At all events, it seems to prevail there more than in ordinary poetry. But Milton has imagery of his own getting up ; if he borrows he creates also. That was a queer thought of his :—

"Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
Thc nice morn on th' Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."

And there is Shakespeare too, "bland and mild," equal to the best of them in true poetic conception : one element of whose uncontested superiority we find in his giving us the simple idea stripped of the labored exuberance of language. Such descriptions in their native beauty come to us like an unmixed goblet, after we have been half drowned in a concoction of artificial sweets. Hear the words of "Fancy's child."

"The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the mountain top."

Chaste, natural, artless conception ! How grateful midst the artificial blaze of lesser poets ! The star which twinkles through night's jeweled drapery, shines fainter than the tawdry moon, yet nobler ; for it creates, not borrows light. The star sends out its limitless vibrations from its own mysterious fountain. But the cold black moon decks its surface with borrowed finery, and even of that, has scarcely half enough to cover it. Thus Shakespeare, and those inferior poets whose showy imagery but ill-conceals their barrenness of thought and like jewelry of frost-work half dazzles and half freezes. Milton has well characterized Shakespeare who

"Warbles his native woodnotes wild."

Who has not heard of "O RARE BEN JONSON?" Well, this strange personage, this "wonder of a learned age," this observer and por-

trayer of "the Humors" once described the morning. Perhaps he did it often, but this once—we have often laughed over it, and seriously shook our sides at its quaint humor :

Morn riseth slowly, as her sullen car
Had all the weight of sleep and death hung at it;
She is not rosy-fingered, but swollen black,
And her sick head is bound about with clouds
As if she threatened night ere noon."

For all the world, that "sick head bound about with clouds" was always a poser to our gravity. It is so lifelike. The apparition of a kerchief tied hard around the swollen temples, and the look "black as thunder" of some poor wretch just rising from bed with a beautiful headache, too vividly dances before our mental vision not to give a zest to this sorry picture of the morning. With the description we are much pleased. Not highly wrought but true to nature, it has a vein of quiet native humor which no one better than Ben Jonson could have woven into it.

Our own Willis tells us

"The fingers of the dawn
Drew the night's curtain."

and the same figure is even more neatly employed by an anonymous newspaper rhymester who affirms that the sun

"Rolled up the curtains of the misty morn."

Here, in addition to the '*rolling up*' of the curtains bring more picturesque than 'drawing' them, we have also the "*misty morn*;" and there is true sublimity in the gray mist-wreaths of the morning rolled up from the eastern sky by the rising sun.

Longfellow with his wonted sweetness charms while

"Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird
Lifts up her purple wing."

nor are we otherwise than pleased with his metaphor

"When the fast ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf."

A lady gives us *her* description. There is a feminine tenderness and grace about it which attracts, nor can the *connoisseur* detect that it is not all true poetry.

"Soft as a bride the rosy dawn
From dewy sleep doth rise,
And bathed in blushes, hath withdrawn
The mantle from her eyes."

Here morning is a blushing bride. In the example which follows, from an unknown poet, we recognize traces of the same kind of imagery. In this Phœbus is the ardent wooer; but hear the poet:

"—— The waking dawn
When night-fallen dews, by day's warm courtship won,
From reeking roses climbed to meet the sun."

But we don't always need labored imagery. A single epithet; a rapid pencil-stroke of the true artist; a word, when that word is a picture, is often the truest, and conveys the liveliest impression. Especially has it this effect, since most poets pursue the opposite course. An instance of this bold, rapid sketching—nay, rather of but a single stroke of the pencil—we have in Macaulay's "Battle of lake Regillus."

"Up rose the golden morning
Over the Pœreian height"

Here we have it all before us,—a picture in a word,—and these simple lines, to us at least, are fuller of meaning and true beauty than more labored verses. There is a *naked richness* in them which startles, yet attracts.

Thus have we traced the imagery of poets when they sing of the morning—not all, yet enough for our purpose. That purpose is to develope, in him who reads and loves, those same elements of imaginative beauty which are here portrayed. There is something elevating in such conceptions of Nature, and if we can combine the beautiful with the useful in our contemplations, besides expanding the mind, it will make our life pleasanter and our moral natures more grateful.

THANE.

~~~~~

In unswerving order the bodies of heaven perform ever their appointed course: but to us they appear on a casual view to move in the blindest disorder, crossing and even retrograding. So it is in the moral world: to us the designs of Providence seem ever crossing each other, or thwarted by the blindest chance; but when viewed from the great central throne all go forward in constant harmony to fulfil His great design.

BALLAD. *Briggs -*

It was on a simmer evenin'  
As the day was sinking low,  
And all the West was colored  
With a gold and crimson glow,  
When the starlight and the twilight  
Cam' stealin' down th'gither,  
And the cricket chirruped loud and sweet  
All in the simmer weather.

It was on a simmer evenin'  
'Neath the twisted Hawthorn shade,  
A maiden and her true-love  
For privacy had strayed—  
A tear was in her blue een,  
A grief was in his tane,  
As he said "my true-love Mary  
I maun leave thee all alane."

"To-morrow o'er the wide sea,  
Thy lover maun away,  
Oh! dinna grieve sae sairly  
For thy Willie canna stay;  
I feel my heart is breaking,  
Yet for thee it must be strang,  
Oh! dinna grieve, my Mary,  
We sall not be parted lang.

"I had mony words to tell thee,  
But I canna think them now,  
I can only press thee closer,  
And kiss thee on thy brow;  
I sall think o' thee fu' often  
When stars blink o'er the sea,  
And star-like thochts steal o'er my soul—  
Sweet memories o' thee!

"I'll bring thee bonny gifts,  
From the foreign lands away,

Bright gowden toys and jewels,  
And silks and kerchiefs gay;  
And thou'lt keep my luvè sae true,  
Wherever I may rame,  
That thou'lt gie it back wi' interest  
When thy Willie sall come hame."

It was mony a month and mony,  
It was mony a weary day,  
That Mary waited patiently  
For him gan' far away;  
And 'twas mony a month and mony,  
And 'twas mony a weary day,  
E'er she saw again her Willie,  
Who had wandered far away

A prisoner sad and lone,  
In a foreign land was he,  
But he sent fu' mony a heart-felt prayer  
To her across the sea;  
And like unseen birds their winglets  
Fanned within her heart love's flame,  
And awoke responsive music  
To the echo of his name.

It was on a simmer evenin'  
Clear as simmer eve could be,  
That Mary wandered lanely  
Beside the surging sea;  
The shades began to gather,  
The stars began to peep,  
And the maiden wi' a broken heart,  
Fu' sad began to weep.

She raised her eyes to Heaven,  
And she breath'd her Willie's name,  
And she said "Oh! God! that Willie  
To his Mary might come hame;  
I feel my heart is breaking  
Wi' this weight o' care an' grief,  
Oh! my Heavenly Father hear me,  
An' grant me sweet relief."

Her cheek was pale and thin,  
And her een was bright and wild,

But the blessed Father up in Heaven,  
*He heard his greetin' child ;*  
 She feels a strang arm 'round her,  
*An' wi' terror she had cried—*  
 But she sees, Oh ! joy ! 'tis Willie,  
*He is kneeling by her side.*

CASOS.

See 142.

## REMINISCENCES OF QUODVILLE.

## No. I.

PERHAPS many of our readers may have never heard of the stray-looking little village so much distinguished in its own vicinity and whose antique appearance the New England traveler could never forget after the moss-grown houses, dilapidated sheds and airy stables had once welcomed him to the hospitality of Quodville.

On approaching it from the east he wonders how it came there ; and drawing nearer, his amazement is still increased, seeing but few signs of life or activity and hearing only the murmuring of a waterfall, where are situated a small flour mill, and the shell of what was once a saw mill ; neither of which however are often in motion, leaving one to infer that building materials are in no great demand, and that the people either do not eat, or have but little to be eaten.

The locality of Quodville is the most sequestered imaginable. Up on every side the rising ground shuts out the extended prospect ; and in the valley two small streams unite, one of which flowing from a beautiful sheet of water, where the young love to resort in a summer's day, glides smoothly along without a ripple ; while the other, formed from numerous brooks, leaping down the mountain sides and rushing swiftly over its rocky bed, rudely seeks the embrace of its brother. At this place also, four roads from neighboring towns meet and with the confluence of these two rivers, form a nucleus about which from time unknown, there has been clustered forty or fifty dwelling houses, some brown, some red, some white, but all possessing internal and external evidences of antiquity.

When man first came here, no one can tell, since no records of the early settlement can be found ; but within the recollection of the " oldest inhabitant," Quodville has remained essentially the same. A

school house, the object of hatred to many a luckless urchin, is situated upon the eastern border of the village, half hidden by some native oaks, a town house upon the opposite side, and in the center facing the small 'triangular square' stands the august mansion of the village 'squire, in front of which, at the mercy of the winds, hangs the creaking sign-board inscribed with the words :

H. BELL,  
MANSION HOUSE.  
1888.

<sup>1</sup> Such was Quodville at the beginning of our recollections.

Every place has its distinguished men, and of these Quodville possessed its full share. Squire Bell, by far the most intelligent of the village wiseacres, was a thin spare man who generally wore a light, mealy looking coat with pants to match, and whose small squinting eyes and pointing nose bespoke a cunning mind and fiery temper. Next comes Mr. Abel, in some respects the contrast of the former gentleman, carrying about a broad grin, a vain air, and a skull most essentially empty.

By dint of soft soap and hypocritical smiles he had succeeded in being town agent, third selectman, candidate for legislature, and was now finally installed a justice of the peace.

Here too one Dr. Adoniram figures quite largely in the history of Quodville, having few friends and many foes. Being one of the unfortunate class, ycleped bachelors, and looking upon the fair sex with that indifference which is characteristic of his genus, he was regarded by the young damsels with jealous eyes. And each fearing that herself would be of the ninety and nine unlucky maids, and envious of the claims of all others to be the hundreth who should possess his smiles, they all with one consent, began to traduce his hitherto good fame. A thousand rumors were whispered abroad; according to some, he, in another town, had gained the affections of a fair one's heart, and then abandoned her forever. Others affirmed it was known from good authority that he was already married and his wife now lived in an adjoining state, uncared for. But a Miss Witherall, whose arid visage and yellow hair, bespoke her of the generation just past, and whose hopes of duplicity with the Doctor or any one else, were not the brightest, would not brook that either of these 'awful' reports could be true, but contented herself with deprecating his unfeeling heart. "No" she would exclaim with lips compressed, "he never knew the softer emotions of the soul so befitting human nature. Beauty, I'm sure, will never make an impression on his cold heart. Poor man!" But the good Doctor lived on regardless of the opinions of others, finding

business enough even in Quodville: for the anxious matron at the slightest ail of her daughter, was sure to call in Dr. Adoniram, hoping somehow this son of *Æsculapius* would in the course of human events become her own. Parson Rose and Deacon Olden may be naturally classed together, since they were united in caring for the spiritual welfare of the people of Quodville.

I would that truth might permit me to speak of the success of their kind ministrations. But the villagers were too worldly—the young too vain, and the old too fond of *filthy lucre*, to give their attention to more weighty considerations. The first of these two was a meek looking man, whose pale face and feeble frame proved the anxiety he felt for his flock, and the constant sorrow of heart that he labored with so little effect. The Deacon too, was a good man, upright and of stern morality, as all good deacons are.

But Bill Gunn, the *Genius Loci* of Quodville, remains to be described. Him you would recognize by his slow, lazy pace, and he was considered an indefatigable pedestrian, from the fact, that while one foot was seeking a new position in its onward progress, the other had completely recovered from the weariness brought on by a similar operation of its own. His mouth appeared to a careless observer in front, to pass quite round his head, its extremities seeming to dwindle away in the space beyond his ears. His were the lungs of Stentor, and often did the adjoining cliffs re-echo back his hoarse laugh with such distinctness as to induce one to imagine every forest and hill-side peopled by a race of noisy baboons. A vest rarely enveloped his person, and he might ever be seen with his cotton shirt loosened from beneath his unmentionables, and rolling down over their top in such a manner as to suggest to the mind the folds in the skin of a rhinoceros. Finally it was his boast to have originated in Old Scotia's realm, and when the Scotch brogue chimed in with his various other accomplishments, we could see Bill Gunn as he was.

Such were they who looked after the interests of Quodville. These in common with the villagers, had their foes and their follies. Some were possessed of aristocratic feelings. . Some of a churlish spirit, and too many of a narrow prejudice and an inordinate vanity, deeming their own village the most happy, most pious, and most enlightened of all the country round.

But we rest our pen, promising to give in a future number an account of the manner in which the long quiet of Quodville became disturbed, and the vanity of its good people humbled before the world.

KAPPA.

A PAGE FROM MY JOURNAL. *Harvard.*

4 A. M. Huzza! Its done! That confounded Oration, the reward of two years toil, and groanings innumerable over Euclid and Eschenburg. Oh Zeus and ye other gods! How often when aching head almost drove me to bed, or some bright moonlight evening tempted me to a solitary ramble, have I resolutely "burned the midnight oil" till the last line of Greek was conned, the last angle mastered, looking forward to my reward in a junior appointment! Well, it came, "Snooks, oration, 7 min." and ever since that coveted oration has hung around my neck with more choking weight than Sinbad's old man of the mountain. What should my subject be? Long and bothering were my meditations thereon. "If it were a Disquisition now, I would not care; but the fellows will expect something of an Orationist, and the "ancient" will come up no doubt, and my cousins, and Mary T——!" But thank Heaven, it's done, and in one night's work. Talk of the evils of late study—disadvantages of irregular habits, and all that fol-de-rol. Give me midnight,—deep, still, holy midnight to work in. Then can the intellect forget its bonds of earth and revel unrestrained in the world of thought. Well hath spoken he of the quaint Pen, whose "Philosophy" loves to deck itself in strange oracular garb.

"Reason shall dig deepest in the night, and fancy fly most free." Well too a bard of our own land,—one whose name is a synonyme wherever it is known for the rarest Christian virtues. Hear him tell of "Night Study."

"I am alone; and yet  
In the still solitude there is a rush  
Around me, as were met  
A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush  
Of uttered harmonies,—heaven meeting earth,  
Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye winged mysteries,  
Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,  
Beckoning me to arise,  
And go forth from my very self, and fly  
With you into the far, unknown, unseen immense  
Of worlds beyond our sphere,—What are ye? Whence?"

Is not this glorious? Can you not see the Christian poet,—student,—divine,—as he sits alone in the deep midnight, musing of things almost beyond human ken, till the very air about him seems charmed, and filled with supernal messengers, that bring him great mysteries of wisdom, even as they did to the wise king of old? Verily one hour of holy midnight is worth days of gross sunlight, surrounded by scores of petty vexations. It is at midnight only that Byron's classification ceases to be true,—the *bored* and the *bored*.

If I go to bed now, I shall sleep over, that's certain; so when I've lit one more of those prime Havannas, and put away my coffee-pot,—the only muse whose inspiration I acknowledge,—I'll stroll forth and ramble about till prayer-time. Who knows but I'll get up a reputation so, for a hard student and an early riser? Stranger things *have* happened. Yonder's a light in Jones's room.—I'll warrant if one of those thick curtains were lifted we should find him already up, all dressed for the day, and hammering away upon the last lines of the morning lesson. Very different with his neighbor opposite. A light in his room before morning prayers would be proof positive of a night spent *convivially*. One is a candidate for the Valedictory, the other will take a disquisition, and yet in point of reputation the *name* of a college education will go as far for one as the other. If the disquisitionist should ever reform his habits and turn his really brilliant talents to some good account, then future *gonuses* will swear by his name, and quote him in their daily maledictions of the appointment system. "There's Snobbs now,—he took a Disquisition, and see what a man he's made!" the *apodosis* of which, if expressed, would run something as follows—"I too, haven't learned the first thing since I've been in college,—never made a good recitation in my life. But wait till I graduate, and then see my genius display itself. These fine scholars never are good for anything else!" Baugh! It's sickening to hear these fellows prate, whose only claim to genius lies in neglecting not college *honors*, but college *duties*: Granted, gentlemen, that some great men have been poor students in college,—do you think they would have been less great had they wasted less time there? Or is your Pegasus of such uncertain bottom that you fear to break his spirit by a little wholesome discipline?

1 P. M. Ω ποποι, how infernally hot it is! Let me spread myself in the shade here, and watch the fellows as they come up from dinner. Here comes a party of Freshmen from the club,—every man of them, I'll bet, with a piece of beef, to be masticated during the P. M.

They're in earnest discussion ; debating the election of Prize Speaker, no doubt, or the relative merits of *our* societies, or some of the metaphysical questions, as tough as the beef, that they brought from table with them. Next come the contents of the boarding houses, in little knots of two or three,—some meditating complacently on the dinner they have achieved,—some muttering “curses not loud, but deep” against the dispensers of theirs,—“Veal, veal, veal,—I swear, Tom, it's getting too bad ; if they don't give us something beside that fried boot heel, we shall all be *calves* before long.” Here and there goes a solitary,—“*spatiatur in arena*,” as Virgil hath it,—“making tracks over the sand” hereafter perhaps to be dug up with care by *swans* of the year 5000, and labelled “Fresh-mannus verdans,” or “Senior cenocephalus.”

Last comes a troop from the hotel,—slowly and with great deliberation, as becometh those, who have eaten a “dinner which is a dinner.” From them you shall hear no loud dispute,—vacant are their brains of all thought,—a quiet happiness sitteth enthroned upon their brow in the calm remembrance of *those* melons. See with what scrupulous exactness one stops, the moment he has entered college grounds, to light his cigar. Another is smoking already: a third will wait till he has reached the sacred privacy of his room. A fourth to the contrary, manfully as he is puffing now, will put his out then, with a slight,—very slight tremor,—he is a learner. A fifth *conscientiously* abjures the filthy weed,—for well he remembers, luckless youth ! the desperate bowel-yearnings his first attempt in that line cost him. Verily, college is a great place to study charatter ! They are all past. Some have gone to lounge away an hour in the libraries,—some to ditto in the grove.—some to *dig* upon the afternoon lesson. A few will go bathing, and a great many will go to sleep. The thought overpowers me,—it's *so* hot.

“Strew oh strew a bed of rushes,  
Here will I sleep, till”

the Bell rings for Lecture.

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It is night which gems the vault of heaven with jewels from God's mine ; so in the moral firmament we need to have the shades of affliction gather around us, to show us our Father's shining countenance : to make our souls susceptible to the true light which comes from above.

M.

## WILD FLOWERS.

“ — born to blush unseen.”

There are flowers that grow in the untrodden glade,  
 'Neath the long tangled grass, or the vine-woven shade,  
 Whose charms to *man's* vision are never unveiled,  
 Whose fragrance no mortal has ever inhaled—  
 Not created for naught is their beautiful bloom,  
 Nor lavished in vain their delicious perfume.

For the messenger spirits from regions of light,  
 As earthward they speed on their love-guided flight,  
 Pause on their swift pinions to gaze on the flowers,  
 That “blush” all “unseen” in the wilderness bowers—  
 Delighted they bend o'er the blossoms so fair,  
 For the finger of Him whom they worship is there.

Then happy the flowers of the unexplored wood,  
 Undreamed of, unsought in their wild solitude;  
 Too pure for humanity's eye to behold,  
 'Neath the bright glance of angels their petals unfold.--  
 Oh! blest is the boon to Humanity given;  
 The unnoticed of Earth are the favored of heaven.

*Poland.*

SUNSET IN AMHERST OF JULY 22<sup>ND</sup>, 1847.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many a beautiful shower, that day, the clouds had generously distilled, and the fields had donned their richest attire of green, and on every blade of grass, and in every opening flower there glittered a crystal tear of joy. Earth sent up to its Maker, in language as best it might, its grateful praise; in the dew-drop, flashing up to Heaven its little picture of the sky, and in the modest flower which timidly looked up, and blushing, smiled.

The clouds had a strange wild beauty. In sullen majesty some

rolled heavily along, while wreathy columns danced lightly round them. Black and wrathful some came surging, heaving up, like the billowy ocean, when its storm-swollen waters tremble, while around them floated light wavy mist-clouds in strange momentary contrast—then melted away.

Against the East, darkly and heavily lay the storm which had passed. Black it was as those three Egyptian nights, wild as a Druid's incantation, sublimely grand and magnificent. Against its deep darkness soon rolled up a white fleecy cloud of mist. It stood as a foam-crested wave, gleaming up o'er the lone sailor's eye through the blackness of night. It floated as a banner of Peace in front of dark malignant war. Soon there burst forth a rainbow, girdling that black arch of heaven, and from end to end across the base of that radiant curve, the fleecy mist arose—white, black, and the gorgeous bow commingling!

But the glowing West recalled the eye. Broad belts of gold spanned the distant sky, while between and behind them heavily lay that of contrasting blackness. Beautiful was the mingling of colors. It was the rich gilding of a sable cloud laid on by an architect Divine. Wavy moved the Sun's bright pencil across the heavens, painting them till they almost rivalled its own splendor. The colors it left there gleamed up gorgeously from cloud to cloud, like those strange lights of the Northern sky. Now the tint was mellow, lovely, melting away; now it shone like a firmanent of burnished gold, fiery, dazzling. "The red traveler" of the sky went down, and yet the burning lines he traced thereon, lingered as if they would reveal a tale which "the dayis messenger" had failed to tell. It was the drapery of the Sun wherewith he veiled himself; the gorgeous curtains of his Western bed whither he was retiring.

But the bright scene failed at last. It faded away slowly, reluctantly, even as a friend might pause though the farewell word be spoken. It followed the radiant course of the setting orb. It vanished when the sun fled from our heavens, as the mist-wreaths of the morning vanish at his approach. Thus day blushed at her exit and left us to a night of stars. As richly imaged forth by that fierce "poet-peer."

"A paler shadow strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new color as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest—till—'tis gone—and all is gray."

RALPH.

## STRIFE.

Briggs.

Wherefore weeping, weary Mortal,  
Why with tear-drops falling fast,  
Gazest thro' the gloomy Portal  
That surveys the mournful Past,  
Say, can grief so madly cherished  
Nerve the soul to manly strife,  
And has Earth no hope unperished  
That can tempt to truer life ?

Why this unavailing sorrow ?  
Tho' the Present's gloomy sway,  
Be like midnight—bid it borrow  
Sunshine from the coming day,  
Tho' the Past come dark and crowding,  
Wherefore yield thee to its dole,  
Cherished griefs like vapor, shrouding,  
Dim the current of the soul.

What has Man to do with weeping—  
Idle tears for idle hours—  
Nobler life should be in keeping,  
With the gift of nobler pow'rs,  
Wild regret and dark depression,  
Were not made for manly themes,  
Moving like some slow procession,  
Hearse-like to the land of dreams ;

Leave for weaker minds to cherish  
Griefs that enervate the soul,  
Here the reckless Past let perish—  
And the Future be thy goal—  
Up—be doing—oh ! how vainly  
Are the sterner calls of life,  
When the weak heart shows so plainly  
All its shrinking from the strife.

If the present will not bind thee,  
If the Future will not sway,  
And with out-stretched arms, remind thee  
Of thy duty for to-day !  
Then the Past, so weakly cherished,

Summon with its potent wand—  
Can it be that things long perished  
O'er the soul have such command ?

Yes ! believe me—'mid the slumbers  
Of the spirit of the Past,  
There are chords whose drowsied numbers  
Shall be waken'd by the blast ;  
By the blast of bitter feeling,  
By the tempest of regret,  
Whose wild thunder-music pealing  
Can arouse thy spirit yet.

Bid it show, like some Magician,  
In the mirror of thy mind,  
All the strange and dark fruition  
That its workings left behind,  
All its manly strife and longing,  
All its bitterness of pain,  
Like weird phantoms, grimly thronging  
In the chambers of thy brain.

Ah ! 'tis finished—by the lurking  
Of that passion in thy brow,  
I can see the spell is working  
On thy palsied spirit now,  
By that press'd lip, pale and quiv'ring,  
By that wild dilated eye,  
By that quick convulsive shiv'ring,  
I can read thine agony !

Up—be doing—manly action,  
O'er the Past can have control,  
Duty's stern and strong exaction  
Is the beacon of the soul,  
Ever up and onward striving  
Teach at length thy heart to know,  
That in God-like christian living,  
There's no place for selfish woe.

Let the Present onward pressing  
Weave a death-shroud for the Past,

And the Future with its blessing  
 Lay him in his grave at last,  
 Lay him with his hands all folded,  
 All his struggles o'er at length,—  
 Thus thro' strife the soul is moulded  
 To a freer, nobler strength.

Cujus?

*Labell.*

CHAUCER.

"He touch'd his harp, and nations heard entranc'd ;  
 As some vast river of unfailing source,  
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flow'd,  
 And oped new feelings in the human heart."

Such was Chaucer's power, and like it, is that of every great poet. He binds the soul fast with silken cords, while it gladly lingers to be delighted. He perceives in all things,—the leaf, the flower, the sunbeam,—the cooling and refreshing draught for the thirsty heart, as it pants for the beauties of Poetry. A kindred spirit finds in him his enjoyment. We love the music of the human voice, but love as much the gentle yet thrilling music of the poet's lyre.

There are those who have no soul to feel the magic power of poetry ; they seem like ice-bergs amid the chill of the Polar winter's freezing breath, rather than like the floating mountain as it dissolves away under the melting influence of a warmer clime. Such see no beauty in the strains which entrance a heart of deeper sensibility ; they plod on their way, grasping after gold-dust, or the bauble, power, which shall eat out every generous feeling of the soul, and leave it at last, bereft of those high qualities nature implanted in it—a cold, frozen, insensate thing ! It is not such who read with pleasure the antiquated, though brilliant lines of GEOFFREY CHAUCER. He who shall study the poetry of this Father of English verse, will not be a dull, dry, dead piece of humanity, but if he read with deep attention, he will feel that he is in the presence of a master-spirit who is striking every chord that vibrates in harmony with Truth and Nature in his soul.

It is not our intention to give a sketch of Chaucer's life, but rather

to notice the character of the times in which he lived ; the condition of English Poetry previous to his day ; the merit and usefulness of his writings ; and finally, his claims for the grateful remembrance of posterity.

We often speak of the superiority of our condition over that of our ancestors. And it is not strange that men should believe at this day, they are gifted with broader intellects, and have a deeper insight into the relations they sustain to the world of matter and of mind, than they who lived when the shadows of superstition and ignorance veiled the vision, and settled down heavy on the heart. Yet we love to contemplate the progress of social life, the advancing movements of science, and the transitions of our race from barbarism to refinement. And it is not in vain that we thus cast our eyes along down the history of man, for by it, we learn the customs, manners, monuments, opinions, and practices of antiquity, and, as we contrast them with those of our own day, our imagination is gratified by the sight of human nature exhibited in such various and wonderful forms, and we go forth among men, conscious of our dignity, though grateful that our lot has been cast in a more enlightened age. We are thus led to feel that our own acquisitions are but slight, and to encourage that culture of the mind and heart, which is so necessary to the existence and practice of social virtue, and the advancement of the human race in their slow pilgrimage towards truth.

England, in Chaucer's day, had not lost all that ferocity of the national manners which ever characterizes a people untamed by the arts of refinement ; and the most polished courts of Europe even then retained in their ceremonies a mixture of the barbarous which we may always see at periods when nations are so much civilized as to have lost their original simplicity, and yet have acquired no just conception of the requirements of propriety. The age of Edward I. and even of Edward III. was a martial age. War was followed as an art,—trade even, was in a great degree neglected, and literature pursued mostly by scholastic divines. If the time of Socrates was the period when the Sophists swayed Greece, the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was surely the age which acknowledged the sovereignty of sophistry in England. Light had come forth even from the monastery to guide men on in life, but its beams were too few and feeble to dissipate the darkness which for centuries had hung around the popular mind. Its gleam could not cause even the absurd speculations of the followers of Peter Lombard, and the famous Abe-

lard to vanish. The ambition of the scholar was to be skilled in the scholastic theology and speculative philosophy which the masters in metaphysical inquiry taught as the only studies deserving the pursuit of man.

Science not founded on truth will never give to nations that polish and elegance of manners, which must be acquired before they stand forth models of excellence. Religion corrupted by superstition cannot build up a structure towering in real majesty ; for its base is laid with unsound materials, and its turrets shake with every assailing blast of knowledge and religious truth.

The tournaments of princes might form magnificent assemblies, while they enforced the noblest sentiments of heroism and honor, but they could give at most, only imperfect conceptions of what is genuine courtesy and decorum. The feudal establishment even then continued to encourage deeds of martial bravery ; and chivalry, in a measure made sacred by religion, presented that curious picture of manners, in which "the love of a god and of the ladies were reconciled, the saint and the hero were blended, and charity and revenge, zeal and gallantry, devotion and valor, were united."

Yet, even chivalry did much in those rude times, to assist the growth of refinement, the progress of civilization, the formation of elegant manners, and the cultivation of a taste for the beauties of poetry.

The head was becoming informed ; the heart beginning to feel the powers of the poet's inspiration. Imagination was awakened, the sensibilities to the lovely in art were brightened by the uncouth, though fanciful lines of the fathers of English song.

Such was the character of the times which are often considered too far back in the darkness to be worthy of our thought, though in reality they furnish some of the most pleasing themes of meditation ; for here we learn simplicity and gallantry, as well as see the long road over which men have traveled in order to reach the position which it is fancied we occupy, in advance of the uncultivated nations of the earth.

If such were the feeling and the pursuits of the earlier-occupants of Britain, a little reflection must satisfy us that their poetry, if inspired by genius, would yet be simple, though wild, devoted to the praises of heroes and lovers, instead of the nobler themes which Milton and Cowper chose, to give them immortality. Still the poetry of one century was not the poetry of the succeeding ; for this,

like the character of the times, and the nature of the seasons, exhibited the same changes of feature and form, the same alternate states of fertility and barrenness. While Edward II. was ruling England, ingloriously indeed, the versifiers were distinguished by a division into two classes, the lay-minstrels, and the ecclesiastics, who in general made choice of very different subjects. The former displayed their poetic talents in satire and love-songs; the latter in lives of the saints, or in versifying chronicles; while chivalric tales, and romantic narratives were considered the property of both.

The one class, from their provincial situation Mr. Ellis\* thinks, retained more of the Saxon phraseology, and resisted the influx of French innovations, while their competitors, the lay-minstrels, if they did not sing translations from the French, at least, took their models from that language. From this it would seem that England then had her rhapsodists, if she had no Homer to furnish them with verses; minstrels, whose names and memory have vanished. But they could not expect immortal remembrance without producing immortal works, —and so they sleep forgotten. The bard of Chios *lives*, and tells us truly,

"No mortal man can shun that fate on earth,  
Which Father Jove assigned him at his birth."

There are two principal schools of modern poetry, the romantic and the natural. In these earlier times, when some love of verse was felt, but no distinct ideas of what constitutes true poetry existed, the romantic school most flourished. Such indeed are but the offspring of an uncultivated age; hence they prevailed in these primeval days of English history.

Even systems of divinity were filled with parables and apologues, and God was worshipped in rehearsing the Legends of the Saints. Romantic fictions found materials to build up its castles in the air, in the chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the history of Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France, the history of Troy, and the *Gesta Romanorum*. And not only did the vast "Gothic fabric of romance" have its foundations in these works, but a thousand structures have been erected on them by Chaucer, Gower, Spenser and Shakspeare, some just showing their summits above the smoking ruins of Time, and others towering in unequalled majesty, the wonders of the world.

Such was the state of England and her poetry, when Chaucer came

\*Eng. Poets. Vol. I. p. 125.

forth like another rainbow, the covenant sign that never should a flood of darkness again drown the world, and sweep away the very vestiges of the human race. There is an intrinsic merit in his original works. He was equally successful in his burlesque tales and his allegories; and yet he was a priest in Nature's temple and could cast a new sacredness around her most venerated productions. Boccaccio and Chaucer did much to drive out from the realm of poetry the inflated and romantic style which prevailed in their early days through all Europe. He who would learn the peculiar characteristics of Chaucer's poetry must not be satisfied with reading a few of his works. His minor pieces need to be studied, for it is in them you see the playfulness of his manner, his delicate perception of the beautiful, his love of nature, his fondness for writing, his foibles and his many virtues, and the varied incidents of his eventful life.

Before him, every species of composition, prose and verse had been performed by recluse hermits, or ill-bred and uneducated scribblers.

While science was "wedded to immortal verse," the muse was but the mere slave of her recondite companion. And hence, though we have some specimens of their labors left, they are like the characters on some column of a half-entombed city, which were inscribed by the forgotten dead.

Translations from the Italian and French soon became numerous, yet with the exception of Minot, Langland, and a few other original composers, no one arose to give a name and dignity to the English tongue before the time of the justly celebrated Chaucer. His translations were numerous, and they did much to give a new impetus to the march of literature. While they did this for the language, they contributed to the formation of the style of his own works. Chaucer had read much; and hence his learning was by some mistaken for real genius. That he was *talented*, is the most that can be said of his natural abilities. It is admitted by all, that he seldom modelled a story, after Petrarch even, without surpassing the copy. This is imitation worthy of honor.

To notice a few of his pieces:—were ever the trials and dangers of a lover in endeavoring to secure the object of his desires, represented with more force and beauty, than those of his hero in the *Romaunt of the Rose*? It is an allegory of a Rose, which the lover plucks, after long and severe struggles to reach it, in a lovely garden. He crosses trenches, scales walls, and breaks through adamantine gates. The

castles which he enters are all occupied by different divinities, while some oppose, and others aid his progress. The garden of Love, in which grew the sought-for Rose, was surrounded by walls painted with various figures, as Hatred, Avarice, Envy, Sorrow, Old Age, and Hypocrisy. Each is beautifully described, but we have not room for extracts. The lover succeeds gloriously, and this is our chief concern. It professes to be a translation, but Chaucer instead of adhering to the exact text, wished to improve its beauty and elegance.

One reason why it is a valuable work for every one to peruse who aspires to an acquaintance with the thoughts and manners of our fathers, is, that in it he may learn what visionary doctrines about love were held by the Provincial poets, and see the exact contrast they bear with Plato's metaphysical and *impracticable* speculations on this subject.

In his *Troilus and Cresseide* he well describes the hesitations and delicacies of a youthful, blushing maid, as when in the presence of her *cousin* she "Opened her herte and told him her intent." See his power of pathetic description, when Troilus has unsheathed his sword to plunge it to his heart. Cresseide spies the weapon,

" And gan him in her armis fast to fold ;  
And said, O mercy, God, to whiche a dede,  
Alas ! how nere we werin bothé dede !"

Where shall we find so exact a picture of Nature's face, as in his *Floure and Leafe* ; and how beautiful the moral of the story is. The *Floure* is the symbol of Idleness, which

" ——— within a little space  
Wollén be lost ; so simple of nature  
It be, that it no grievance may endure,  
And every storme wol blow it sone away."

The leaf is the symbol of Perseverance,

" Whose lusty grene may not appaired be,  
But kepeth her beauty."

Or the Flower represents Beauty, fresh and fading, and the Leaf, Goodness in "immortal green." Why Chaucer pays such homage to the *daisy*, we cannot conceive,—but he dresses it up like a master, improving on Nature. Here to the "well of English undefiled," as

Spenser calls it, come, and find not only the language used, far superior to that of his predecessors, but a style of imagery variegated and gay, as well as striking and diffuse. Look well, and you may see the precepts of morality and virtue enforced on men, as well as behold the most filthy and licentious sentiments inculcated. Yet Chaucer's works are generally moral,—he had a heart to feel for human woe, an eye to see some remedy, a bosom heaving with the raptures of the true poet, a soul alive to all that is sublime and beautiful, no less than to the gentler and unattractive beauties of the world.

His *House of Fame* is a splendid palace, though it is the "baseless fabric of a vision." It is full of imagination, abounds in philosophic truth, stirs our fancy, and conjures up in us the feelings we might have in gazing at the rock of ice on which it was built. The *Canterbury Tales* are the foundation of Chaucer's fame. They are more known than his other works, yet we pass them by, though reluctant, with a few words. The production of a well-developed intellect,—like *Paradise Lost*,—these *Tales* are a fit representative of the great Chaucer; the result of a determination to give form and stability to the English language; a work wrought out of the rough materials of a superstitious age; a column not to crumble. Such are his works; they teach us nature, and truth, while they adorn the history of English poetry.

As a man, he was mild and gentle,—his mind was cheerful and serene, his heart a warm one, his manner far from reserve or arrogance, fond of *convivials*, of expensive habits, an eager and enthusiastic student of nature and the human heart. Yet it is Chaucer as a *poet*, which is most our care. He surpassed all his predecessors in the elegance, elevation, perspicuity and harmony of his versification; in fine, he exhibited the lustre and nobleness of a true poet in an age almost barbarous, and we think of him as of Homer and Dante, with astonishment and delight. He pictured life and true emotion. "He stooped to truth and moralized his song;" hence it is he demands the remembrance of men. Be it true, that some want poetry which will take stern hold of the soul,—that will flare upon them like the broad sun; they may yet admire the star that glitters in the far-off vault, or love the vine which creeps up in beauty, as they pluck its fruit. The painted canvass shall decay and perish; the sculptor's column shall lie in ruins; music's voice shall be still; yet the poet who "dips his pencil in the human heart," will bring out forms and colors whose

truth and loveliness will be noticed and felt wherever such a heart may throb. His ear may be dull, his heart cold in death, but his

"Reliques bear a charmed life,  
And speak though he be silent."

Praise then the hero,

"—— who in times  
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse,  
To tame the rudeness of his native land."

\* \* JR.

---

THE GREAT.

*Poland.*

I saw a harnessed war-horse prance ;  
I saw a war-chief's lordly glance ;  
And the glad huzza of the gazing crowd  
Swelled high, as he waved a banner proud.

I marked the gifted in his fame ;  
His glancing eye flashed genius' flame ;  
Fresh flowers were scattered along his way,  
And his bright clear brow wore a wreath of bay.

I heard the rich full burst of song ;  
A gray-haired minstrel passed along ;  
And a tear gushed out from his pale dim eye—  
'Twas his last proud song ere he went to die.

A cry of fierce wrath rent the air ;  
A fettered girl stood meekly there ;  
Stern men led her forth for the Cross to die—  
*She only was great, though the Great passed by !*

LAR.

TO ——.

The loved—oh ! gently, peacefully  
She passed from earth away—  
So vanishes from fount and flower  
The farewell flush of day,  
So fades from view in upward light  
A bird of radiant hue,  
And so a lingering star is lost  
From morning's heaven of blue.

Mourner—thou of the tearful eye !  
Oh ! break that spell of gloom,  
E'en though the sister of thy love  
Lies cold within the tomb.  
Think of her happy home above,  
The soul's high triumph there,  
And say if thou wouldst call her back  
Earth's weary lot to bear.

MEM.

## NEW BOOKS.

To care for none but new books is a mark of intellectual weakness ; but to neglect them entirely, in an excess of veneration for the "good old standards" is a folly no less great. In one respect it is certainly worse, because it always savors strongly of affectation, and *literary dandyism*. One might as reasonably refuse to inhabit the comfortable lath-and-plaster mansion of the present day, because we cannot all tenant Pyramids.

Far be it from us to undervalue *old* books. That we do love them, bear witness ye well thumbed, much-pencilled tomes, that so long have been the household gods of our study-room ! As soon would we forget our old friends,—aye, even our old purse,—as abate one jot or tittle of the love we bear you for the pleasant hours past, and the many we hope to spend in future over your familiar pages ! Yet a

*new book* hath great charms for us! It is a sort of lottery-ticket. Sometimes it brings a prize,—not often a capital one, we own, but yet worth the trifle of time or money it has cost,—and even if it be but a blank, good for nothing but to be cast to the winds, it will at least tell us which way the wind blows,—in what direction is setting the current of thought.

Here especially, in quiet little Amherst, we have few greater enjoyments than new books bring. When our daily lessons are all coned, or on a summer afternoon, too hot for exercise and almost for thought, it is right pleasant to set cosily down, paper-knife in hand, and wile away an hour or so over the pages of some new poem, just come in maiden-like purity from Putnam's or Ticknor's press. Even now, thanks to our well-beloved Henry,—him of the Post Office,—is a rich feast before us. Let us but first take the proper attitude,—so,—our back supported by one chair arm, our nether limbs dangling gracefully over the other,—*now*, have at them with you, Reader!

“HAROLD, the last of the Saxons, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., etc.”

By their *covers* ye shall know them. Those portly, brown-coated pamphlets from Harper & Brothers will be sure to give you for a mere trifle, the contents of some costly English fiction. Even that trifle, we confess, is often more than the real value; but not always. This is Bulwer's *last*. Some pleasant hours we have spent over it already, and we strongly advise you to do “that same.” The noble author has chosen for his theme one of the most interesting, and at the same time least understood epochs of English history; and we rejoice that he has redeemed it so well from the grasp of dull annalists and mouldy antiquaries. In his pages we have vividly before our eyes those wild times that ushered in the chivalry of the Middle ages: romantic to us, simply because they differ from all our own experiences. No history of state events can give us just ideas of life so unlike that of the present day. It shows us only the skeleton: or at most, in the hands of *philosophical* historians, a galvanised corpse, spasmodically moving in obedience to the particular whim or theory of him who pulls the wires. A well-written historical novel restores the natural life, with all its proper workings. True, if this life be not supported by the skeleton,—if the fiction be not consistent with the real facts so far as they go,—we have a distorted figure: but such as these are *not* well-written. The one before us, in our humble judgment, really is: the author has succeeded in adhering faithfully

to the skeleton, and at the same time clothing it, from the stores of a chaste and cultivated imagination, with life-like form. The crafty, ambitious conqueror, the brave but unsteady Harold are the same that we find in the dullest history ; but they cease to be mere names, and come into our presence as living men.

As a novel, Harold is not a work of extraordinary merit. The plot has neither beginning, middle, nor end : it adheres too closely to the truth for this : it is simply a series of scenes drawn from the fortunes of a single historical personage. In this it contrasts strongly with the completeness and finish by which most of Bulwer's plots are marked.

Those who look with distrust upon his moral influence will be glad to miss, along with these, much of the peculiar tone of his purely fictitious works. We recognize indeed but few features of Bulwer, except his masterly power of delineation, and his almost perfect style. His most rigid judges can hardly deny that this book at least is, as he has avowedly aimed to make it, one that may be put without danger, and even with great benefit, into the hands of the young.

But we will delay no longer here : for yonder modest little volumes, in their neat covers of stone-colored paper, are among the most tempting morsels that the press sends forth. "The physiognomy of a book" is in truth a matter of no little moment. Our young poets owe a debt of gratitude to the publishers, whose taste presents them to the world in the inviting garb so current of late.

"ENDYMION : *A Tale of Greece*, by Henry B. Hirst."

Of the author of "Endymion" we know only what we have learned from his modest preface : that he is a young lawyer of Philadelphia, and that he has published, previously to this, a volume of Miscellaneous Poems : of which more anon. But his poem has told us, as we think it will tell every one who gives it careful reading, that amid the whole host of young American poets,—and verily their name is legion,—there is not one gifted with higher powers, or giving promise of so great future excellence. In this "Tale of Greece," Mr. Hirst has succeeded in one of the most difficult tasks that a young poet could attempt : the embodying in modern poetry one of the most beautiful Grecian myths. So well has he done this, that though not only all the scenes but much of the plot is the offspring of his own fertile fancy, we detect no incongruity throughout. The beautiful fable seems only more perfect by these daring accessions, like a precious gem exquisitely set.

The most striking feature of the poem, is the exuberant and glowing imagination it displays. This throws over the whole a rich warm glow, that reminds us of what we see in one of Titian's paintings. There is a tendency to anthropomorphism too, in Mr. Hirst's mind, that seems to fit him particularly to be a revivifier of Grecian fable. He has little of the abstraction and spirituality that characterize modern religion and poetry, but all is hidden under a veil of outward and sensual beauty; the question may be asked whether this is not after all the poet's proper field? But it is one we can not discuss here.

Perhaps to a taste more rigid and mature than that of a college student, the profuse ornament of this author's style would amount to a fault. Tropes and metaphors, and all the offspring of a teeming fancy are scattered with lavish hand through the book: and though there are but few of these to which the most delicate taste can object as strained or inelegant, one becomes almost wearied at last with the profusion of sweets. From this however we are saved by the exquisite beauty of the plot. This we intended to sketch in the present article, but found it impossible to do it the slightest justice within our prescribed limits. The same must be our apology for selecting but one beautiful stanza to adorn our pages with; though where all is so beautiful, it is no easy task to choose.

"Yet he was faint—faint with fatigue and drooping,  
Through the long day unwearied he had kept  
Watch, while his cattle slept.  
And now the Sun was like a falcion stooping  
Down the red West; and Night from out her cave  
Walk'd, Christ-like, o'er the wave.\*

To the poem itself we commend our readers, with the assurance that if they be true lovers of true poetry, they will rarely find, among new books, a richer treat.

"THE COMING OF THE MAMMOTH, AND OTHER POEMS, by Henry B. Hirst."

It was not till after we had read *Endymion*, that our attention was drawn to this volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*, by the same author, though published two or three years ago. We have since read them, with no little pleasure. They are just what we expect the early writings of a true poet to be; filled with many beauties, and some glaring faults. In *Endymion*, we see these diminishing, and those grad-

\*This beautiful metre is new, to us at least. We wish some other of our young poets would take example thereby, and not deem it a mark of inspiration to vent their thoughts in forms destitute alike of taste and prosody.

ually ripening toward perfection; a movement that augurs well for the future. The two longest poems in this volume do not please us, because they show the author's faults in the strongest light, with few of his excellences: but some of the smaller are exquisitely beautiful. He excels especially in portraying the higher emotions of love. This forms one great charm of *Endymion*: and the tender passion, in its purest, noblest moods was never more exquisitely painted than in "Mary," "The Statue Love," "A Gift," and most of all in that beautiful ballad "Isabelle."

But since space, and the peculiar nature of our periodical forbid us to pilfer any of these treasures, we will only commend our readers, as before, to the volume: which, by the way, in outward appearance is one of the most attractive we have lately seen.

"ORTA-UNDIS, and other Poems, by J. M. Legare."

This young aspirant for Olympus, is a late graduate, we are told, of the University of Virginia, and a member of the same talented family which has already produced one of our country's most brilliant ornaments. Whether any more "of the same sort" are left among them, we cannot say, but if there be, the author of "*Orta-Undis*" is not one. He is said to have been from childhood a devoted wooer, alike of earthly maidens, and the Nine. What his success has been with the former we know not: but the Muses have most evidently given him "the mitten." In the hundred pages of rhyme he has offered us, we find some two or three pieces of simple, touching, beauty,—the "Reaper," and "Amy," for instance. The rest is only saved from mediocrity by being most undeniably bad,—a sort of tipsy prose. We pity the poor damsel to whom in his "*Last Gift*," he promises immortality, if that be her only chance: even if by any accident his fond visions are accomplished, we should deem celebrity in *such* verses to be only a mode of being

"damned to everlasting fame"

The poem from which the book is named, is the last, and one of the shortest in it: a strophe, as he most unaccountably (so far as we can see) sees fit to call it, in barbarous rhyming Latin. We have only room to quote four lines: and by them we'll put for company, a stanza from a poem which had we the copy by us, would pay far better for the trouble of reviewing, than those of Mr. Legare.\*

\* "*Johannis Gilpini Iter, Latine Redditum.*" One of the cleverest *jeux d'esprit* of the day, lately published in a neat little pamphlet by Zieber & Co., Phil.

"Felix, qui cor (Evax!) tuum.  
Palpitare audiat;  
Caput cirisque jamprimum  
Pectore ut sentiat."

Thus far Orta-Undis: now the other.

"Gilpinus erat municeps  
Honoris quam formoso,  
Turbaram et centuris,  
Londini fabulosi!

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### EDITORS' TABLE.

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us,  
It wad fra' many a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion."

*Scelys.*

BURNS.

Well kind Reader here we are before you once again, and what think you of our third appearance? We have toiled through these hot days and weeks to deck ourselves out in a becoming garb and all we hope now, is that it may be suited to your taste. Is it so? Do you like it, or do you think the dress ill-becoming? Perhaps you do not know what an importance your judgement of the Indicator has in our eyes. A great deal depends on your opinion. If we could only stand unseen beside you we should watch with interest your very look as you took your seat in your easy chair and began to turn over our pages. We should notice every expression of your countenance;—every glance of your eye, and as you read one piece after another, we should long to take a peep in upon your mind and see there the process that was silently going on. And then we should want to tarry till you had finished the last page so that we could see whether it was a pleased or dissatisfied air with which you laid the book aside.

Men like to be independent, but Editors are not and cannot be. They have got to be governed by the will of others, else they stand in danger of being Editors only in name. Whether such a condition of things is right or wrong, good, bad, or indifferent, we have nothing to say. We have only to do at present with the fact, and being a fact, it accounts for our desire to know your sentiments concerning us. If we stand in danger of being guillotined, we should like to know it before it becomes impossible to avoid the axe, and if we are likely to lose your favor and be proscribed for our mismanagement, we should at least try to retain the one and escape the other, could we only learn beforehand that you were finding fault with our efforts. Editors may do much to fashion out the frame work of society, but as you must stand by and direct their efforts, in this sense at least, you do more and are more powerful than they. Did you never read how the boy of Themistocles was the greatest man in Greece?

We should be disappointed to hear no fault-finding with our undertaking, we are surprised to hear so little. We cannot hope to make the Indicator perfect though we try. No one expects to find perfection in a college magazine. There must be much that is obnoxious to the critic's ban, in a periodical conducted by hands so inexperienced as ours. Though the writers who contribute to its pages may possess talents of a high order, they can have had but little practice in writing and so their style must necessarily have its imperfections. Yet even here we find a reason why the under-graduates if not the Alumni of our Alma Mater should take an interest in our Magazine. Is it not better that these imperfections, such as they are, should first appear in these pages and be corrected here, before they should go out as such to a world whose critics give no charity to inexperience? Who would not rather meet the ordeal here than elsewhere?

We had prepared a longer gossip with our readers, but the printer is inexorable.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend "Jenkins," as he had perfect right to do, writes us some animadversions on our course. To the charge of typographical errors and other blunders in our last, we plead guilty and hope that he may find them avoided in this. But when he "impugns our judgment and impartiality" in a certain matter, we respectfully beg leave to differ from him and hold our former opinion still. If the prose he promises us be as racy as his letter, we shall be glad to receive it.

"Too Soon" was received *too late* for this number. It shall appear in our next.

We are not hungry enough for "The Poet's Breakfast." It is respectfully declined.

We shall take pleasure in publishing "Miscellaneous Sonnets" in our next.

"Fragments," and "The Mission of the Great," are postponed.

"First Love," and "Recollections of Quodville," No. 2, shall appear in our next.

"We would recommend to the author of "The Poet's Grave," that he read over his piece in connection with the Fifteenth Lecture of Blair's Rhetoric. We insert the first stanza, since it is too good a specimen to be lost.

He sleeps! the child of phantasy  
Has sunk to rise no more,  
Like hollow waves that beat against  
Eternity's black shore,  
And the lightning fires of intellect,  
That played around his brow,  
Lie like old Ocean's hidden pearl  
So low and sheenless now.

"Childhood's Dream," and "Our Native Land," have been devoted to their appropriate use.

# THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. I.—NO. IV.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:  
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cowper.*

SEPTEMBER, 1848.

AMHERST.  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCXLVIII.

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# THE INDICATOR.

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VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER 1848.

No. 4.

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## REMINISCENCES OF QUODVILLE. See 172.

### No. II.

Notwithstanding the heterogeneal character of the ruling spirits of Quodville, peace and quiet had ever reigned within its somewhat ill-defined borders, until the beginning of the summer of 1839. Up to this time the people had worshipped with united hearts, in the capacious town-house, fitted up for the purpose with wide benches, generously furnished with high perpendicular backs, and well adapted to prevent that feeling of drowsiness which so often steals over one reclining in an easy position. Here the two religious societies, Baptist and Methodist, the former under the care of parson Rose, and the latter watched over at this time by Mr. Hill, were wont to meet as Sunday came, to listen to the instructions of these two, officiating in turn. Though the last mentioned was no relation of an English divine of the same name, yet by a singular coincidence he possessed no small share of his eccentricity.

Most of the villagers were constant attendants at church; yet some chose rather at their leisure to stroll upon the river's bank, or seek the cool shade of the forest, while on the other hand, pride often prevented even the conscientious Mr. Abel—too holy thus to waste sacred time—from entering this humble place of worship on the Lord's day, though at other times, when the people of Quodville met to transact town affairs, His Honor, as the village gossips contemptuously called him, would ever be seen there with an assumed look of wisdom, peering over the heads of others, bowing courteously to all in his way, and familiarly recognizing many, whom but the week before he

had passed unnoticed in the street, hoping in due time to be remembered at the ballot box for his great condescension.-

But a day of evil to the tranquility of Quodville at length came. Early in the summer of '39 His Honor having strolled from home, happened to attend church in a sea-port town, about a score of miles from the sequestered retreat of his native village. The lofty spire and deep toned bell, filled our hero's heart with awe; and the stuffed pews aroused a still stronger feeling of disgust, at the recollection of the old town house, with its hard benches and white-washed walls. So pondering upon the blameless simplicity of his own town, which now began to be mistaken for rustic meanness, he at length resolved to make an effort to increase the good appearances of his beloved village, which indeed, with its old houses and shattered barns, was far from pleasing to the eye of a stranger. Through his influence, an instrument was drawn up, the signers of which pledged themselves to give certain sums to aid in building a more suitable place of religious worship; and since the Baptists were the most influential, the sagacious justice proposed it should be under their control.

His Honor, Mr. Justice Abel, took the responsibility to obtain means by which an enterprise so new to Quodville might be carried on. How his heart warmed in the cause he had espoused, and seeing his zeal, one would think he believed it in no way inferior to the construction of the Thames Tunnel, or the crossing of the Alps by Hannibal. "Come my very good friend," he would say, for he delighted in extempore speeches with rounded periods and illustrations drawn from Roman History, which, however, he had never read, but had contrived to pick up a few facts here and there, of which by some means he always succeeded in making nonsense and himself ridiculous in the display of his lore. "Come, give us a helping hand in this undertaking. The nineteenth century is one of improvement. Wherefore it becomes us, enlightened as we are, to emulate the spirit of Ancient days. The Romans built churches and founded temples. Their City, the home of the Caesars and Ptolemies, contain many stupendous works of art. In that mighty place are the pyramids of Egypt, the Temple of Solomon, St. Paul's Church, and a thousand other wonders. In point of talent I trust we as a people are inferior to none. Let us then have a church which shall correspond to the symmetry of mind in town."

At the conclusion of such a harangue, conscious of his power of oratory, his broad countenance would lighten up with a complacent

smile, at the same time thrusting his paper full in the face of his auditor, confident of another name gained by his eloquence.

But the other society, influenced by some evil spirits, finding they were excluded from a participation in this enterprise, first tried lustily to demolish the plans of Justice Abel and his train; but this proving a futile attempt, they with due formality determined to become rivals and build for themselves a church with a tall steeple—taller and more beautiful than that represented in the plan of the other party. This junto was headed by 'squire Bell whose sound sense proved too much for the everlasting grin and pigmy intellect of His Honor, and in a very short time, to the great consternation of Quodville, a feeling of hatred existed between the rivals, each regarding the other with supreme contempt. But Bill Gunn, of no small influence with a certain class, fired away, sometimes for one side and sometimes for the other, unwilling to displease any, and so seeking to gratify all. With the 'squire's party he was most loud in their praise, and with the other, his noisy declamation won many whom the bland smiles of His Honor could not reach. At the close of day, the smaller fry would collect here and there in groups—some standing and some lolling upon that luxury of a country village, the lazy seat—to discuss the merits of this subject of such general interest; while the simple hearted matrons and speculating damsels, seeing bright prospects of future glory, were not of the number who looked on with indifference; those hoping to astonish the stranger with the magnanimity of Quodville, and these seeking a better opportunity to show off their raven tresses and flounced dresses, to the danger of the unsophisticated hearts of many a rustic who should dare to gaze upon the fair ones in their best attire.

Heretofore, parties had been unknown in Quodville, though individuals were not remarkable for strict attention to their own affairs. The matrons gossiped from house to house; the damsels formed into platoons spun their street yarns, gazing here and there in silence; while the men lounged about ready to report every incident, and make known every misdemeanor. Every eye was a police. None ever bowed at another's wife in the street without suspicions of cuckoldom being spread abroad. The mothers with their fore finger upon their lips whispered it. The daughters brooded over it in secret, and perhaps were envious of it. The old men talked it across the street, and sighed over the times. The young gave an approving laugh and called it good; while a blear-eyed little Dutchman, lately a stranger

in this virtuous community, as he caught the tidings, would stop, thrust his hands into his pockets to the elbows, squint his eyes, and end the chorus with his best English; "Tonder and lightnings! dat ish more as worse as pad nor I pleeve." But this spirit of prating hastened on the dissensions which were to take the place of ancient harmony there. The time of these soon came, and like the seven-footer falling, whose great longitude, indeed, puts off the time of contact with the earth, but which delay, however agreeable it may be for the time being, in no way tends to the comfort of his final reception; so when the long quiet of this village became once disturbed, the novelty of change seemed to give unusual vivacity to the movements of the conflicting parties.

At this interesting stage of affairs, the Rev. Mr. Hill began to act quite a conspicuous part, laboring to advance the interests of his society. Mr. Hill, unfortunately for the wayward, possessed a spirit most troublesome to a guilty conscience, and himself was known the region around as the editor and proprietor of a small, short-lived temperance sheet, with the significant title "Hornet and Reformer."

Mr. Hill's greatest wish was, undoubtedly, to benefit the world, but having too great faith in the efficacy of mawling grace into a stubborn man's heart—to use his own expression—had met with but little success in driving iniquity from the limits of Quodville. And as the Baptists had been most unwilling to submit to the Elder's vigorous discipline, he became completely absorbed in the one idea of a new Methodist meeting-house. Upon this subject he reasoned with men in the fields and shops, in the street and at the tavern.

One day, passing through the village, as he drew near a small store owned by Mr. Abel, in which were offered for sale various kinds of groceries, together with an abundance of that one article called *New England*, he spied the unmistakable form of Bill Gunn seated upon a six-legged bench, *half seas over*, with his head and feet in rather close proximity, his elbows upon his knees, his hands deeply imbedded in the fleshy part of his chaps and leering with a sleepy look at the approaching parson, while ever and anon he discharged a strong extraction of the weed from the elongated opening in his face, which with his vigorous lungs, constituted a noble combination for enunciating the broad Scotch vowels.

"Good morning, friend William," said Mr. Hill, in the most familiar manner.

"Morning Sir," answered Bill with a drawling, sleepy tone, anticipating the object of the call.

"Drunk to-day, eh?" bluntly responded the parson, knowing that soft words would be spoken in vain.

"Ugh! spose I be, what of't? again grunted out the imperturbable Scotchman.

"Oh! nothing," coolly answered Mr. Hill, "nothing. But now I think of it; I believe you are pledged to us, are you not?"

"Sartin, Ekler, sartin," responded Bill, waking up.

"Right friend, and you take a share in our house," said the parson inquiringly.

"No, cant," muttered Bill, relapsing into his former position, "poor—large family—wife sick—times hard—no, cant give a cent."

This was the time for Mr. Hill to strike, knowing the Scotchman's annual grog bill to be more than half the cost of a seat. But at this moment, seeing some half dozen young Gunns in the street at play, with patched breeches, uncombed heads, and faces long strangers to soap and water, he half yielded to pity; but upon a second thought, determined to beat a small portion of goodness into the dark corners of Bill's sinful heart. So sitting down by his side he began: "Friend, I pity thy hard lot. 'Tis cruel that thy hard earnings should be wrenched from thee by thy unconquerable appetite for strong drink, keeping thee poor. I know thou dost, like an honest man, try to overcome thy thirst. But try harder—with all thy might, try. Take not thy potations by the glass, from hour to hour, but be more earnest; swill it down as though thy life was at stake; stop not till thy capacious stomach be full. Then thou wilt overcome thy appetite and become a sober man, and be able to do something for the Lord and his people."

Thus speaking, the parson left the toper trying with fuddled understanding, to divine whether this advice had a meaning or not.

Midst various strifes, and by the creation of lasting feuds, the work was accomplished. Late in the season, two ghost-like looking church steeples were seen towering high above the other works of art in Quodville, looking down in seeming contempt upon the more lonely, but more useful and less troublesome edifices placed at their base.

The Methodists indeed had excelled the other society in the height of their steeple; but alas for taste! it seemed more like a bean pole extending from the ridge of a martin house, than a church steeple. But all loved to gaze at it. All seemed to admire it, because forsooth 'twas tall and slim, and not so clumsy shaped as that of its neighbor.

So 'squire Bell squinted with satisfaction ; Bill Gunn stroked his stomach with an agreeable humor ; the Dutchman exclaimed, "dat ish goot, mynheer, dat ish goot ;" and all expressed their delight at the achievement. Quodville was satisfied ; let not the world murmur.

KAPPA.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS. *Lat Dell.*

LA CENERENTOLA.

Child of misfortune, not unfortunate  
 At last, as showed the sequel of thy life—  
 Whose early years thy sisters' haughty strife  
 Pursued ! Home, without home, was thine—a state  
 Of lowly servitude, nay, harder fate !—  
 Mean slavery to thy sisters, always rife  
 With wrongs ! Did Tyranny's keen knife,  
 Hilted with hate, thy bosom penetrate ?  
 Ah yes ! but then triumphantly to shine,  
 Aided by higher power than human will—  
 A bride—then mother of that lustrous line  
 In goodness wronged, and wronged, in goodness still,  
 Meek, lovely model of thy sex ! 't was thine,—  
 The heart of ages, too, 'twas thine to thrill.

LAW MAKING.

Good morals shine where least there is of law ;  
 And many statutes are the source of sin—  
 Mere sheets of ice exceeding weak and thin,  
 To tempt the foolish, and, at times, to draw  
 To ruin's tide the man who never saw  
 A nobler path his course to take wherein—  
 The path of right, to God's own path akin,  
 That knows no changes and no technic flaw.  
 The Pastor's ancient care, supplanted, yields  
 Unto the creed-built phrase, "line upon line"  
 The boundaries marking of Jehovah's fields—  
 No "precept upon precept" to define  
 Man's special duties, which are God's own shields  
 About man's heart, and, in it, God's own mine.

## CHARACTER.

The archer's bow is in the walnut tree,  
The storm unfelt within the distant cloud,  
Statues unsunned, the marble blocks enshroud,  
And in the dropping acorns forests be;  
The beaver in the stream his dam can see,  
Earth's mines with coins unstamped are all endowed—  
Worms hold the flies with wings and colors proud,  
And unset notes own pleasing melody;  
The rain-drops hold the rainbow them between,  
The sunny light possesses pictures true,  
Fruit trees yield blossoms, fruits, and leaves of green,  
The plants perfumes distil with odors new—  
And something in man's frame is hidden, too,  
Called Character, that must in time be seen.

## TRUTH.

Magnificent is truth. At first perceived,  
Far off and dark, before God's light, it shows  
Jagged and rough, while all around it flows  
Doubt's veil that half its weaving Hope achieved;  
But, to the Mind advancing, heavenward heaved,  
Its shape minute in every part—it glows  
Aloft of Error, on whose level goes  
The Pilgrim gazing. Now he has believed!  
What is it rises o'er the vale? 'Tis set  
Darklingly bright against the lighter sky.  
Approach! Unhidden by its filmy net,  
There see, eternal, crowned with branches high,  
Throned, still and silent, but majestic yet,  
A monarch Mountain! Time it will defy.

## THE SEAT UNDER THE WILLOW.

The lengthened twilight of this summer's day  
Has darkened o'er the noiseless scene in night,  
And sky and stream, twin firmaments of light,  
Two crescent moons with hosts of stars display—  
The willow tree, reflected, silver gray,  
Its pendent tassels in the mirror bright  
Conjoins, and in the circle here invite  
The solitary dreamer yet to stay!

It is not time for thought, but, rather, praise—  
 Emotions grateful, such as thoughts impart—  
 Since having left the city's crooked ways,  
 The two-faced Janus of the trading mart,  
 A holy calm around the spirit plays,  
 And weeping Life is mirrored in the heart.

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TOO SOON.

Too soon! Too soon! How oft that word
 Comes o'er the spirit like a spell,
 Awakening every tender chord,
 That to the heart may sadly tell
 Of joys that perished in their noon,
 Of flowers that fade—too soon, too soon!

Too soon! Too soon! It is a sound
 To dim the sight with many a tear,
 As mournfully we gaze around
 And see how few we loved are here—
 Ah, when shall we again commune
 With those we lost—too soon, too soon!

Too soon! is stamped on every leaf
 In characters of dark decay—
 Too soon! is writ in lines of grief
 On all things fading fast away—
 Oh, is there one terrestrial boon
 Our hearts lose not—too soon, too soon!

MEM.

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**MUSIC**—from the carols of birds, to the minstrelsy of angels.

**POETRY**—from the first young dream of imagination, to the infinite conceptions of the cherubim.

**ELOQUENCE**—from the “winged words” which least thrill the human heart yet thrill it some, to the highest speech of the guiding seraph.

**REASON**—from the feeblest deduction of a cause from an effect, to the profoundest cogitations of the greatest-created: These are the most god-like attributes of created mind!

## POETICAL IMAGERY.

## EVENING.

Various as is the poet's imagery of the morning, it is richer still, and more comprehensive when employed to portray the diversified scenery of sunset and evening. From the simple "night came down" as sings "the voice of Cona," to the most trashy tinsel of our worst poetasters, the setting sun is indued with more than Protean characteristics, to suit the fancy of those who may describe him. Doubtless much clean paper has been blotted, and much ink wasted, to say nothing of time thrown away, in penning poor lines to the innocent unconscious orb of day. But it is by no means true that all descriptions of this kind are valueless. There are many noble ones in the poetic pages, and he that will study them, can hardly fail of profiting from them. Says Dr. Hugh Blair "A poet of original genius is always distinguished by his talent for description;" and we may add that a poor poet can succeed better in any other department, than in depicting natural scenery. The reason of this may be two-fold. First, we are so familiarized with these scenes by constant observation, that the slightest deviation from nature's truthfulness is sure of detection; and besides, if the imagination of the mass of mind is exercised on any object, it must be on that of external nature, and hence a new and striking view of these objects is necessary to obtain any distinction. And, secondly, the aspirant for fame in descriptive poetry has to measure himself with the most glowing fancy, chastened by a nice and delicate taste, in the writings of the best poets in the world. These difficulties, impeding the descriptive poet generally, weigh with double force when Evening is the theme. What Academy boy cannot remember how his first composition began with "Twas night—the bright sun was just descending below the —— &c.?" Or what boarding-school miss has not more than once commenced her "*walk*" with "One pleasant evening in the month of —— &c.?" Indeed, it seems to be natural for all minds, the gifted as well as the dull, to make the scenery of Evening the first, and indeed the constant theme of its efforts at description.

The poetical view always more or less connected with this subject,

and the great number of competitors one must necessarily encounter, render it no easy task to attain even mediocrity in this department of descriptive poetry. He, therefore, should be conscious of having wrought out some idea "aere perennius," as Horace says, before he presumes to publish it.

In addition to the natural discrimination of taste, let us assume as the basis of criticism, the aphorism of Quintilian, "*Obstat quicquid non adjuvat*," and proceed to view the Evening scenes of some of the best poets. Such a view, besides being very limited, must evidently lack the elements of a system, because of the diversity of imagery. We shall therefore make a few random citations, rather than attempt a minute classification.

Homer introduces a company of his heroes as retiring to rest, "when the Sun went down and the Shade came up." Simple as this thought is, a moment's reflection shows it to be the first and most natural idea that would suggest itself to the unsophisticated mind of the Grecian poet. Akin to it in artlessness, is Ossian's "Night came down," which we have already quoted. Such instances of 'nature most adorned when least adorned' we may always expect in early poetry. Homer's thought here seems to be that while the Sun is setting in the West, the shade is rising up in the East, and that thus they alternately follow each other in their course round the world. One can scarcely fail to notice how similarly Bryant writes of

"Eve that round the earth  
Chases the day."

Not that the modern borrowed from the ancient—that does not at all appear from the language—but that the same radical idea is implied in both.

Horace, lover of wine and women, has quite a lively allusion to the Evening.

"Jam nox inducere terras  
Umbras, it coelo diffundere signa parabat."

Each of these ideas is truly poetical, and bespeaks a pretty fancy in the Roman poet. Thompson has developed the first at some length in his "Seasons."

"Confess'd from yonder slow extinguish'd clouds,  
All ether softening, sober Evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air ;

A thousand shadows at her beck. First this  
She sends on earth ; than that of deeper dye  
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things."

The other has been taken up by the young and gifted author of "Festus," and made to adorn that rich thesaurus of poetic thought. The conceit of Horace was lively and natural ; that of Bailey brilliant, dazzling, and vivid.

" Stringing the stars at random round her head  
Like a pearl network, there she sits—bright night.\*"

While some poets describe the night as the season of darkness and shades, others take different views of it, and portray perhaps the glories of sunset. There is poetry in both. Thus Milton describes

" The gray-hooded even  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds ;"

and Longfellow, when he says that

" The cowl'd and dusky-sandall'd eve  
In mourning weeds from out the western gate  
Departs with silent pace,"

either most boldly copied from Milton, or discovers quite a remarkable coincidence of idea with him. It is not strange, nay it is quite natural, that the scenery of nature should excite in gifted minds the same feelings, and suggest the same language with which to clothe and express them. It is more charitable, certainly, and pleasanter to consider *this* as such a coincidence.

Young took as *dark* a view of the night as one conveniently could in three short lines.

" Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne  
In rayless majesty now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er the slumbering world."

Who would think of crowding a greater number of sombre epithets into so short a compass ? " Night," " sable goddess," " ebon throne,"

\* We cannot but recommend to every one who loves true, bold poetry, to possess himself of a little miniature " Beauties of Festus," lately published by Mussey & Co., Boston. The extracts are indeed "*Beauties*."

"rayless majesty," "leaden sceptre," and "slumbering world!" If any words can convey an appropriate idea of darkness and the night, these surely must. Yet they are so happily chosen and skilfully arranged that they neither appear labored, nor convey an idea of gloom. On the whole, it is about as forcible a representation of the night as we recollect to have met with. Coleridge by styling night the "sorceress of the *ebon throne*," exposed himself to the charge of plagiarizing from Young. But, as in the case of Longfellow, we are disposed to be charitable. Indeed, for what possible reason could such men plagiarize? They have enough ideas of their own, as we shall presently show, and need borrow of no one.

Dante has quite a striking figure on this subject. It is not remarkable for its beauty, but there is a homely *naivete* about it, more rare and not less agreeable, often, than beauty. Thus he closes the fourth canto of his *Purgatory* :

" And the night  
Now covers with her foot Morocco's shore."\*

Shakspeare would quite puzzle the Optician with his boldness of metaphor in the following couplet :

" Light thickens, and the crow  
Makes wing to the rocky wood."

The last part is eminently suggestive and beautiful ; but as to the first two words, at the hazard of exposing our ignorance, we confess we can make neither poetry nor science out of them.

There is a bold impetuosity in these lines of Coleridge, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of even the most careless reader. You are startled by the hurrying thought, and shudder at the sudden night-fall. One almost unconsciously quickens his pace lest evening come swift upon him.

" The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out ;  
At one stride comes the dark."

We have called Longfellow *gifted*, and promised to prove it. We think it will appear, from the two following citations from his poems.

" A melancholy smile

\* Cary's Translation.

Mantles the lips of day, and twilight pale  
Moves like a spectre in the dusky sky."

" The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight."

There is nothing very striking in the first, though it will bear study, and close scrutiny only reveals its delicate truthfulness and taste. But the latter is superb. Its peculiar meter is well adapted to its peculiar and beautiful thought. What an idea that the eagle-Night flies slowly over us and drops down the darkness as a feather from its sable wing!

It is sometimes pleasant to see how great minds can combine true poetic thought with strict scientific truth. Thus Milton gracefully converts Science into Poetry.

" Now had night measured with her shadowy cone  
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault."

The other view of the Evening to which we alluded above, is that where the gorgeous scenery of sunset is depicted. This of course gives scope for a lighter kind of imagery—more brilliant often, but not necessarily more truly poetic. The metaphor in the following cases will be readily appreciated.

" Along the western shores  
Gray-dappled eve the dying twilight pours."

CAMOENS,

" While now the bright-haired sun  
Sets in yon western tent."

COLLINS.

" Evening now unbinds the fetters  
Fashioned by the glowing light."

WORDSWORTH.

" The pale purple even  
Melts round thy flight."

SHELLEY'S "SKY LARK."

" The tropic sky  
Touched all its molten seas with sunset's alchymy."

MRS. HEMANS.

"The tender twilight with a crimson cheek  
Leans on the breast of eve."

MC LELLAN.

"Now night has let her curtain down  
And pinned it with a star."

"MAD POET OF NEW YORK."

Tom Moore, whose modesty, real or affected, led him to adopt for the motto of his *Lalla Rookh*, this from Horace,

"Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,  
Excerptam numero,"

has a most glorious thought about sunset. All the fervor of poetry breathes in it,

"As if to grace the gorgeous West,  
The spirit of departing Light  
That eve had left its sunny vest  
Behind him ere he winged his flight."

The influence of the Night on the thoughts and feeling, does not properly belong to our subject; but we cannot forbear a citation or two from Mrs. Hemans. To her it is the season

"When heavy flowers are closing,  
And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born;

and in another piece she taunts a reveller with these probing words—

"Thou fearest the solemn night,  
With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might!  
There's a tone in her voice which thou fain would'st shun,  
For it asks what the secret soul hath done!"

We have now said enough. An essay already too long should be briefly closed. But there is a parting word to those who have traced with us this path of the poetic mind. If a spark of true imaginative feeling has been kindled, let it not go out. If a higher appreciation of the Beautiful has been developed, it is a gem—treasure it. If any mind, excited by these pages, shall create a new thought in the world, the writer is satisfied.

THANE.

MODERN TENDENCIES TO DEMOCRACY. *Seeley.*

What are human rights? There is no difficulty in finding every variety of answers to this question. Every one has an opinion upon the subject different from that of his neighbor who has been educated to different habits of life. All admit that there are human rights, but the world has been full of controversy as to what they are. If we place ourselves at any period of history, where we can find an agreement of opinion on almost every other subject, we shall be sure to find a difference on this. The pirate will tell you that 'tis his right to roam the sea in quest of booty:—the warrior that 'tis his to carry on his trade of blood: the slave will lift his chains and say that he has a right to freedom, while the slave-holder tells you that 'tis his right to keep his fellow men in bondage, and that he will maintain these rights though all the world rise to condemn him. Men seem to have an inherent sense that they have received some privileges which they are to enjoy and which no power on earth can contravene. You may crush a man to the dust or bind him in the most abject slavery, and still you cannot drive away this feeling from his heart. It is inwrought with his very nature, and just as naturally as is the gush of any feeling of his soul does it rise up in rebellion against the power which would destroy it.

Doubtless in this feeling was the first origin of human government.\* As men mingled together, at first without order and without law, the selfishness of one would interpret his rights in a manner which would not fail to interfere with the interests of another. To prevent the confusion and ceaseless strife which must necessarily follow such a condition of things, there must have been a sort of compact or agreement by which individuals ceded their rights to society, and by which society, or some one to whom the power of society was delegated, took up those rights and agreed to protect and preserve them. Whatever form government might have at first assumed, we doubt not it had its origin in some such way as this;—and whatever form it has since assumed, or is now taking upon itself, here may be found

\* "Government is a contrivance of human wisdom for the protection of human rights." BURKE.

the basis, here the reason for them all. Government of any shape, grows up out of the wants of men and in every case where it exists, it is because human rights demand it, and because the frame work of human society would fall to ruin without its aid.

It is not our present design to enter into a discussion of this point, if indeed it need any. We wish now to look at a certain contrast, and the reason for it, between ancient and modern forms of government. Formerly, though men had as many rights as now, they had a greater reverence for the governmental compact and were better satisfied to refer their privileges to its keeping. Their governments were such, with few exceptions, that the mass of men had but little to do with them but to obey, and this they did with a blind and ready servitude. But now things are changing. Men now wish to be themselves, the arbiters and dispensers of their own rights. In modern times, there seems to be a wide and fast spreading desire on the part of the people to rule themselves,—a disposition to rise up and shake off the yoke of tyranny,—to take their rights into their own hands, and to dispose of them as they will. To briefly look at one of the causes of these *modern tendencies to democracy*, will be our object in the remainder of this article.

The contrast which this will involve between our own and other times, is one full of interest. Who does not love to go back to the past and grope amid the mouldering ruins of ages that have lived and passed away. There is a mournful interest which every one feels in being able to reconstruct the long demolished fabric of society and to bring it with the men who stamped their impress on it, side by side with the times in which we live. We love to place each hero in his own sphere of influence;—to look at the circumstances which gave him his power over the minds of men, and to inquire into the effect of his influence in moulding the character of his age. It is thus we are taught a lesson full of interest from the past, and as we wander through its dim vistas and catch the faint outlines of its shadowy forms, we seem to hear a voice low and mournful, whispering; learn of us and be wise.

Let us go back to the past, and taking Greece for an example, place ourselves on her sunny shores in the age of her philosophers, and note the direction of human inquiries. At once we are struck with a distinctive characteristic to them all. It is not so much matter as it is mind whose laws they are striving for. It is not so much the relations of man to man as the relations of man to God which they

are endeavoring to investigate. The material world is lost in comparison with the moral : the obligations of society dwindle into insignificance by the side of those of a so far higher kind. Human government consequently received comparatively but little attention. The philosopher of that day appeared to think it of little consequence, what might be the precise form of obedience due to his rulers, so long as he was left undisturbed to pursue his investigations. And so he kept on, little caring for aught else than the great moral problem, which he was so earnestly striving to solve.

The result could not fail to be a marked one. The great mental power of the age was almost wholly bent upon the accomplishment of one end, and this end, if gained, was to shape the after destinies of the world. What is moral truth, was a question, which if answered, would change the whole after current of human inquiries. The great minds of those days felt this, and it was well they did. They might have been unable to gain the full knowledge which they sought, and human reason unaided by any higher light, may ever fail in developing the hidden recesses which revelation alone can unfold ; yet, ancient philosophy when it labored upon the deep mystery of man, did not work wholly in vain. With its errors and absurdities, with its abstruse speculations and deep mysteries ;—mysteries more unfathomable to us than even those which they sought to clear up ; it yet, brought forth great truths which have met the wonders and admiration of all after times. There were some points, which it settled then and for ever. There were some principles which it *established* and which no ingenuity has since suffered to overthrow. The Temple of truth was to be built up and ancient philosophers not only laid its broad and deep foundations, but they fashioned out many a goodly column which should give support and beauty to the edifice hereafter to be raised. This was the work which they felt called upon to do, and full well did they accomplish it. To the revolutions of States ;—the overthrow of empires ;—the change of dynasties and laws they gave but little heed. They left the question of government for after ages to settle and here we apprehend is the secret for which we sought. Modern philosophers found comparatively but little to do in those fields of moral truth which the ancients had so fully investigated, while the range of political science lay almost wholly unexplored. To this, therefore, many of them have devoted their chief attention. They have labored to develop the true theory of government, and in their progress, they have torn away the foundations on which tyrants

ny has built its claims. The doctrine of the divine right of kings has been exploded, and in its place, the right of the people to govern themselves, has appeared the only principle which would harmonize with the established order of society, and which could be reconciled with what appeared to be the true rights of man in relation to his fellow-man. In endeavoring to answer the question, what are human rights, it was seen that birth, or station, or any other circumstance of the kind, could give one no more right to govern than another, and when this principle was established, democracy, as the true idea of government followed of course. It could not be expected that this new lesson of rights would be learned at once, and it has taken years for it to become instilled into the popular mind. Those late outbreaks which rocked every throne in Europe to its foundation, and caused some to totter till they fell, are the result of no momentary passion, but follow as the natural effect of a cause which has long been working at the heart of European Society. They are the developments of a great principle which it has been for modern times to establish, and which we have no reason to believe will ever be overthrown. So fast as men learn it and see its application to themselves, so fast will they throw off their yoke of oppression and bondage, and assert those rights which are inalienably their own. The few effects of this kind which we have seen, show the *tendencies* to a system of things universal in its application, and destined we believe to be universal in its adoption by the human race.

Cb.

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### FIRST LOVE.

There's a dream of delight that the young heart feels  
 When listening first to a lay of love,  
 And drinking its accents like music that steals  
 From the harp of some seraph that's singing above;  
 Oh! happy the heart in its first blissful dream,  
 When Life in Love's garments all rosy appears,  
 When the hopes of Existence like Rainbow-hues gleam,  
 Too soon, like the Rainbow, to vanish in tears.

Oh! wake not that Heart—in a world such as this  
 The dreams of young love but too seldom endure,  
 And he who drinks deepest the Chalice of bliss,  
 The deeper the poison that draught shall ensue.  
 Youth seizes the roses, but knows not the thorn  
 That meets the warm pressure and pierces the heart,  
 But the grief of despair, and the anguish of scorn,  
 Like the sting of the serpent, can never depart.

THE CURSE OF KNOWLEDGE. *Poland.*

## A TALE.

SINCE the first morning of the world, when the new born Sun looked forth on this Western Continent and lit it up with its wondrous glory, change has been busily at work overturning the Past, and bringing new phases of things over this fair land. We are but creatures of yesterday, and four centuries ago, not a white man trod the face of this broad continent. Here lived the Indian warrior and "wooed his dusky mate," and when death came, from these hills and vales he breathed out his soul to the Great Spirit. We call them *Aborigines*, but they were not. Far back in the shadowy Past, thousands of years before the frail bark of the Genoese sailor plowed the blue Atlantic, yea, before the fountains of the Great Deep were rolled above the hill tops, and the ark with its precious freight rested on Ararat, even then, this land was peopled with a race of men whose history has come down to us only in those wondrous monuments of ancient art which our western world displays—monuments which tell of greater builders than the pyramids of the Pharaohs. Here they lived out their generations of a thousand years, contemporary with Methuselah and Lamech, and when they died, they lay down in a quiet sleep. Descendants of Adam, they were not sinless beings, and hence were subject to death; and yet, blessed with ignorance, they were free from the vices which knowledge ever engenders. No war wasted among them. No man was the slave of his fellow. Distrust and jealousy, hatred and lust, found no place in their bosoms. With them love was not amiable; generosity was not a virtue; for they were all friends, and selfishness had not a heart to harbor it. Indeed, they were as if Eve had tasted the forbidden fruit and Adam kept his first estate.

Maholah was a youth in the midst of this happy people. He was a fair young child, and they looked on him with pleasure; and as they marked the development of his noble manly form, which cherished in its yet tender bones and sinews the strength of centuries, they rejoiced that his life was to be so long and happy. Larsarmah

was Maholah's brother. They had grown up from earliest infancy together—Larzarmah a few years the elder—and now they stood on the verge of antediluvian manhood and looked forward into life. What if these friends in childhood, these sharers of each others joys and counselors of each others frailties—told each other of the Past and spoke freely of the Future? It was so often; and they who had never known a secret but the brother's heart had shared it, now opened their bosoms anew and spoke of their sorrows and their joys.

"Brother," said the lively Larzarmah, "hast thou ever marked the fair girl who says "Father" to the aged patriarch, Raab-halaab? Hast thou seen her light step on the green carpet of earth? Hast thou heard her sweet voice as it leads the evening song? Hast thou gazed into the deep blue of her eye, and felt her soul around thee? Brother, she is my love. We met at evening by the flowing of a stream. A single star looked out from Heaven upon us. Ramala shed a tear and put her hand in mine. I led her to her home. The patriarch lifted up his hands and blessed us. Rejoice with me, my brother, because of my happiness.

Maholah turned away, for he was sorrowful.

"Is there grief in thy heart, Maholah, and shall not thy brother know it?" cried the anxious Larzarmah.

But he hurried away without answering; and, watching him till he was gone from his sight, Larzarmah forgave the rudeness of his brother, and with a prayer that his heart's grief might be healed, sought the patriarch and his daughter.

Maholah went to his own place and sat down in sorrow. Sadness brooded upon him, and a strange sense of desolateness hung like a pall on his spirits. He too had loved the beautiful Ramala. She had been his playmate in infancy, his companion in sunny childhood, and though he had never known that he loved her, yet now that she was to be another's, his heart rebelled, and he could not look on his brother's happiness with joy. But while he thus sat sadly, the fiend Selfishness came and croaked its raven notes in his ear and drowned the sweet whisperings of the love which was in him. "Is he better than thou?" was its treacherous query. "Is his arm stronger, his eye brighter, his form nobler than thine? Are his thoughts more glorious, and his words of a deeper, warmer tone? If *he* were not, she would love *thee*." Poisoned was the fountain of his goodness, and as there flowed from it the dark and troubled waters of hate, its stream swept his soul along to the vortex of rashness, guilt, and misery.

Fiercely he took his bow and strode out muttering to himself, "If *he* were not, she would love *me*!" He planned no deed of sin, for he was tossed on too violent a whirlpool of passion to *purpose* anything. Without design, he took the path to the patriarch's. Midway he met the lovers in their joy. His brain reeled with madness at the sight; his fingers clutched a shaft; it was the work of an instant, it quivered in his brother's heart. He came then and gazed upon the dying. He watched the oozing life-blood as it flowed slowly from the wound, and as the last thick drop fell out, and the eye with its death-glare rolled back into its socket, he wept not, but beheld with unutterable remorse the work of his passion. The fair girl knelt beside the dead in silent grief, then, turning to Maholah, reproached him not, but in pity of heart spoke words of comfort to him as to one who was unfortunate. Men came and asked him what it meant; but he answered not. They spoke kindly to him, for it was the first murder they had ever known, and they could not understand it; he heeded them not. In silent sadness they bore the dead away, and as the sun went down, Maholah in his misery lay down to rest.

Troubled sleep came upon him. Darkness passed before him formless and shadowy, and in its midst was a spot of red. It changed, yet he saw not how, and there was a form; but what it was he perceived not, and in the form was still the spot of red. It changed again, it was like the image of a man—the spot of red became a ghastly wound, and there was a hollow voice, "Thou art cursed with knowledge!" Maholah awoke, for he had dreamed.

He slept again. He was wandering at night under the black sky of God. There were no clouds; yet the moon and stars had vanished, and darkness, like the curtain of the Pit, was stretched above him. He gazed—there was a stain of blood on that fierce blackness, and from it came a voice that sunk into his soul, "Thou art cursed with knowledge!"

Once more he seemed to sleep. He stood by the bank of a river. As he beheld, the waters became blood. They poured forth thick and fast from a yawning cave. The earth drank up the river; the yawning cave became like flesh when it is mangled; and he heard in the gurgling sound of the blood, "Thou art cursed with knowledge."

He awoke then, and started from his bed. It was a dream of the night; but it opened upon him like a reality, and he felt that it would be fearfully accomplished.

Morning dawned, and with it came a burning thirst for knowledge,

a joyless passion for learning, ever to be acquired with toil, yet ever unsatisfying. And he first perceived that all men were ignorant, and that their ignorance was bliss. Then did he hate the knowledge to which he was cursed, yet craved it still with a morbid unsatisfied longing, as one who is driven by Destiny and drawn by passion towards what he cannot love yet needs must get.

He went out among men. In their ignorance they slew him not, for the nature of justice and retribution they had never had occasion to know. They looked upon and pitied him as unfortunate, and it was his curse to comprehend his guilt and not to die for it. He could have met the wrath of man ; but their pity for his dreadful crime he could not bear; so he fled there haunts and sought the wildernesses of solitude. But his curse followed him there. He discovered the hole of the serpent, dragged out its slimy occupant, counted its glistening scales, and gazed curiously into the charm of its eye ; but the forked tongue was still, the envenomed fang did not do its office—he was cursed to live and know.

He sought the cave of the lion, wreathed his fingers in his tawny mane, and smote his jaws together like thunder. But the lion tore him not ; the royal beast shrunk timidly away, for the knowledge to which he was doomed was not yet complete.

And Maholah went forth on the world to meet his curse. He discovered the nature of every plant and its hidden uses, and the order of matter rebuked him for the violation of great and holy Order in the soul. He learned the songs of all birds and gave them their various names ; but there was not a chord in his heart to vibrate to their sweet melodies, and in the remorseful soul there was no place for music. He descended to the ocean-caves and trod their pale pearl-shell floors ; he explored those darker caverns where the slimy sea-monsters crawl sleepily, and plucked the green sea-weed which grows there. Sometimes he climbed the highest mountains, and standing on their summits while the lightnings played and the storms rolled beneath him, discoursed to his own spirit, of Nature and her wondrous elements. He went out and read the stars, he saw recorded there the destiny of man even to the end of time ; and as he traced in their mystic characters the effects of his own single act of guilt, he shut his eyes and cried to them in his agony ; but they answered him only in the *music of the spheres*, and as he heard, it grated harsher on his soul than the jarring crash of systems.

He retired within himself and sought the knowledge of mind and

of spirit; but he recoiled from the vileness and sin which he found there. He saw how he had marred the bright image of his maker, and had stained its purity and deformed its loveliness by crime. He saw how what was made for peace and joy he had transformed into the seat of despair. Truly he was cursed with knowledge, for the remembrance of his former ignorance and purity, contrasted with his present wisdom and guilt, was insupportable. He knew not *then* that he could hate, for he had never been angry. He knew not how to be selfish, for he had always loved his fellows. But *now* he had learned it all too well, and it was his curse.

Thus century after century did he live in solitude and in amassing knowledge. At length he sought the society of men. They gave him a hearty welcome, yea, revered him because he was learned. He knew all things on the earth and under the earth, and the starry heavens he read as one reads from a book a tale with which he is familiar. But it was his curse to know these things, for they brought him the knowledge of virtue and of vice, and he learned fearfully well how keenly a sensitive mind may suffer—how as it opens and expands with wisdom it becomes still more susceptible of remorse and anguish.

Men thought Maholah happy for his great knowledge, and they brought their children to him that he might teach them. How he shrank from it! But they would not be denied, and it was the bitterest pang of his curse that he must train up the opening mind of youth and fill them with thoughts in their development—thoughts which he knew would make them like himself, miserable and wretched. And he saw in their young minds the germs of evil and unhappiness which he found in himself. He marked their progress, and read in their development the ruin and extinction of his race. He beheld the workings of selfishness, and jealousy and hate, and traced them to their results. He saw how man would rise against man in war; how the strong would rule the weak with the rod of oppression; and he foresaw the last man of his race standing alone in the desolate earth, and with a groan which echoed through the awful silence like the last knell of humanity, fall into a half-dug grave and die! And he was the cause of it! His sin had engendered the sin of the western world. From his wisdom sprung all that knowledge whose development was to be so fearful a curse. He knew it—felt it, and it scorched his very brain to think of it. Could he live and continue to realize so horrible a fact? He could and did. Centuries of life

were yet before him, and he spent them all cursed by knowledge. Old men died about him, while the young grew up a violent wicked race, and anarchy and crime prevailed. But Maholah ever grew wiser and unhappier, unsympathizing with men, and joyless.

One night he went forth alone in his own dark thoughts, and strode upon the sea-shore. He climbed to the summit of a lofty rock and cried in his agony unto the mighty Deep. He knew too well the fearful scene of the morrow; and as he heard a muttered roaring in the ocean-caves, he felt that it was his sin which should make it leap from its bed and swallow up a world. He stretched out his arm to the sea and bade it come and put an end to his torments: "Thou had'st rocked in thine awful cradle forever, had not Maholah lived and sinned. Come thou Great Avenger, come to the guilty first. Receive me to thine everlasting bosom!"

A dark form seemed to fall through the air. The sea murmured as it took him in, and Maholah with his sin and his "Curse of Knowledge" was no more.

Then the Ocean rose and did its work. And when that race of men were all destroyed, there was a bright Bow on the eastern cloud, and knowledge thenceforth ceased to be a curse. RALPH.

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### BIRTH OF TIME.

Before Time began there was Eternity. No suns blazed; no orbs rolled; everywhere was an awful vacuity—a black, silent, bottomless space-chasm, where Infinity slept dreamless, and Silence floated on its raven wing tireless forever. Being was not, save God, and He was everywhere. Higher than infinite space extends, there was God. Lower down than the pillars of Immensity are sunk were the omnipresent foot-prints. Broader than the span of Extension was the presence of the Uncreated Alone. But there was no bottom found for Being to rest on, and there was not a Sun to cast the shadow of Darkness.

Then God spoke out from his sublime loneliness. Raven-winged Silence flew up affrighted. Dreamless Infinity woke shivering from his sleep. With the calmness of Omnipotence God said, "Let time be born!" and while hollow space was listening, Eternity was conscious of its child. Then spake the Infinite Father, "Let Time bear record of Creation, and when all shall be finished, let it return again and be lost in Eternity!" Z A. Z.

## THE MISSION OF THE GREAT.

Lobdell.

Great men are great suns. They send forth a light and a warmth which wake a world to life and energetic action. They are the truest heroes who live to guide man to a happy destiny. Whatever be a man's pursuit in life, if he but direct others in his teachings, to their true life-work, and lead them to do it nobly, he treads in a path of true glory. Hence the philosopher and the theologian, the poet and the historian, the painter and the popular divine are all acting a part not inglorious, while they grasp and picture truth, to stir up men to deeds of virtue.

Alexander was not such a hero when he rode to glory through scenes of blood. Brutus was not a heaven-approved man when he buried deep his dagger in Cæsar's bosom. Napoleon was not a son to cheer the heart of the world when he bathed in crimson a whole continent. But Socrates, while he exposed the errors of the Sophists; Virgil, while he sung deeds of superhuman valor; Chaucer, while he pictured out life and nature—was doing something for the lasting benefit of mankind; they were truly great. It is a false idea, that unless man is engaged in some project to secure the immediate perfection of the race, in all that constitutes their true nobility, he is living for no good. He may even *then* be laying the foundations on which others shall erect a majestic pyramid of noble deeds, whose top shall be encircled with the bow of promise to a wretched world. It is the silent stream no less than the roaring torrent which helps to fill the deep, dark chambers of the mighty ocean. Homer was not living in vain when he sung his immortal song. His was the work of fashioning the minds of thousands by turning their thoughts to acts of the truest heroism; greatness was his theme, and as he sung his charming numbers, he was commencing an era in the history of the human race. And did he do nothing worthy of man when he guided the minds of Æschylus and Sophocles, Theocritus and Virgil, Seneca and Horace, Dante and Milton, and a whole world of mind, to a clear conception of the beautiful in nature and in art,—inspiring them with a heroic determination to seek out what is so high-

ly calculated to develop the beauties and graces of the human soul,—laying open to the great eye of humanity, wonders more wonderful than all the gigantic piles of Egypt—the workings of man's heart ! There are those who are sent to be leaders in the efforts of society, and their work is great. It is not mere child's play which is the part of such men. Great souls bring forth nothing small, Plutarch tells us, and they should not. They should feel that a thousand eyes are fastened on them, expecting proper counsel ; a myriad hearts beat anxiously to learn and do their will. What is there which in this little span of life we look on, more like our ideal of divinity, than the god-like man as he stands up with heart throbbing, ear listening, eye seeing, to sway a multitude of human beings by his eloquence, to inspire in them a feeling of horror against vice, and to lead them on in their lofty efforts for the promotion of human good ? Yet this man is not the mere demagogue, rather is he a Burke, an Adams. His is a spirit which has lofty communings with the beautiful, the true ; his is a heart which beats in unison with the great pulsations of all humanity, his a prophet's ken to learn the wants of mankind, and his a will inflexible as Jove's to accomplish the sublime purposes planned by his gigantic intellect. The great, the *real* man, then, is a light to illumine the path which, the feebler and duller must tread. Like Prometheus he seizes fire from heaven, and holds up over the crowd which press around him, the torch which bears no illusive light, or kindles his lamp at the smouldering ruins of the Past, where Wisdom unfolds her teachings and presents it as a beacon to his race.

He stands up like the tall tree of the forest, and looks down over the plodding world—weary pilgrims through a desert waste. They all need his aid, and he gives it. There are but few Luthers, Washingtons, yet there are many whom we call great. These may live among men and feel the very fire of their heart is caught from sympathy with kindred natures, and yet

“ The recluse Hermit oft times more doth know  
Of the world's inmost wheels, than worldlings can.”

Such may live unseen by mankind and yet kings tremble beneath the lashings of the whip of justice which they shake.

The hero who stands upon “the pinnacles of state” may move mankind no more than the poet who cultivates the muse in some silent glen. The philosopher who bottles up the lightning of heaven,

may indeed learn its nature, but he himself should be the lightning spark which shall kindle up the dead leaves in this forest world.

America now calls for heroic labors from her great men. This republic is not built on a rock which never moves when the billows of popular feeling roll over it; a lofty and world-astonishing structure it may be, yet it shall sink beneath the surge, when its mighty ones forget their mission.

Grasping after wealth and power, the nation needs some to rise up and speak out the dictates of sober reason as well as the useful lessons of experience. This is an age of *utility*. Hence there arises a philosophy of mere expediency which is proclaimed as the only right basis of action. We see on every hand its devotees drinking in its spirit deep and long, and exhibiting the fatal consequences of such a belief. It effects no less our literature than our commercial transactions. It makes the law of self the foundation of all wisdom, and sets up a false standard around which all are called on to gather. They assemble and cry out, "Protection! Protection"—but from what! From the demands of just laws and the claims of the *whole* people. They forget that the poet spoke truly,

"He that is merciful  
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good."

A false, destructive compassion sways them, for even the most guilty should go but slightly punished, according to their philosophy.

To instance but one example in which may be seen the injurious character of such opinions, and to remedy which the great are in duty bound, we may notice the excessive pity of many for criminals. They would cage up in a gloomy prison the murderer, whose heart throbbed wildly for his brother's blood, while God and Reason demand for him a halter; they would put the villain's brain into a leaden cap, that all his various organs may be kept down, when they *should* drag him off to justice; the good of the offender they would make the only design of punishment: whatever seems for the immediate benefit of men, though it end in ruin, they encourage, and still boast aloud of the glorious advances our land is making in art and science, in practical knowledge and true benevolence. Such men forget there are fundamental principles which remain unshaken as the sea-girt rock, though the waves of passion and excited feeling dash around, and beat tumultuously over it. These principles must be the guide to all per-

manent utility. Banish the teachings of experience from our counsels, and our ship of state will soon be wrecked on the breakers—even now their roar is heard,—the tempest is gathering and sending on its strength,—it is the mission of the great to see that all is secure, and that the buttresses which support the edifice our fathers built on the basis of justice, virtue, truth, are not washed away. There is danger that our people are grasping bubbles in their efforts rather than substantial truth. Let then a loud voice go through the land, echoed from the breasts of all the great—"Adhere to principle," and then shall be secured not a transient but lasting utility. To insure this end, poets, philosophers, statesmen, must rise up and convince the half-trained intellect, which would pull down the pillars our fathers built to support the dome of Liberty, that it may erect an imaginary Paradise for men to walk in, that sound principle, eternal truth alone can be the immoveable basis of any valuable structure.

Let then the suns which have already set in glory, whose brightness still lingers in the sky to warn and encourage, not be forgotten, and let them who now walk our land the acknowledged guides to a great and noble destiny, see that their light points out to men the pathway to enduring good. This is their mission; let it be fulfilled. What nobler object does the world exhibit, than a god-like man who, in struggling to resist the tide of depraved and corrupting opinions which seem threatening to engulf all that is great, and glorious, and good, stands

"Like the firm rock, that in mid-ocean braves  
The war of whirlwinds, and the dash of waves!"

Be he the poet, changing human sadness into joy, while he paints the prospects of man when seeking out life's duty; the philosopher, filling the soul with thoughts of virtue, while he leads on, as if by magic power, a nation at his will; the divine, bowing down the multitude gathered round him, while he tells the unalterable decree of punishment for vice, and the equally immutable decree of reward for virtue,—whoever he be that stands up and speaks out eternal principles, and makes men obedient to their power,—such an one is a light beaming athwart human darkness—a star whose glory cannot fade. Be, then, ye great ones, mindful of your mission, for on you rest the hopes of men. Act for their good, and they shall prove the poet's declaration true, that

" ——— no name

Tho' peal'd and chim'd on all the tongues of fame,  
Sounds more harmonious to the grateful mind,  
Than his who fashions and improves mankind."

\* \* JR.

MOONLIGHT.

Poland.

Now the busy day is done ;  
Now has set the golden sun ;  
And the Moon her silv'ry veil,  
Like a vestal priestess pale,  
Spreads with silent solemn care  
O'er the hush'd and solemn air.  
Like a generous dispenser  
Aye she bears a silver censer  
Shedding o'er the earth a feeling  
As the soul in prayer were kneeling.

Patiently through all the night  
Toils that calm and holy light,  
Playing at the poor man's door,  
Dancing on the marble floor,  
Timidly intruding through  
The dark boughs of the sacred yew ;  
Through the dim Cathedral arches  
Sacredly and slow it marches,  
Strange religious shadows waving,  
All things with a soft light bathing.

Parent of the mystic dreams !  
Moon ! I thank thee for thy beams.  
When the heart feels sad and lone—  
Joys it prizes forever flown—  
Strength it gains to run its race  
Gazing on thy pale calm face ;  
And when all the soul is beating  
With the joy of friends when meeting,  
When it thrills to any pleasure,  
Thou art then a holy treasure.

IAR.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

Poland.

"Quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando?"

*Technical Verse.*

"Idle time not idly spent."

Year of the World 5852. 3½ o'clock, P. M.

"*In medias res*" — "Well gentlemen, you've heard "Poetical Imagery,—the Evening;" shall it be published?" said the chairman. "Put it through the *Scaean gates by daylight*," replied Nestor. "I'm for it," said Brass; the rest assenting, it was laid aside for publication. "Quodville No. 2"—this was admitted of course. "Come fellows," said the chairman, "here is the "Modern Tendencies to Democracy." "Hang politics," muttered Quilp. "Read it," cried Samson Brass. This done, "shall it be admitted?" inquired the chairman. "I don't think there's much *Democracy* in it," yawned the Great Unknown; "There was hardly a word about the great principles of our party, and I think Cass and Butler were not so much as mentioned." "True, it was not very well adapted to the present Presidential campaign," responded Ichabod, "but I think we should publish it." "Anything else?" asked Quilp. "The Birth of Time," said the chairman. "Let it be read," quoth Ichabod, "it may be of practical use to us when in want of some." "Just so," rejoined the Great Unknown, "I should be very glad to learn its pedigree." When it was read, Quilp observed that he had always supposed Time to be a *little chunk broken off from Eternity*, and because of this coincidence of idea he should vote to admit the piece.

"Here's some poetry—'A Hunt of last Vacation.'" "Give us a taste of it, chairman," cried Samson. "Here it is then"—

"One day last month I took my gun  
And dog, and went out to have some fun;  
It was a little the'cutest hound  
Anywhere in the parts to be found."

"Hold!" exclaimed Nestor, "that's altogether too *dogmatic* to suit my fancy; I shall veto it." "So shall I," said Samson. "Well," replied the chairman, "since '*de gustibus non disputandum est*,' take it Quilp and light up those dying embers in the grate there: pity it should'n't serve us some way, now we've been at the bore of reading it."

The "Curse of Knowledge," and various other pieces being now disposed of, and the chairman proclaiming that there was no further business, silence reigned for a moment's time among the Editors.

"Move we *cap verses*," yawned Nestor. Samson Brass assented. "Well, strike up, Quilp," said Ichabod, "its your prerogative to begin it." The little man frowned once, and then said: "Here's to you from Coleridge,

'I love my love and my love loves me.'

"E—Zounds," said Brass, "what verse begins with *E*? I wish you had closed with *O*, for I feel like sighing with Spencer,

'Oh! who does know the bent of woman's fantasie?'

Here's one, though, from Miss Landon:

'Alas! for love that sits alone,  
Forsaken and yet fond;'

"Ha, ha! '*Alas*' begins with *E* does it?" quoth Ichabod. Samson blushed. "We'll excuse it," said the Great Unknown, "for the *sentiment's sake*, which was doubtless the burden of his heart, and came up unbidden." Samson blushed again. "I have it now," said he. "Southey, speaking of Ambition, Avarice, &c., continues:

"Earthly these passions, as of earth—  
They perish where they have birth.  
But love is Indestructible!  
Its holy flame forever burneth:  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.'

"Well, Brass," said the Great Unknown, "you've at length succeeded, but methinks so sturdy a votary of Minerva should not be *love sick*."

"Here's one for you, Samson," said Nestor, adjusting his spectacles, "which will not only cap your verse, but also perhaps soothe your wounded spirit. I don't know its author, but it is quoted by the orator Phillips (here it was observed that Nestor looked even wiser than usual) when pleading in the case of Blake v. Wilkins:

'He asked her, would she marry him—Widow Wilkins answered No—  
Then said he, I'll to the Ocean-rock, I'm ready for the slaughter,  
Oh!—I'll shoot at my sad image, as its sighing in the water—  
Only think of Widow Wilkins, saying—Go, Peter—Go!'

Quilp swallowed several inches of his big cane to keep himself from bursting. The Great Unknown lay right back and roared. Ichabod was busy in conning over all the poetry he could think of; and Samson Brass looked comforted.

"Come Ichabod," said Nestor, "its your turn now—'*O*' is the leading letter." But that Editor was seen lost in a trance of rapt contemplation, from which, in the language of his favorite poetess, Mrs. Hemans, he profoundly spoke:

"Oh! for gifts more high!  
For a Sear's glance to rend mortality!

---

For a charm'd rod to call from each dark shrine  
The oracles divine !"

Here we were startled by a loud snore. "Jove!" cried Quilp, "the Great Unknown is asleep." "*It strikes me*," said Brass, "that he must be awakened;" and while Ichabod anxiously inquired where it *hit him* and if it *hurt him much*, and received a withering frown for his solicitude, Nestor flung the first vol. of Brown's Philosophy at the Great Unknown, and told him to cap a verse which closed with "*E*."

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep,"

was the somnolent reply, and he shut his eyes again. "Let him alone," said Quilp; "he can think of nothing but *sleep and dreams*; I'll cap it for him from Scott's *Lady of the Lake*:

'Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again.'

"My turn again?" said Brass; "or have we had enough?" "Enough, enough," cried Quilp and Nestor at a breath. "Enough," chimed in Ichabod; and thereupon, while the Great Unknown was quietly sleeping in Quilp's easy chair, Brass, Nestor and Ichabod—*exeunt*.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Hal" and \* \* \* are informed that their pieces are under consideration.

"Fragments" remain "*in statu quo*."

T——'s poetry is good in part, but as a whole we must decline inserting it.

The newly fledged Junior, who sent us an essay on the Calculus, is requested to test his mathematical powers in *differentiating* the little end of Nothing whittled down to a point and viewed through a minifying glass.

"Pindar" is warned that we shall reject all poems and triumphal songs which celebrate victories won on the *wicket ground*.

"Brown's Philosophy, *critically examined and exploded*," is clearly inadmissible. Our promising classmate is reminded that he should

"Learn to labor and to wait."

# THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

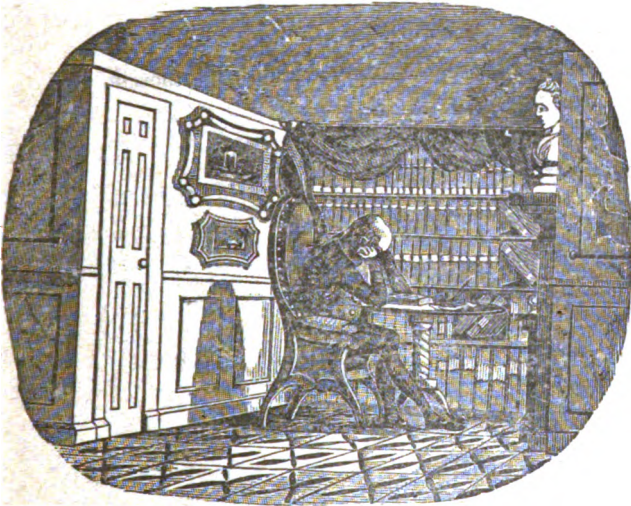
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VOL. I.—NO. V.

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"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:  
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cowper.*

OCTOBER, 1848.

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AMHERST:  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCXLVIII.

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NOV 7 1923

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# THE INDICATOR.

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VOL. I.

OCTOBER 1848.

No. 5.

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## MYSTERY.

Poland.

**MYSTERY!** what is its nature? whence does the notion of it arise? how has it been developed?

Generically we mean by mystery, that which is shut up, and of which therefore as thus concealed we can have no correct knowledge; such at least was the "*mysterion*" of the Greek. Derivatively from this it came to be a synonyme of *strange* or *incomprehensible*, denoting simply that which we are unable to understand, without reference to the cause of that inability. But it has a less general signification in common use, being most often employed with reference to preternatural, and especially to supernatural phenomena. That which *we* cannot understand but greater minds may and do, is *strange* and *incomprehensible*. That which is beyond man, foiling the philosopher as well as the dunce, is *mystery*. Astronomers measure the distances of the stars and calculate their weights; this is a wonder. The union of mind and body, and the essence of each, are mysteries.

Whence does the notion of mystery arise?

If our definition be correct that it implies the supernatural, the question becomes—whence did man infer the existence of any superhuman agents? Whether from nature man could have reasoned out God is not essential to the point before us. But that the natural implies the supernatural, nay, irresistably proves it, is unquestionable. In the cold harsh destiny of adhesion, there is as much that is supernatural and beyond human agency and human comprehension, as in the warm and generous teachings of christianity. Mystery then is necessary. Reason infers it, whether theistic or atheistic; faith worships the All Mysterious.

At the present day, it is impossible to determine the exact bearing of Revelation on a belief which, as we have seen, is the first lesson of nature, nor how far the high privileges of the ancient line of Adam's posterity contributed to establish it so early and so deeply on men's minds. In those days, God was a frequent visiter to man, and the angels, apart from the tradition\* that they were the sires of the giants by the daughters of men, often communed with the Prenaoachian races, and long afterwards were messengers of good or ill to the sons of earth. The long line of Hebrew patriarchs and prophets enjoyed the high honor of learning God's will from angels who stand in the heavenly courts, or from dreams. Considering therefore, how all the nations of the earth were separated one after another from the same parent stock, we have another indubitable source of the universal belief in mystery.

How has it been developed in the history of mankind?

We discover the first phase of its developement in the worship of those early ages. This was eminently ceremonial, and the rites were typical of something to come which doubtless few of those who thus worshipped were capable of explaining. Man is a religious being and was made for worship. One has beautifully said:—"The first impress of his existence left on the soil, yet moist from the waters of the Deluge, was the erection of an *altar*; and the noblest evidence of his most accomplished skill has been a *temple*." He has ever worshipped—he ever must worship; and as in this necessity we have seen the undoubted source of mystery, so in the various forms of human worship, we see most clearly its developement. Why was the patient lamb slain on the altar? How could the blood of beasts atone for sin? Though he asked these questions, the Jew still blindly trusted to his bleeding victim, but could not solve the mystery. When he gazed on the awful Shekinah, it was a troubled gaze, for the mystery of God's presence was there. So it was; in their solemn rites and splendid ceremonies, they were conscious of a mystery which the eye of a seer could scarcely penetrate, till the advent of "Jesus, the meek son of God."

But the Jewish worship was limited. In the wild wanderings of the heathen mind, in their mongrel systems, composed of garbled traditions of Hebrew revelation and the strange conceptions of their own erratic fancies, we see a more diversified development of mystery. In

\* Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews*. B. I. CHAP. III. § 1.

order that worship of man's own invention should as nearly as possible resemble that which God ordains, that it might conform somewhat to the character of Deity, it was necessary that mystery should be introduced. If the Hebrew learned God's will from the Urim and Thummim, the Greek must have his oracles; hence Dodonian Jove and the Loxian Apollo had their sacred temples and bearded priesthood. Did the Jewish high priest enter into the Holy of Holies?—there must be mystery shrouding the worship of the classic gods. The uninitiated and vulgar herd might not lift the veil which curtained in the inner sanctuary of their religion. Grecian widows and Roman vestal virgins alone might guard the Palladium and keep the sacred fire from being extinguished. The pale faced augur from his "*templum*" on the capitol watched the chance flight of birds; the *haruspex* closely inspected the palpitating viscera of his bleeding victim; and the words of each were oracles. Mystery was borrowed from tradition, and designing men found it so useful that it became an art. They studied to deceive, and perhaps there was never woven so splendid a tissue of mysterious nothingness—perhaps there was never so stupendous an imposition as the Greek and Roman religions. Men were the universal dupes of priestly jugglery and self engendered superstition. It found its way too into Philosophy, and the Grecian masters had their *exoteric* and *esoteric* doctrines as afterwards the Persian Magic and Gallic Druids had their *external* and *internal* ones. No wonder that mystery breathed in the poet's song and bewildered in the philosophic lecture. Man, unaided, was constructing a system of Faith; reason was struggling against infinity, the irrepressible passion for worship was throbbing in the human heart, and the monstrous offspring which humanity would have blushed to father, they shrouded with mystery and men owned and cherished it. As a learned and true poet of our own day has said, "The fountain that gushed up as if to meet the thirsty lip was made the dwelling of a nymph; the grove that lent its shelter and repose from the heat of noon, became the abode of dryads; a god presided over shepherds and their flocks, and a goddess shook the yellow harvest from her lap."

Why should we wade through the Sagas of the Norsemen to learn what mysteries Danish scalds and Celtic bards have thrown around great Odin's worship? Why should we interrogate the Druids of Britain's forests and ask them of their bloody rites and ceremonies? They were men, though they were *rude north-men*, and in their systems we can but see the same great features as in those of the polish-

ed Greek. Wherever man constructs religion, there is mystery. At first it exists by necessity; afterwards it comes to be an artful disguise.

We pass by, too, the wild idolatries of the East. The fire-worship of the Persian Guebers, the mystic faith of the Magi, the sublime fiction of Astrology, and the revolting rites of Braminism we need not detail. The same human nature constructed them all on the same great principles.

And in our own holy religion there is mystery. The most solemn fact in the Universe is that the royal heir of Heaven was tried like a felon before a Roman procurator, and died like a malefactor on a Roman cross! The most stupendous mystery in Heaven, or in earth, or in what may be beneath the earth is the mystery of the triune God-head! That the unspoken prayer of a child should be able to move the arm that moves creation, and should even decree destiny itself, is a mystery of Faith!

The last phase of this development which we shall notice, is found in modern Philosophy. Since man was made, Reason and Revelation have been pouring their united streams of light upon the Possible, that they might demonstrate which is the Real and the True. And if modern philosophers have attained, or even approximated to correctness, truth is stranger than fiction,—the real more mysterious than the unreal. Never was a mystery dreamed of, so inexplicable as the mystery of existence. Never has the consciousness of ignorance so universally prevailed as at present, when the lamps of truth are as numberless as the stars that burn in the dim hall of night, and each shed a princely flame like the lone bright sun of our system. It is not the mystery of our age that we have fire-breathing steeds as fleet on their iron tracks as the wind that sweeps our hills, and as tireless too; that we can control the lightning and make it the bearer of our despatches; or that we can call down the sun beam to print our miniatures; these are *wonders* only. But when we begin to interrogate the mind and ask its nature, when we inquire into the essence of anything, be it single or compound, we are overwhelmed with *mystery*. Man is stopped short in his investigations by the line of necessity, and to the philosopher, inquiring "what is life," no answer cometh but the echo of his question—"Life." Mystery as developed in modern Philosophy is the truest and highest mystery that has ever baffled the human mind.

The consideration of this subject forces a multitude of interesting

thoughts upon us, but most of them must be repressed. How far this passion for the mysterious may be an earnest of man's immortality, and of that development of his powers which is just less than infinite, we cannot now inquire. At all events, it is the parent of burning thoughts in the heart, and we would not forfeit it, with all its glorious hopes and proud anticipations, for the wealth of royalty. There can be no mystery to God, and it is the splendid promise of our faith that what we now fail to understand, shall, ere long, be clearly revealed, when "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." If Newton deemed himself a mere child playing on the sea shore, who occasionally found a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, which the vast fathomless, unmeasured ocean of truth washed up at his feet, what are we who are pigmies to that giant intellect?—what are we who have never heard the roaring of truth's ocean-waves, who have never trod the shore where it casts up sportively the pale glittering shells which a Newton so carefully has gathered, which a world has so proudly admired? Let us gaze upon mystery then, and remember the high destiny of the soul; for to it shall all things be revealed.

RALPH.

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 THE MANIAC'S AWAKENING.

Young.

It is a painful and fearful thing to behold one of earth's most perfect creatures bereft of all that distinguishes the lord of creation from the soulless beast; to look upon that face, inimitable to the most gifted sculptor, in which should be portrayed the godlike development of intellect and feeling, and find it meaningless, or distorted by the fierce workings of a discordant fancy. What deep sympathies of the heart are made to vibrate! What associations are awakened instantly and involuntarily within us, of the poetry of childhood, of bonds of friendship, of the ties of kindred and of home, embracing all that constitutes the happiness of others, forever concealed from the record of his memory and his joys.

Such a one lay upon the rude floor of his forest home. He was in manhood's prime: herculean in form, combining with expanded

chest and muscular limbs, that peculiar gracefulness and agility so characteristic of the hardy huntsman and pioneer of the wilderness. His black and matted hair lay in not ungraceful waves upon his sunburnt forehead. And his dark eyes, beautiful even in their wildest flashes, whose glance had so often measured the broad prairie, and directed with unerring aim the death shot that hurled the eagle from his sunward flight, now were veiled in sleep. Sleep, that seldom soothed his weary form, unless when worn down and exhausted by the vehemence of his agony and the fierceness of his raving, he sunk beneath the weight of his massy fetters. But now he slept unmanacled ; for in the giant might of phrenzy, the cumbrous chain, imposed by weeping friends, had been sundered.

His sleep seemed only the continuation of his waking dreams. For a moment his brow was knitted, his hands were clenched, and he ground his teeth in frenzy ; then, as the death-like lull in the hurricane's howl, his mood had changed, he murmured in tones and words of kindness to fancied companions,—and now a smile, vivid as the borealis' flash, played upon his lip, and his eyes slowly unclosing rest upon the well remembered objects around. Not in wildness, not in phrenzy or rage, but with a look of recognition. And he spoke the name of each surrounding friend. Rage and madness had passed away,—he was no more a raging maniac,—memory long banished had returned from her exile,—reason was fast resuming her sway.

Rising—"I have then only been dreaming," he said, "or now I dream, for of late all to me seems mysterious and strange. I was in a distant land, yon moon, I sometimes thought, and fierce fiends, and howling demons with spectre forms were its only inhabitants, who strove with eagle talons to pluck out my eyes, and tore my hair and flesh with cormorant beaks and tiger fangs. Around, above, from every side they came ; whereon I stood, all space was filled with their hideous forms. And as I tore and mangled them, others came, till I stood upon a mountain of the dead. The very air looked crimson with the vapors of their reeking blood. But I caught the last one, and as the traitor shrieked in plaintive human voice my name, crushed it till the gore gushed, and its eyes sprang from their sockets.

"Then once again, I was journeying, with my chosen friends, the heroes of the chase and strife, through the forests and plains which skirt the Mississippi's foaming current. Merry we were ; the frightened Indian fled, the elk bounded and fell to rise no more at the rifles peal ; from our nightly fires, the shout of revelry went up ; we was-

sailed till the forest echoed, and the prowling bear fled for very fear, and the bowl was passed. 'Tis called the cursed bowl, I cried, but they speak false who say there is poison in it, who say it makes me mad; 'tis the joy of life; it makes me strong. I drank and dashed the wrestlers breathless upon the ground.

"The night become the morning of but yesterday, as it were, and I wandered along the gentle stream, whose banks I trod in childhood's happy days; the little mounds of sand which I raised in sport and gazed upon with so tearful eyes, on the day we left forever our home to seek another in the noble forests, were standing still; the flowers all blooming just the same, bent in waves to the gentle breeze; the birds sung as sweetly, and flew with glossy wings from tree to tree, from bank to bank in joyous mirth.

"But once more, and I stood among the tall forests that shade my humble home. 'Twas a day of feasting; friends, neighbors, relations, all pressed around the board, and filling high, pledged me many a welcome home. But dearest among all to me, were my dark-eyed girl and her ruddy son—my wife and child. But my wife and child!" repeated the recovered madman, gazing searchingly around, as the thought of them recalled him from the mazes of his dream, "where are they? Where are they?" None dared answer, nor need they, for his eyes following the gaze of his sad friends fell upon their mangled forms. They had been the spectres of his madness! With a shriek that froze the heart-throbs of all who heard it, and was the expiring knell of his reason's flickering torch, he rushed with a velocity none could follow, and was forever lost in the dense and trackless forest.

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## THE SENTIMENTAL. *Humorous.*

"What a title!" methinks I hear some unfortunate reader exclaim, as he takes up the new Indicator, with a determination to read it through, "two naps in reading the first page, and a sound sleep before *finis* is reached." (Here he is seen to turn and look after "*finis*.")

But think not, dear reader, though we have chosen such a title, we

intend to give you any specimens ; indeed we confess, in our case, it were impossible. We merely wish to give a history of sentimentalism as it has been, or is being developed ; perhaps in your case, reader, from the time you commenced your first composition with, " How beautiful is Spring," until you learned to murmur sweet things in the ear of the Moon, or

" ——— pierced with love's delightful pangs,  
You to the stream, that down the distant rocks  
Hoarse murmuring tell —————  
Of —————'s cruelty complained."

Nor are you alone in the indulgence of this feeling ; the popular literature of the world has itself passed through the incipient stages of the same course, commencing with the time when bards first learned to pour

" The unpremeditated lay ;

when the poet of to-day was the Warrior of to-morrow, who was ready to make good his superiority in song or arms with any competitor, whose compositions, like the school boy's, were few and far between, and whose sentimentalisms too, like his, were of that milder kind which can describe beauty without sublimity, love without passion.

But, at length sublimity and passion became more necessary ingredients in song, as in real life. The poet tells no longer of brutal wars, carried on by half savage men, whose only pleasure was in their savageness, but rather of Knights who fight for holy purposes, who delight in tilts and tournaments, and who are in honor bound to risk their all for the protection of innocence and virtue. Under his hand the horseman's lance is converted into a Cupid's dart, and the Knight who fights without a lady were as great an anomaly as he who loves without one. He sings of lovers ever ready to shed their heart's best blood for the honor or even the pleasure of the loved ; while the loved are described as the personification of every human virtue, and, not unfrequently, as possessed of attributes which trespass even on the divine.

While the school-boy arrived at this stage, is one who has got some idea of what love is, and who chooses him out, from among his mates, a girl to whom he devotes himself with all the ardor of a full-grown lover, helping her in and out of all her little quarrels and difficulties,

and standing ever ready to fight if necessary for the privilege. Now he is found swearing eternal fealty to her, and that not life nor death should part them, and now, in a manner no less chivalrous, flogging an envious schoolmate. Is she rebuked, he shares it. Has he an apple, she eats it. His sentimentalisms are of a kind, which might be called *tragic*. He longs to die for her, that she may be convinced of his devotion.

But the modern lover, how different is he! True earnest passion, the really sublime, are known to him only from books. He is one that is truly

"at home on a carpet,  
And mightily likes his ease,"

though, could you believe his own protestations, never was there an arm more ready to help, never a heart more ready to feel. His heroism is of that kind, which vents itself in loud descriptions of deeds to come, but in the hour of danger, cools itself down into a "would rather be excused." His sentimentalisms too are of the very kind which for form's sake he pretends to despise; now exhibiting itself in meaningless descriptions of the would-be beautiful, and now in the claiming of feelings which are as far from being his, as he is from being a man; or perhaps he would be melancholy, and struts around with folded arms, talking poetry, and even, it may be, in a fit of desperation mentioning suicide.

The literature which should truly represent him, cannot be developed until every spark of true heroism is extinguished; when the principal character in every plot must either be in love or expecting soon to be, and when every incident affords an opportunity for a stereotype folio of sentimentalisms. But though such a literature would well represent him, still it is not a literature which he would choose to read, for mankind dearly love their opposites. He prefers to read of "rare adventures" and "hair breadth escapes," of real heroic courage that will brave any danger, and surmount every obstacle to gain a desired end; while that literature to which he corresponds is sought after by those whose life is one of constant exertion, who stand ever ready to face death in any form, and who would even go out of their way to meet it.

Perhaps there never was a better instance of such men, certainly never of such a literature, than was furnished by the Italians of the sixteenth century, when, in active life, quarrels between the nobles

and people, or between the people themselves were never ceasing, when every "honest man" was a noble, and he who would live by husbandry had better not live at all, while their literature abounded with sentimentalisms of a nature so purely silly, as it would be impossible for any modern to withstand.

Since then, literature has been advancing from a sentimental towards a heroic cast ; while men have been *advancing* the other way, from a state heroic to a state sentimental ; which "advances backwards" may be disputed. Modern literature, however, is not yet of a purely heroic cast, nor are moderns all sentimentalists ; both appear to be in a kind of mongrel state, neither heroic nor sentimental, but possessing some characteristics of each.

And here a question may arise, whether or not popular literature will continue to advance, until it becomes purely heroic ; and whether men are all fated to become sentimentalists. We think not ; but rather that they will continue to oscillate from one to the other, approaching either extreme with less momentum at each succeeding oscillation, until, at last, literature will be satisfied with describing what is, and not what might be ; while men, if they still love their opposites, will find enough to satisfy them in scenes drawn from real life. The man of business will read about the man of ease, and the man of ease about the man of business : the villain will seek for descriptions of an honest man, while the honest man will tremble over accounts of the villain. None will be forced to rack their brains or to torture common sense, in the pursuit of either the heroic or sentimental.



Bairns

## THE CAPTIVE CHIEF.

### I

He stood amid the crowd,  
An old man grey with years,  
His giant form was still unbowed,  
And his eagle glance shone fierce and proud,  
From an eye undimmed with tears ;  
Unmoved amid the throng he stood,  
As 'mid his native solitude.

## II

He heeded not the taunt,  
The laugh, or the wanton tone,  
But with his calm undaunted front,  
He bore him proudly as his wont,  
On a soil he claimed his own ;  
As if he scarce could deign to scorn,  
The crowd that gazed upon his form.

## III

He heeded not the chain,  
That bound him where he stood,  
And his eye grew bright, but not with pain,  
For he saw his own home back again,  
In the shade of the maple wood ;  
He saw his wife—his child—his all—  
That held his spirit in its thrall.

## IV

He knew that he must die,  
Yet a dream came o'er his soul,  
Not of grim spectres flitting by,  
Or the isles of his sires that brightly lie,  
In the sunset's burning goal ;  
But a dream of his home, like a bird at rest,  
Had folded its wings in his throbbing breast.

## V

He saw the placid lake,  
With its calm and azure sheen,  
He heard its murmured ripples break,  
And traced the wild deer come to slake  
His thirst from the pastures green ;  
He heard the trill of the water-bird,  
In his reedy nest by the wild wind stirred.

## VI

He saw the sun-bright hill,  
Where his forest home was made,  
The song of his young Bride seemed to fill

The noontide lull, and he felt the thrill  
Of a young voice in the glade ;  
And with a groan of bitter pain  
He shook the shackles of his chain.

## VII

Dark grew his brow and stern,  
But a moment—and 'twas o'er—  
No longer may his spirit yearn  
For the blessed days that will ne'er return,  
For the cherished ones of yore ;  
And with his features fixed and grave,  
He sung the death song of the Brave.

## 1

" No more upon my native hills, no more upon the plain,  
Or by its thousand teeming rills, shall my feet go forth again,  
Unharm'd the timid herd shall feed beside my wigwam door,  
And the heavy woods shall sleep again in silence evermore.

## 2

" The wild sweet bird shall sing its song with careless trill and gay,  
And peck the red-rose by my lodge thro' the long summer day,  
No hand shall pluck the purple grape that clusters by my door,  
For the voices of my wife and child shall echo there no more.

## 3

" Within upon the sandy ground the sleepy sunbeams creep,  
With no glad young heart to greet their rays, no other heart to weep ;  
To watch thro' long long days of pain and bitter nights of fear,  
For the step she ne'er shall meet again—for the voice she ne'er shall hear.

## 4

" Go back—oh weary heart—go back and look upon the Past,  
'Tis the last vision of thy soul—the saddest and the last—  
Yet as a kindly messenger from out the spirit land,  
It leads thee from life's weariness, and beckons with its hand.

## 5

" No more for me the summer wood shall wave across my path,  
No more the wintry tempest beat to nerve me with its wrath,  
No more upon my wigwam floor the evening fire shall burn,  
No more the voice of wife and child shall welcome my return.

## 6

" Then wherefore should my soul delay—it longeth to be free,  
I stand upon the brink of life as some lone blighted tree—  
Oh happiness forever gone—how blessed Death appears,  
When memories fall like withered leaves upon the grave of years."

## VIII.

Thus sang the Captive Chief,  
In his low-breathed Indian tongue,  
Gently the tones of his lonely grief  
Brought to his bursting heart relief,  
Tho' no martial ardor rung ;  
For he felt that love in his high soul gave  
The proudest dirge for an Indian Brave.

CURUS !

## THOUGHTS OF SUNSET.

As slowly fades the parting ray  
Of daylight in the glowing west,  
And as with lingering fond delay  
The eve puts on her sombre vest,  
So visions once as bright and gay  
Fade slowly in the clouded breast.

But 'mid the shadows of the night,  
Bright gleams of other worlds arise,  
And myriad orbs of burning light  
Shine sweetly as from angels' eyes,  
So hopes of heaven gleam soft and bright,  
Amid earth's darkest mysteries.

A VISION, *Hammond.*

AND A CERTAIN CONVERSATION HELD THEREIN, CONCERNING  
NOVEL READING.

I had spent a pleasant evening with the last new novel. Fascinated by the interest of the story, my morning lesson was forgotten : and before I closed the book, it was the witching hour,

"When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead."

A dreaminess came over me : and the highly colored figures of the novel flitted mistily before my eyes. "What thanks" I murmured "are due to him, who first learned to wile away our cares by the enchantments of fiction !" As I uttered these words, a form stood before my couch : yet I saw not its approach, neither heard footfall : and so I knew it was a spirit. At first I trembled, but the benignity of the stranger's face reassured me. He was of low stature : his robe, of the coarsest material, was fashioned like those the ancient sages wore. His features were plain, and showed the traces of strong passion ; but over them reigned a calm repose, that spoke a well ordered soul. Above the expansive brow were scattered a few thin locks ; beneath it, the eyes, though deep-sunk, gleamed brightly from their sockets. A flowing beard added dignity to the whole.

At last I ventured to accost him : in a mild voice he replied : "I am one of those, who, having while on earth labored for the good of their fellow men, are sometimes permitted now to return, and converse with mortals. I am he that in ancient Athens drank the hemlock, because I sought to make men in all things more earnest for the truth." Instinctively, as he said this, I hid my novel beneath the cushions : but the spirit saw it, and with a smile he thus resumed : "Tell me, good youth," said he, "which do you count the best, that which is true, or falsehood ?"

"Truth, most certainly," I replied, "for the false cannot but lead us astray."

"What then is it you call truth?"

I hesitated: and he continued: "Is it not the reality of things, such as our bodily and mental perceptions show them to us?"

"It is."

"And falsehood,—does not that consist in *unreal* representations of the same?"

"Very true: for how can it be otherwise?"

"And is falsehood less pernicious because it is clad in a plausible and agreeable form?"

"Nay, indeed," I replied, "it is even the contrary."

"Again," said he, "if one wished to learn the proportions of some one's face, would he gaze on a picture described by some artist from fancy? or would he study his lineaments from life, or as copied by some faithful painter?"

"The latter, most surely," I said.

"Well then," said Socrates, "is he not plainly foolish, who prepares for the duties of life, being earnest and very toilsome as they are, by spending his time over mere fiction: choosing that which is false, rather than that which is true?"

"But yet," I replied, "we may often find in these excellent representations of the reality, and the most vivid delineations of human character."

"No doubt you are right," said he, "but let us examine this point a little. After all, can the copy be equal to the original? Who would rest content with the shadow, when it is permitted him to enjoy the substance? Have you not human life, and human nature, in all its shapes about you, offering itself in a thousand lights to your study? Have you not from the pens of wise men the careful record of what has been done in all ages? The lessons that we learn from observation and history may be relied on: for man's nature does not change, and doubtless he will ever continue to act as he ever has acted, and is acting now. On the contrary, for the lessons we are to draw from fiction, we are dependent on the whims of some one man; not always better qualified to judge than ourselves, and too often misled by prejudice, or by some unworthy motive."

"Be assured, O Socrates," I replied, "that I no longer insist upon fiction as useful: but surely the excitement that it creates in us is *pleasant*."

"Tell me," he rejoined, "some things that you deem *essential* to man's highest happiness."

"Perhaps," said I, "we may justly reckon as such virtue, and health, both of body and mind : but I see not why you ask."

"Very well," answered he, "can this health exist without temperance?"

"By no means."

"And is not temperance the abstaining from all that excites the soul, and throws it out of its proper habit?"

"That cannot be gainsaid."

"Then would not that be justly called anything rather than pleasure, which interferes with the very basis of happiness, namely, false excitement?"

I was at a loss what to say ; for I felt the Spirit was right, and yet I could not bear to think how many precious hours had been wasted on what was of no use, and even of no real pleasure.

"Probably," said I at last, "all you have said is very true, good Socrates, and I for my part am convinced of it. Indeed I have never been so culpable as you seem to suppose : for I have only spent in such reading some leisure moments for which I had no other use."

"Truly," replied the spirit, "that makes a difference : for many things are permissible to one at leisure, that would be improper if they interfered with more serious matters. I am rejoiced too," he continued, "to find one so young already at leisure : for your time must indeed have been well spent, if you can afford to be idle so soon. Doubtless you have mastered all the modern sciences, and can give me what information I desire respecting them. First then, since I find you under teachers so deservedly distinguished in the department of Geology, will you explain to me these wonderful new theories upon that subject?"

I confessed my inability.

"Very well," said he, "many philosophers of my own day neglected that science as unworthy their attention : will you then tell me, as briefly as possible, what those famous *Principia* of Newton are, of which you moderns boast so much?" I called to mind the horror with which the crabbed Latin and uncouth diagrams of that book had filled me, when I peeped into it one day, as I was ransacking the libraries to find some novel I had not yet read : and with a little confusion, I acknowledged my ignorance of its contents.

"Pardon me," said the sage, "I should have remembered that many learned men consider the natural sciences, even now, as of no use ; and doubtless you are of that number. Inform me then in what manner your vaunted Bacon overthrew the logic of the Stagyrte."

I could not utter a word: and methought I detected an ironical smile upon his face. "But even though you despise all other learning," said he, "there is one thing surely of which you cannot *dare* to be ignorant. Tell me then what methods have been used by your greatest divines in solving the difficulties and expounding the doctrines of your holy religion: or at least, if you please, upon what you rest your own hopes of heaven?"

Determined not to be put down *here*, I boldly told him that I looked upon Christianity as all humbug: a superstition fit only for the dark ages. "So much the better," quietly replied the pertinacious spirit: "since you dare deny what must affect so powerfully your happiness, no doubt you have examined the evidences of its truth to the very bottom, and detected their fallacies; will you then explain these to me?"

I was silent: the ironical smile grew deeper, till his face wore the expression of contempt. "So then," said he, "you, who are yet preparing for the duties of life,—you, who are ignorant of the simplest laws that govern the world you live in,—you, who have not even learned the art of detecting error and discovering truth,—you who are ignorant of the very faith you dare to deny, and that too when you know that a misstep there will plunge you into eternal perdition,—you have *idle* time to read novels!"

I hung my head in confusion: and when I looked up again, the spirit was gone.

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A LEGEND.

Naumuck.

THE North American Indians were uncultivated in mind, unpolished in manners: but yet there are traditions and legends connected with their history, which for beauty and grandeur are scarce surpassed by the myths of Grecian lore.

On one of the many bays which indent our coast, is a rock whose sides have been washed by the waves and tides, whose moss covered brow has been beat upon by the storms of sixty centuries. There is an incident connected with this rock which invests it with singular significance. The Indians call it "the chieftain's rock." As they gather around, they look upon it with awe and superstitious reverence; and even the white man deigns to give it a passing notice, as he journeys by.

The top of it bears the clear, distinct impress of a man's foot. The

delineation is so complete, that the heel, the hollow, and toes of the foot are in perfect symmetry ; and one as he gazes at it, cannot but ask within himself, how came it there, by what mysterious agency the solid rock yielded to the foot of man.

A little stream also, pure and transparent, bubbles up from its side and gently flows into the bay.

The Indian account of it is as follows : Many centuries ago, on a bright June morning, Wynandance, the chief of the Montauks, left his wigwam for the fishing ground in the bay. As he passed from its straw thatched walls, his daughter, an only one, met him and entreated him not to go. She told him the evil spirit Manitou had appeared to her in her sleep, and his presence was ominous of ill. She embraced him with filial affection, and besought him not to leave her, for the vision of her dream clung to her in its reality, and could not be shaken off. But the old chieftain had often sat in the council of the six nations, where his opinions were listened to in silence, and embraced with eagerness. He had led the brave of his own tribe into the bloody strife, where victory almost always awaited him. He was a stranger to fear, no entreaty or persuasion could change his purpose, and he departed, to fulfil his self appointed task. The will of an Indian is as inflexible as his revenge is relentless. He can look death in the face with sullen indifference, and scorn the hand that would bear him mercy. So it was with the old chieftain ; the presages of a spirit foreboding evil, and the passionate supplication of her, in whose veins alone coursed his blood, moved him no more than the tempest in its fiercest outbreaks moves the solid rock. The old Montauk paddled his canoe into the bay some distance from the shore, and having anchored it, commenced fishing. What his success was, we are not told. It matters not. He had not been there long, however, before he was espied by his ancient, uncompromising enemies, the Narragansetts, who by using the artifices an Indian knows so well how to use, contrived to approach near to him before he discovered them. The odds against him were too great to allow his engaging in a combat where he then was. His opponents were five in number, and with no advantages of place or weapons, he could not hope for success. His purpose was soon formed. Casting a look of defiance at his pursuers, he paddled his canoe for the shore as steadily and composedly as he would have done had there been no one to disturb him. As his canoe touched the bank, he sprang with a tiger's leap to the summit of a rock. To flee, would brand him with a disgrace no future act of

bravery could wipe away,—it would be a stain upon the escutcheon of his former valor, and a dishonor to the long race of chieftains, of which he was now the sole representative. No, he scorned to fly. On his own domain he would rather pour out his royal blood, than see it defiled by a Narragansett's foot. Boldly facing his inveterate enemy, he sounded the Indian war-whoop and essayed the fight. Arrow after arrow pierced his heart and sides. The blood flowed from them in streams. But wounds and blood were alike disregarded by him, in executing the purpose of extirpating the invaders of his realm. And as one after another of them fell beneath his almost giant efforts, so often would the shores of the bay echo to his war-song and yells of defiance. But his quiver was now empty, his step faltered, the brilliancy of his eye was gone, and a single Narragansett was yet alive. Nerving himself to one more effort, he hurled his tomahawk into the breast of his enemy, and with a shout of victory on his lips, sank to the rock. He was buried in pomp by side of the rock where he fell. The five scalps of his enemy, their weapons, all the trophies of his victory, were placed with him in his grave. Every day the Indian girl, his daughter, would sit by its side and chaunt her solemn hymn for her father in the spirit land. Every day the spirit of sadness was more deeply settled on her brow, and the calmness of death more closely enshrouded her form. One morning her voice was not heard. A sad stillness was on the place, broken only by the autumn wind sorrowing for the summer which was passed forever. The Indians drew near with superstitious reverence, and found the maiden, the last of the Wynandanks, cold in death on her father's grave. They buried her there by his side, with all the mysterious rites of an Indian burial, and tell us even now, in all sincerity, though ages have since sped their flight, that the little transparent brook which bubbles up from the side of the rock and falls peacefully into the bay, is composed of the tears of the Indian maiden mourning for her father, and that the foot-track in the rock was made by their greatest of chieftains, Wynandance, as he sprang from the canoe to its summit.

A remnant of this noble and extensive tribe still survive. They assemble annually at the old rock, and clean carefully this foot print of their Leonidas, drink from the limpid water of the brook, and then separate until the year again comes round. They firmly believe in this legend, (for no one is sacrilegious enough to break its spell,) which with so much beauty and pathos pictures the bravery, the affection, and fixedness of purpose, there is in an Indian's nature.

HAMPTON.

RATTER VAN. *Briggs.*

A BALLAD.

I

In those ages quaint and olden,
That grey legends downward bring,
In those ages quaint and golden,
Whereof Minstrel-Poets sing;

II

Stood a Castle on the Rhine-bank,
(Ruined Castle old and dank,
Where the eddying waters circling
Wave the rushes tall and rank.

III

Wave the rushes, streaming inwards,
Creeping upwards still and slow,
Falling with dim dripping droplets
In the dreary vaults below.)

IV

In that Castle on the Rhine-bank—
(Ruined Castle now and weak,
How the winds at midnight whistle
And the Ivy-branches creak;

V

How the owlets, faint and drowsy,
'Plain amid the moaning blast,
Dreaming o'er some misty legend
Of the days and times long-past.)

VI

Well-a-day—I do remember,
And I never shall forget,
Once I wandered 'mid those ruins
As the golden sunlight set.

VII

And the stars came upward trooping,
Like glad children after rest,
Then the river still and sire-like
Kissed and caught them to his breast.

VIII

And the Fire-flies fitful flashing
As with mockery lit the pile,
While I, wandering without purpose,
Trod the Chapels' lonely aisle.

IX

Suddenly beside a grave-stone—
(I shall ne'er forget—I know,)
Rose a figure, tall and wavering
In the twilight's dusky glow.

X

And he beckoned coldly, ghost-like,
Ere I turned and fled away,
And I felt, as in some night-dream,
That I could not help but stay.

XI

Soon I saw as he drew nearer,
'Twas a Hermit, poor and old—
Then I angered in my spirit,
And I chid him loud and bold—

XII

Oh weak nature!—But I tarry—
With his finger long and chill
Barred he then my burning forehead,—
Thus he bowed me to his will.

XIII

Barred he—for his icy finger
Seemed to bind my burning brain
Like a band of frosted iron,
With an inward numbing pain.

XIV

Then I sat submissive, child-like,
Waiting for his lips to speak,
For I felt a spell was on me
I might vainly strive to break.

XV

Long he pondered—while I shuddering
Felt his spirit read my soul,
And my startled heart seemed open
To this vague yet deep control.

XVI

Seeming, ere he ope'd his purpose,
Like to quaint ordeals old,
As he'd try with burning glances,
If the steel be true and bold.

XVII

Then he bent until his breathings
Beat upon my pulseless cheek,
And I felt by inward shrinking
That those lips began to speak.

XVIII

Then he whispered, and his whispers
Like some lone and mournful gale,
Breathing from damp charnel chambers,
Told this wild and weirdsome tale.

XIX

"Years ago in times now olden,
When proud Barons ruled the land,
With a mighty sway of iron,
And a hard and heavy hand :

XX

"Stood this castle in its grandeur,
With its turrets proud and strong,
Echoing with the midnight wassail,
And the goodly burst of song.

XXI

" Stern and calm and all unheeding,
 Stood it 'mid the summer's glow,
'Mid the autumn's garnered fullness ;
 And the winter's blast and snow.

XXII

" Stern and calm and all unheeding,
 As within it there did chime
Some great conscious heart foreboding
 Of the coming stain of Time.

XXIII

" It was autumn in the Rhine land,
 Autumn with its glowing sky—
With its wild voluptuous madness
 And strange heart-felt ecstasy.

XXIV

" Cornfields gleamed upon the uplands,
 And along the river's side,
Where the air seemed moist and drunken
 Hung the grapes in purple pride.

XXV

" Autumn like a beauteous woman,
 Stooping o'er a stream to lave,
With ripe cheeks and glowing bosom,
 Mirror'd in the passing wave.

XXVI

" Softly does the blessed moonlight
 Fall upon that favored land,
Thro' those Saint-like eyes—ere Autumn
 Taketh Winter by the hand.

XXVII

At his loaded board the Baron
 Feasted with his vassals 'round,
And the castle-hall was ringing
 With the revel's jocund sound.

XXVIII

" Far within the moonlight holy
Peal'd the wassail's noisy cheer,
Till the castle clock slow striking,
Told the midnight hour was near.

XXIX

" Hark ! It is the peal of trumpet,
And the draw bridge slowly falls !
Who at such a fearful hour
Seeks the Baron's ruthless Halls ?

XXX

" Suddenly the gates flew open
With a harsh and grating sound,
Hushed the revelers grew with wonder,
Mute as if in terror bound.

XXXI

" As in winter thro' some storm-cloud
In a dark and dismal day,
Suddenly with magic splendor
Bursts some bright and sunny ray.

XXXII

" Thus thro' that dark yawning portal,
Stole a vision bright and warm,
Thro' the cloud-land of that revel,
As a sunbeam thro' the storm.

XXXIII

"Twas a rare and beauteous woman—
For a moment paused she then—
And with quick and rapid glances
Scanned the group of armed men.

XXXIV

" Onward with a quickened footstep,
And a heart whose angry beat
Seemed to crush her heaving bosom,
Pressed she to the Baron's feet.

XXXV

" Stern, yet beauteous as an angel,
 Stood she by the Baron there,
 With the lamplight richly gloating
 In her bright and golden hair.

XXXVI

" With her blue eyes wildly flashing,
 And her full lips firmly pressed,
 And her white hands clenched and clasping
 On her proudly heaving breast.

Cados.

[To be continued.]

"THE OAK OPENINGS."

Emerson.

It is with much interest that we have perused this latest production of Mr. Cooper's fertile pen. Indeed our feelings of gratitude towards the veteran novelist, are so strong that we could almost tolerate a decidedly tame book from his pen. We remember the time "long long ago," while we were still under the paternal roof, when the kind old gentleman that was so indulgent to all our boyish follies, and in his fond partiality for his only son, came well nigh spoiling the youth, brought home one day a couple of well thumbed volumes for us to read. In our quiet little village, a novel was a perfect godsend, and when one chanced to find its way there, it was not suffered to rest upon the shelf till it had been the rounds. We well recollect the absorbing interest with which we have hung over the thrilling pages of the "The Spy," and how the long winter evenings were beguiled by the fascinating story.

Then "The Pilot" and "The Last of the Mohicans" came under our perusal, and we were almost ready to worship the author of such delectable books. The announcement of a new work by "The author of 'The Spy,' 'Pilot' &c. &c." always brings up to our minds recollections of the most pleasing character, and it really costs us some effort to forget them and to judge fairly of the book. We regard "The Oak Openings" as the most successful of the author's later performances. In the plot and characters we are forcibly reminded of the

"Leather Stocking" novels. The time of the incidents narrated, is the year 1812, just at the breaking out of the last war with England. The scene is laid in the then unpeopled forests of Michigan, and the characters are just those in which Mr. Cooper's forte lies, the native Indian and the rough and hardy backwoodsman.

It is worthy of remark, however, in this connection, that it is not in the portrayal of individual character, that Mr. Cooper chiefly excels. This highest of excellences in a novelist, he is wanting in. Search through his works, and we venture to say that you will not find a single personage drawn with a tithe of the distinctness which marks such creations as Bulwer's "Arbaces" or Scott's "Rebecca." But if Cooper lacks this excellence, he is at least free from that common fault among writers of fiction, of drawing characters at once monstrous and impossible.

His men and women, if they do want some of the stronger and more distinctive traits of humanity, are yet men and women and not monsters. Human nature is bad enough of itself without caricature. We are willing to believe that mankind have in general a smart sprinkling of mischief in their composition, but we are by no means prepared to admit that they are all angels of light.

The chief merit of Mr. Cooper's novels, we conceive to be this.—They present to us correct pictures of peculiar habits and customs, while at the same time they serve to illustrate important passages in history.

We have already expressed the opinion that the "Oak Openings" is the most successful of the author's later productions. We think so because we recognize in it some of those features which have rendered several of his other works so deservedly popular. We have here the fascinating details of forest life and the thrilling incidents of border warfare. We have the reserved and crafty savage, and the bold, sagacious woodsman. We have perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and we have as the ground-work of the whole, the substantial events of History. The story opens boldly and we are introduced without delay to matters of exciting interest. This to our taste is a great desideratum in such a work. Instead of dealing in long introductions and tedious explanations, let the author plunge at once into the midst of things, and when he has awakened an interest in the tale, he can then introduce his explanations incidentally, without danger of wearying his reader's patience.

Ben Boden, the "Bee hunter," is presented to us in the exercise of

his peculiar craft. The description which follows, of the method practised by the hunters of the wild bee, is exceedingly graphic and entertaining.

Ben, or as he is more commonly called le Bourdon, is a very good representative of that peculiar class of men, the western hunters.—He is active and adventurous, hardy and quick witted, uniting the characteristics of the Indian and the white settler. But he lacks individuality. Ben Boden the bee hunter, Ben Boden the wary forester, in short, Ben Boden as the type of his class we admire; but Ben Boden the man is a very tame Ben Boden indeed.

To be sure he fell desperately in love with pretty Margery Waring at first sight, but the dullest of us do such things, and indeed situated as he was, it would have been the strangest thing in the world if he had not done so.

He indeed displayed considerable adroitness in deceiving the Indians into a belief in his supernatural character as the finder of whiskey springs, and the holder of magic converse with the bees, and he also showed much skill in conducting the little party through all their dangers to a place of safety, and yet we see nothing in all this that almost any one of ordinary capacity, trained to the habits of intercourse with the savages, acquainted with all their ways, and moreover placed under the stress of circumstances, might not have done. Still we like him. He is a sincere, good hearted, generous fellow, and we will not quarrel with him for not possessing all the impossible qualities of a "Rodolphe" or a "Herbert." With the character of Parson Amen we confess ourselves somewhat puzzled. How a pious and well-meaning, but ignorant missionary, should get the crotchet into his head that the North American Indians are the descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel, and especially why he should be so unaccountably and madly bent on persuading the natives to embrace this one idea of his, to the neglect and almost exclusion of other and weightier matters, we are not able to see.

Perhaps we are mistaken, but we cannot help thinking the character of the worthy parson a little overdrawn. It seems hardly natural or probable that a simple-hearted, devoted missionary in the wilds of North America, should at that day, trouble himself about a question which even now is only a matter of vague speculation among a few curious philologists and antiquarians.

We wish this unnecessary trait in the good priest had been omitted, for it cannot but tend to diminish the respect and admiration which we feel for the heroic self-denying missionary.

Corporal Flint is every inch a soldier and nothing but a soldier. It is amusing to see the pertinacity with which he sticks to the regular discipline, and system of tactics, so entirely useless in Indian warfare. Give him his "baggonet" and let him charge in fair stand-up christian style, and the worthy corporal is gratified. But with the sneaking, uncivilized, tomahawk and scalping-knife warfare of the "Injins" he has no patience whatever. Surrounded by hundreds of Indians with only the parson for his ally, he makes a gallant show of resistance, after the most approved fashion. "Steady and keep shoulder to shoulder, Parson Amen, and take care of your flank. Our movements must be by the left flank, and every thing depends upon keeping that clear." We do not believe that Moreau when conducting his masterly retreat in the defiles of the Black Forest, ever issued his commands with greater skill and precision than does the stout-hearted corporal Flint.

But decidedly the best character in the book is Peter the "Tribeless chief." He stands out, painted in bold and distinct outlines. His characteristics are those of no common man. To all that is chivalrous and high-souled in the Indian, he unites many of those finer and better qualities, which belong to humanity and are peculiar to no people and no age. We not merely see in him the savage, fierce in his war-paint, and exulting in scenes of midnight murder, or on the other hand, holding forth in council and grandly smoking the pipe of peace, but he is the far sighted politician, the orator of commanding eloquence, the patriot, and finally the christian.

He rests indeed under the curse of ignorance, but his better traits appear to increased advantage, for the foil. He rises above the spirit of petty hatred and rivalry, so common among the Indian tribes, and endeavors to unite them for the common purpose of resisting the encroachments of the whites. To the accomplishment of this patriotic end he devotes himself with all his might. At what he believes to be the call of stern necessity, he represses the gentler feelings of his heart, and dooms all of the hostile race within reach to a common destruction. But finally he yields. What the life of the good missionary cannot do, his death at last effects. The heart of the stern old chieftain, which never knew fear in the hour of danger, and never quailed in the presence of the enemy, softens and relents as he hears an unarmed, defenceless missionary in the hour of death, forgetting himself and invoking pardon from Heaven upon his murderers. The painter would here find a good subject for his skill. The missionary on his knees, the group of Indians looking on with curious wonder,

the remarkable figure of the "Tribeless chief," whose countenance betrays the inward struggles of his mind, and around all the grand old forest, would form a striking scene. But we must come to a close. We would gladly notice other excellences and some faults that we find in the book, but we cannot, without swelling what we had intended for a brief notice into an elaborate review. If what we have said shall induce any of our readers to read and judge for themselves, our object will have been accomplished.

 EDITORS' TABLE.

Young.

"Do not the histories of all ages
 Relate miraculous presages,
 Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
 Foreseen by Astrologers, Sooth-Sayers,
 Chaldeans, learned Genethliacs,
 And some that have writ editors' tables."

Gentle reader and friend, permit us to assure you, that the rather tardy appearance of the Indicator does not indicate an ebb of zeal for the onward march of our periodical, or a want of due regard to the punctuality due to our subscribers and contributors. Did we not deem it unnecessary, we might offer excuses not a few, of prodigious weight. Among the many, as timid ladies say when asked for music, "we have a cold and can't,"—hem! we had nearly said sing, but mean scribble, and we can't see but that the excuse is as pertinent in the one case as usually in the other. And then all the poetry of morning snoozes has been rudely, yawn-producingly snatched away by the ruthless grasp of Butler the analogist. Some events of a public nature also, have contributed to diminish the little leisure studies allow. Patriotism demands that when the politician expounds the law and exhibits schemes of natural salvation, on the highway and under his windows, that one should drop the stubborn pen, and be enlightened.

The gratuitous display of water-works and fire-works got up by the Sophs to amuse the Fresh, have sometimes snatched a passing moment. It is, moreover, necessary that editors should visit the Fair,—that is the Ladies' fair,—oh! ah! don't misunderstand and suffuse our modest cheeks with blushes, what we mean is the appendant exhibition to the cattle show. The force of those weighty reasons are appreciable, to say nothing of a college bore, whose profession, vocation and daily business, is to trespass upon the valuable time of the Editors. Oh how we execrate

"id omne genus," the college bore. That you may escape them, we will digress into a slight description of the type of this species. An individual of the tribe *de-
testibiliana*, which neither professors nor lyceum lecturers have particularized with definite exactness, and yet well worthy the attention of the learned. In height variable from four to six feet, sometimes, however, measuring six and a half from feet to head and as many down again. His color is most commonly green, but sometimes blue, though this last secondary quality of matter, the blue color, may be a mental attribute of the beholder, induced from the first impression produced by his presence to the senses. His whole appearance is gentle, smirking and would-be-attractive. He never comes like the din-raising lecture bell that jerks you from the middle of a siesta, but his step is like the fall of the melting snow-flake. His *habitat* can never be discovered, but his usual time for going abroad, is in the busiest study hours of the morning, or just as you are going on a visit, or have composed yourself for writing in the evening. At such times it is safe for the curious to visit him at a distance. But if he comes with gentle rap and mild voice to your door, and you mistake the sound, give the word, and he raises the latch, as you love health and happiness, evaporate, Reader, your *temporal* existence is in danger. Do not consider this enthusiasm, for though we have felt "Oh how deeply, what tongue can tell!" you may presume, our description has been confined strictly to technicalities. If you don't excuse the delay for these reasons we will not trouble ourselves to find more.

Election doings have gone bravely: we are happy to announce to each of our readers individually, that his candidate has been elected (or beaten) by an overwhelming majority. But we await farther official returns, before proceeding to give the figures. For the benefit of those who don't take the magnetic telegraph, we had proposed giving a short abstract of the "foreign news" reported by the latest arrival just pigeoned, thirteen days, eleven hours, sixty-nine minutes and a few fractions of a second off Pelham Harbor. But we have just been told we were probably predestinated to be *scrouged out*, not by the *printer's devil*, for we won't stand that any longer, but by the printer himself who happens to be a much bigger man. So as the dandy, who called to flog an editor for cutting him up, and saw a tall "six footer" elevate his huge dimensions, "We will subscribe."

But the saying and doings of the Editors, in whose welfare we are sure you take a warm interest, we *must* and will record, even at the expense of an extra. Particularly since there has been of late some gratifying reforms. Quilp indeed, shows but little change since his first introduction to the reader. A little more metaphysical expression of phiz and that quiet composure so seldom found but in those who possess domestic happiness, or whose prospects on that score are "*au fait*." Sampson has ceased to sport a switch, or give impromptu concerts on the whistling machine, judging no doubt from the calathumpian serenades, that indeed, "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast," but that at present, the faculties of his mighty being may be well employed in labors of love.

On Nestor, the tracks of time's flight have made no distinct impression. The imperturbable Ichabod has become oblivious to the interesting work on mathematics commonly known by the title of Euclid. Whilst the "last but not least" has once been seen running on the ringing of the bell—for *breakfast*, and has strolled into prayers before the tolling of the bell, on several occasions; which was horrible, judging from the looks of surprise at the accident.

But reader if these improvements gratify you, call in imagination at our sanctum on that cold morning succeeding the elegant little fair of the Busy Bee Society. Call immediately after prayers, as this is a morning free from hard queries about rocks no harder, a weekly holiday of an hour, granted no doubt—in this age

“When man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn”—
By the Faculty’s kind feeling, to show
Some sympathy is left for Senior woe.

Hokey! what a digression poetical inspiration has led us into, (half the above rhymes being ours) just as we were on the point of requesting you to lay aside your thing, and seat yourself,—that is your imagination,—in the corner chair. Be quiet and behold what passes before you. The reformation has not been complete. Some things are as in auld lang syne—but you will be disappointed if you expect to find any one smoking, or sleeping, or seeking the mysteries of angular relations, and also, if you prepare your verse for the closing scene: that game is blocked.

But behold! Four sit merrily chatting by a blazing fire, the fifth apart in sullen majesty, holding in his left hand a roll of papers, whilst his right nervously drives a pencil over a foolscap page. If you are a native, you will guess he is trying to hook ideas for the next Editors’ Table. You may look without being considered impolite, over his shoulder, at what he has taken.

“EDITORS’ TABLE.”

Editors all talk at once. Inference is they have all something to say, unless they are of those,

“Among the thinking few,
Who never think, but only think they do.

“The proneness of some to converse about the events of last evening very natural, perhaps “victory sat perched——,” can’t remember ——, Ichabod thinks Taylor’s chance clouded,—others mention fine news from New York and East Street,——— to all appearances made a decided impression last night,—by a small majority indeed,——— will go for Cass who —— looked magnificently with her hair falling in ringlets, but I thought by the lamp-light her eyes blue as ——, Van Buren, the great whale, whose oil will light the lamp of freedom over the universe,—her beauty no doubt makes morning recitations less,—Cass who is,—seems smitten with each of the three,—political consistency,—Pshaw! I’m going to California for gold in fishing here for anecdotes.”

“Gentlemen! we must to business, we have much of vast importance before us,” here growls the exasperated note taker. Quilp suggests that “next to the financial, the most important interest of the Board is under consideration—the matrimonial. But what pieces have been presented? Here is—— “move we toss pennies which shall be rejected, and”——“Silence,” thunders the would-be dignified chairman. “Here is “The Stranger,” “Mystery” “Sentimentalism,” “Oak Open-

ings,"—"move we take a stare at the Stranger," says Nestor. Here follows the reading of a description of a June evening, protestations against being thought sentimental, assurances that this is a true story, &c. &c. "Move this be put under the table for a bore," says the chairman. "Move the chairman accompany it for a like reason," says Samson. "It should be condemned for being such a scrawl," growls the laboring reader. "It will be condemned, if it don't improve, for the less fault of being nothing whatever," says another. "Don't you think there is evidence of the author's being smitten," says Quilp. By common consent solemn reference is made to Mr. Brass. With an ejaculatory "Thunder," that gentleman thinks there may be slight indication of an incipient stage, though he does not remember much about that, thinks the author exhibits good genius in pushing his hero off the stage early in life, and in the first chapter, and that the only decent act of the hero's life is his death. Here the breakfast bell relieves you, my fatigued guest. Ichabod then proposes we each read the beginning of a piece and vote. Nestor that we dispense with this unnecessary trouble, and accept all, "unsight unseen" as the Wolverines swap ponies. "Hands up, 'tis a vote," says the chairman. (*Exeunt omnes, to employments more suited to their tastes, if breakfast be not cold.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Death of Harrison," "The Early Dead," and the "Man of Uz," were received too late and have not yet been examined.

"New A." is accepted, but has been crowded out of the present number.

Though hospitality is enjoined by holy writ, "The Stranger" can't come in.

The review of "Campbell's Rhetoric," by some very facetious senior will be published, if the writer will send us notes and annotations explaining his jokes.

The author of "Lines Suggested by Ascending Norwottuck," is advised to examine his Pegasus before he attempts such an elevation again: we think him lame.

Some other rejected pieces would be noticed here but for private notes requesting the Editors to say "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

The tardiness of some of the pieces promised for this number has caused the delay, though we have since had the advantage of selection from a considerable amount of matter in which there was not much choice. The next number cannot be published before the close of the term, but will be ready on the beginning of the next. Matter intended for it *must be sent in immediately.*

THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. I.—NO. VI.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cowper.*

JANUARY, 1849.

AMHERST:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCLXIX.

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. I.

JANUARY 1849.

No. 6.

MERITS OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.

When we look back upon the pages of history two thousand years, we cannot but be conscious of a radical change in the moral and intellectual circumstances of man: a change for which we cannot account by the mere progress of mind or the discoveries of wisdom. It is evident, that there has been a new element infused into mental science: one which has not only modified, but supplanted the ancient principles of divine and human right. To find the source of this, is no hard task: for history points it out in the stupendous miracle of God manifest in the flesh, and no consequences are too immense to flow from such an event, followed by the publishment of a revelation to all mankind.

But the question may not unreasonably be asked, whether we are not too often led, in the plenitude of revealed light, to look with unmerited contempt upon the unaided efforts of the human mind, and underrate the amount both of truth and genius displayed in them. Let us first consider some of the causes that naturally lead to this.

When Christianity first came into contact with these efforts, as embodied in the Grecian schools of philosophy, the various champions of either side rushed into two opposite, but equally pernicious errors. On the one hand, looking upon them as necessarily hostile, they armed themselves for a conflict, and were soon involved in a violent warfare. The Pagan saw not that in this "day-spring from on high" had come the light for which his masters had so earnestly prayed and striven, and to which their hard-wrought systems were a fitting dawn, and the Christian sought to destroy, what, if rightly used, had been the most effectual preparation for the gospel's spread,—the majestic

porch to his divinely built temple. On the other hand, the mistaken zeal of peaceful supporters worked more insidious mischief. They would have harmonized the two systems, without regard to their relative merits, and distinguishing features; and effected a very convenient compromise, by introducing the subtleties of the schools into the religion of the New Testament, and placing the founder of Christianity by the side of the Grecian sage.

Thus was philosophy prevented from filling its appropriate station as the handmaiden and faithful forerunner of religion; and forced to meet it in dangerous enmity, or an equally dangerous union. As a foe, it could bide but for a short time the unequal contest: and in union, the evil influence that it exerted on its ally, recoiled, fearfully augmented, on its own head. Hated as an enemy, or mistrusted as a friend, the ruin of philosophy was complete; and they who accomplished it, laid on her shoulders the mischief that their own folly had wrought. It is indeed true, that among the Christian fathers there were many who viewed the matter in a truer aspect, and were indebted to the mighty men of old for much of the power that stamps immortality on their own pages. But to the mass, they were known only as the upholders of a defunct superstition, whose contamination must be avoided by utter rejection of all that human wisdom had accomplished.

For centuries, the whole fabric stood like a deserted temple, untenanted save by some hermit, who sought there the congenial spirit for which he looked in vain to an age of darkness and violence. Even when the revival of learning rendered their stores accessible to the world, many years passed before men could get beyond the rigid logic, and plain matter of fact of Aristotle. We can scarce yet explore their treasures, without fear of heresy. Still, we may rejoice that the illusion is fast dying away; men are beginning to study them, not as the vagaries of sinful fancy, and abominable error, but as the heaven-seeking efforts of earnest men. Let us then proceed to estimate their true value, so far as in us lies.

To do this fairly, we must remove from about us, as much as we can, the prejudices of our age and situation. We cannot judge ancient philosophy aright, until we lay aside, for the time, our divine revelation, and place ourselves in the same situation with the ancient philosophers themselves; deprived of light, save what we could gather from nature and our own souls:—lost wanderers on the waste of life, ignorant of our road, and our very destination.

It has been a favorite theory at the present day, that whatever *good* is to be found in their systems, was derived from tradition or revelation; while all the *error* was the result of their own labors. Truly a most kind and charitable mode of settling the question! We will not deny that they availed themselves of *every* means of external information on the intensely interesting subjects which they discussed, for they were men in earnest, and sought the *truth* and the *truth alone*. The myths of Egypt, the fables of the East, and the rude traditions of their own land were alike investigated. Yet this does not detract from their claim to originality. Without entering into details for which we have here no room, let us remember that the light which they enjoyed, was no greater than that which allowed their contemporaries to rush into the grossest idolatry. The story that their wisdom was gained from the Jewish scriptures, mere fabrication as it is, proves that their enemies felt how insufficient all external means were to the work they had accomplished. All that they have left us bears the stamp of creative minds. None but the mightiest genius could have shapen a pure and lofty system, from such a mass of error and folly.

Again, view the results of those labors. In their writings, we find the loftiest efforts of the human mind. The history of Greek Philosophy begins in almost total darkness, amid the gross polytheism of the barbarous ages. Hence, it rises, more and more true and beautiful, till amid the groves of Academia, we find its highest development. In no part, do we see that sudden access of light which would naturally follow truth imparted from revelation. From first to last, we can trace its progress, as step by step the most important truths were successively unfolded by their own earnest efforts. The existence, almightiness and omnipresence of one just and holy God: the defiling nature of sin: the doctrine of future rewards and punishments: the incompetency of man to his own salvation without divine aid:—all these, the fundamental points of *true religion*, shine in their writings with a clearness inferior to that of the Bible alone. If they were ignorant of that one great doctrine of the Atonement, which forms the distinguishing feature between Christianity and Deism, so were in great measure God's own chosen people. Both alike, sat in the glimmering twilight: the "Sun of Righteousness" had not yet arisen. The Jew performed his divinely ordained rite, as a type of what he yet comprehended not: the Greek, unguided by revelation, saw the necessity of aid from one greater than himself, and even by his uncer-

tain superstitions, "sought, if haply he might find him." Jewish *truth*, with revelation to aid it, produced the Talmud and the innumerable tomes of Rabbinical wisdom: Greek *error*, the bugbear of not a few sincere Christians in our own day, produced *Plato*.

Finally, we may ask what actual good it has done? The theme is vast; but a few words will speak volumes to him who thinks. It gave the benighted pagans a system of ethics that present the perfection of heathen morality; it shed over art and science the most benign influence, cherishing their feeble infancy, as well as giving birth to their most brilliant achievements; it wrought out for its own age that combined beauty and might of intellect that place it so preeminent on the rolls of history. Even to this day, does it survive in eternal freshness. Few know it at all; fewer still know it aright; yet wherever a student of man's nature, bends over the midnight page, or the lover of humanity studies its brightest developments, his toil is cheered and his soul strengthened by the spirit of *ancient philosophy*.

THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT. *Hammond.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER.

It was the New Year's midnight. An old man stood by the window, and gazed with a look of deep despair upon the unshaken, ever-glittering heaven, and then upon the calm, pure, white earth, whereon was now none so joyless and sleepless as he. For his grave stood close by him; it was covered only by the snows of Age, not by the green mantle of Youth: and he brought, from a long and abundant life, nought with him save errands, sins, and diseases, a withered body, a wasted soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of remorse.

The bright days of his youth, rose up before him, like ghosts, and bore him back to that fair morning, when his father first placed him where the road of life divides; the right leading by the sunny path of virtue, to a broad and peaceful land, full of light, and harvest, and angelic beings; the left, through the mole-track of vice, to a dark pit, full of dripping poisons, of darting serpents, and of dismal choking damps. Alas! the snakes were hanging now about his breast, and

the poison drops were on his tongue, and he knew well which path he had chosen. Almost senseless with unspeakable grief, he cried to Heaven, "Give me back my youth! O Father, place me once more upon that road, that I may choose otherwise!"

But his father and his youth were long past. He saw the swamp lights dance over the marshes, and die upon the grave-yard, and he said: "Such have been my foolish days!" He saw a star fall from heaven, and glitter in its fall, and perish upon the earth. "Such am I!" said his bleeding heart, and the serpent tooth of Remorse gnawed deeper into its wounds.

His glowing fancy pictured to him sleep-walkers creeping over the roofs: the wind-mills held their arms aloft as if to crush him: an abandoned mask in the empty charnel-house gradually assumed his own features.

Amid the strife, there came on a sudden from the tower below, as from a distant choir, the music for the New Year. His spirits grew calmer:—he gazed around the horizon, and over the broad earth, and he thought on the friends of his youth, who now, happier and better than he, were become the rulers of the earth, the fathers of happy children, and blessed of all men: and he said: "Ah, I too might have slept like them through this New Year's night with tearless eyes, had I so chosen: alas, dear Parents, happy were I, had I followed your New Year's prayers and teachings!"

Amid these fevered thoughts of his youth, the mask in the charnel-house seemed to rise up before his eyes: and that superstition which sees upon New Year's night the ghosts of the dead, and the events of the future, changed it to a living youth. He could see no more: he covered his eyes: his scalding tears streamed down upon the snow: hopeless and senseless, he could only moan in a low voice, "Come but back, my youth, come back!"

And it came back: for he had only been dreaming so fearfully, that New Year's night,—he was yet a youth; only his errands had been no dream. But he thanked God, that while still young, he could leave the corrupt road of vice, and return to the sunny path which leads into the pure land of harvest.

Return with him, young Reader, if like him thou hast wandered. This fearful dream, will one day, be thy judge: but when, in the depth of thy woes, thou shalt cry: "Come back, bright Youth!" it will not then come back!

M. R. D.

MY LEISURE HOURS. *Hammond.*

I.

I am apt to think that men's characters are often decided by the leisure hours and minutes of their lives. That they are best judged so will scarcely be denied. In their most constant occupations, a hundred influences, altogether external to their own disposition and tastes, have determined them. When we see a man pursuing diligently the study of the law, or devoting many hours daily to the investigation of some abstruse branch of science, we are wrong to think that we can trace in these pursuits his ruling passion or favorite habits of thought. Ambition, avarice, ease, early prejudices, the desires of friends, in short any or all of the forms of self-love have determined his choice, and worldly prudence prompts the constancy with which he adheres to it. But in the lives of the busiest men there are always hours, or at least minutes, when this cool-headed monitor relaxes its watch and permits the natural genius of the individual to pursue its vagaries undisturbed. At such times, the man is most truly himself. He is no longer the ambitious lawyer, student, or divine: he forgets for a time the grand object of his laboring hours, and with it the external motives that chose it for him, and in what he regards as *idle* hours, really lives for himself, and not for the world around him.

But in neglecting these idle hours, he not only overlooks their importance as indices of his true character, but one far higher in forming it. Very few, I think, know the full extent of this. An hour of complete leisure, so spent, that we seem to retain not the slightest trace of it in our lives, and really do not in our memories, has yet more power to strengthen habits and modes of thought, good or bad, than days of predetermined and conscious mental effort. The fact is a simple one, and easily referable to the same principle as the preceding. It is then that we are acting out ourselves, and fostering those germs of character which lie in our own bosoms: at other times, we are but running over beaten paths, between fences that "the world" has set up. The farmer spends his days in carting home hewn logs

from forests that other hands have planted, and only amuses an idle hour in watering the young sapling that has sprung up by his very door: but that sapling shall become a mighty tree, and shelter his old age with its branches, while his logs remain mere lifeless timber.

If these thoughts be true, we should heed our "leisure hours and odd minutes" more than is our wont. I do not mean that we should reduce them to formal rules, or be forever anxious to spend them *most* prudently. The delicious freedom that forms their chief charm, need not be in the least diminished, while yet we may garner up many choice experiences, true thoughts, valuable lessons, that drop from their fleeting wings. Above all, we may learn from them so to mould our own character in conformity to its native traits, that in future leisure hours, we can safely dismiss mere worldly reason from its post, and give nature the reins, convinced that no grovelling tastes, long cherished, will lead her to regions where we may afterward blush to have been.

To no sort of life perhaps, do these remarks apply so forcibly, as to that of the collegian. College is indeed at all hours a most especial "character-shop," where a large and various assortment of that commodity is constantly on exhibition, as well as constantly forming. But the hours devoted to the studies of the college,—which, Procrustes-like, cuts down the big men and pulls out the little ones to suit its own standard,—do not bring out this diversity; nor do even those of miscellaneous study and reading, which all save the most hopelessly idle add to that course, so much as the half-hours, five minutes even, thrown in between two lectures, or gained from a short recitation. Some have learned to devote even these to consecutive studies, aware that the longest life is too short for the ambitious, and that five minutes will suffice to dig one more Greek root, or catch an additional bug. Among the rest, there are almost as many modes as men: some read,—some smoke,—some talk,—and a few think. Many do all these at different times as the fit seizes them: but scarce one can give at a week's end, the slightest account of the many hours, it may be, that have been spent in "odd minutes." Thus the *golden sands* of life pass unheeded, and the student registers only his lumps of lead.

I do not like to hear it said, "Such a one has genius, but not application." To my mind, application is one of the most essential elements of genius. What is this last, fairly considered? Intellectual preeminence. What constitutes intellectual preeminence? A thorough mastery of what men have already achieved, and as a *consequence* of this, a power of carrying the work forward. If genius were given us by direct inspiration, it would do to talk of it as independent of close study; but not while it is a fruit of one's own mind. It is foolish to talk of great men who have become such by mere force of genius. Genius, like steam, must be confined and directed, before its expansive energies can have any real power, or effect anything more than a *great swell*. Even of poets, who need less book-learning than any other class of writers, this is true. Not to speak of such men as Milton, whose whole life was spent in study, let us take even Byron for proof. He has often been held up as a great example of this native genius. But with all his dissipation, we opine few members of college now have performed the mental labor that he had at their age. Take the testimony of his own letters and journals, my young college genius, and see whether your application comes any nearer his, than your poetry does to Childe Harold: which is usually far enough, Heaven knows! and so do your luckless hearers!

Another form of the same error. A. learns in three hours what will take B. six, to learn no better. Ergo, A. is twice the greater genius, and has the *power* of doing twice as much in life. We do not reflect, that in most cases A's. mental faculties are as much exhausted, for the day, by his three hours' labor, as B's. by six. Consequently in the course of life, one *can* effect no more upon a given object, than the other: and call the fact lack of application or what you will, it is still a deficiency of mental power: and mental power is the only true genius.

To my mind, this "want of application," resolves itself into one of two things: either a real lack of the supposed talent, or a childish ignorance of one's true good, which gives little promise of a manly and symmetrical character.

After all, every one must learn these things for himself, for none will take them on the word of another. The glitter of "genius without study," has the same effect upon us at one age, that a red sash and penny whistle have at another upon our dreams of martial glory: and it is only the hopelessly weak-minded, who never outgrow either.

The boorish manners of literary men, have become a hackneyed theme of complaint. But we can only wonder that the fault is not more universal, when we consider the manners, or rather want of manners, prevalent in college life. "Boys will be boys" indeed, but they need not be *pigs*, for all that. We are no sticklers for old-fashioned etiquette, with all its formal rules and "nice observances;" it has gone to its grave, with the bag-wigs and knee-breeches of its own time, and there let it rest in peace. But we do wish that we had *something* in its place. At present, beware how you admit your most esteemed friend to terms of "no ceremony."

Still there are many exceptions. Ned Rogers taps quietly at my door, enters with a genial smile, and a pleasant "Good-day," takes a seat like an ordinary Christian, and in short, if you did not know him to be a student, you would take him for a gentleman. (No insinuation intended.) Nevertheless, many long and merry chats I have had with Ned, many uproarious peals of laughter, many right hearty frolics, scarce to be dreamed of in *dignified* collegians. Still he does not think fit to make these a ground for such disregard of all courtesy as we too often reserve for our "particular friends."

But bang! comes a well shod foot against my door, and before I have time to express my approbation or dislike of a summons so peremptory, in comes the unkempt head of my friend Dick Dexter. "Did you say come in?" Three capacious strides, and he hath deposited himself in the snuggest corner by the fire; his wet cap or umbrella is deposited upon the pages of a new poem, and the stump of his cigar in my shaving-dish. Lo, he hath elevated his muddy boots upon my table-cloth, and is deeply engaged in the Mss. that he has found thereupon; perhaps with some prefatory apology like unto this:—

"Bill, it's a terribly stupid day, and I feel accordin': so I thought I'd come over and bore you a while, as I've nothing better to do."

"Thank you," rather frigidly.

"You see I make myself at home, old hoss, because you told me to make "no ceremony" you know."

"Oh yes—certainly—only I wish—that is I mean—of course I'm glad to see you."

"Bill, what'll you bet I can't throw this inkstand within an inch of your clock there, and not hit it?"

And without a word farther, away goes the luckless inkstand, point-blank at the most vital region of my new alarm.

Speaking of alarm-clocks ;—reader, are you possessed of such a delectable article of furniture ? If not, we advise you to eschew them forever, as unmitigated bores. Above all, don't get one of Clark's : for a more relentless, ear-splitting, dream-chasing foe to all the poetry of repose, it passeth the ingenuity of man to invent. When the term commenced, chum and I were inveigled unto the purchase of one, and hung it up, as fate and my crafty chum would have it, not far from my own bed head. Not many mornings since, I was in the midst of a most beatific dream. I thought my adored Cherubina and myself were cosily discussing love and a plump Thanksgiving turkey : when a terrific sound, that at first seemed to proceed from the decapitated gobbler, gradually resolved itself into the tintinnabulations of that infernal alarm.

"Chum," I roared, "wake thee from thy sleep, O sinner, 'tis your morning to make the fire."

"Ya-a-as, p-presently," from under three blankets, in the farthest bed-room.

"I say, chum, if you don't get up *sudden*, I'll let the alarm run till you do."

"L-l-let it run ; it'll hurt you m-m-more'n 'twill *me*, a d-d-darned sight !"

Have we such deep-read scholars now as abounded in Europe two or three centuries ago ? I think not. Even with all the aid of improved common place books, our most indefatigable students could scarcely pour forth such a mass of learning as fills the folios of Rhodiginus and his fellow-compilers. Even Burton, though his is not merely a compilation, would out-task us. Something of this is due to their habits ; celibacy, monastic or collegiate life, "sequestered from the tumults and troubles of the world, *tanquam in specula positus* ; no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for, meer spectators of other men's fortunes, and how they act their parts." But if this were all, we should have such students now. The truth is, that there are various phases in the world's mental advancement, which succeed

one another as regularly as in the life of an individual. At the revival of letters, men found themselves destitute of information: their books and brains alike were filled with the wordy nothings of scholastic divinity. The first step was to supply that want, either from actual observation, or the writings of the ancients. The former source produced those huge tomes of travels, like "Purchas' his Pilgrimes" "Hakluyt's Voyages," etc." which look as stupendous beside the "Sketches," "Scenes," and "Pencilings" of the day, as their folio classics do beside our school, pocket and diamond editions. The information thus acquired, however marvellous and incorrect, was eagerly seized upon, and works on every subject crammed with multifarious and ill-digested quotations.

Upon this mass of raw material moved at last the spirit of order: and guided by the Inductive philosophy, which, though a part of the human mind, was then for the first time fully understood and developed, commenced the grand march from facts to principles. At the present day, this has got so far, that facts begin to be lost out of sight; our authors generalize, and shun quotations like literary plague spots. Even Southey, who attempted to imitate the ancient style in his "Doctor, &c.," only produced a farrago of useless and pedantic learning, strained wit, and affected oddness. His book is quaint and pretentious enough, but it is no more like its models, than a galvanized corpse like life.

Contrast, if you please, the "Doctor," with Burton, and you will see how the laureate falls below the old Oxonian alike in learning and in genius. Burton, by the way, is a book too much neglected of late. It is the fashion, indeed, to cry up the "Anatomy of Melancholy:" but we fear that after all, it is one of those books which as the French critics said of *Paradise Lost*, "every body praises, and nobody reads." Yet, that quaint old book contains a richer combination of curious learning, grotesque humor, practical wisdom, and shrewd remarks on the world, than any other in the English language. Taken even as a representation of the intellectual culture of its age, it must be a book of the greatest interest to every student. If I were to spend a life in the study of that subject, to embody the information thus acquired, I would choose the form of a commentary to Burton. What student would not be interested to know more of "that omniscious, only wise fraternity of the Rosie Cross," as well as "Elias Artifex, their The-

ophrastian master ; whom though Libavius and many deride and carp at, yet, some will have to be the renewer of all arts and sciences, reformer of the world, and now living: for so Johannes Montanus Strigoniensis contends, and certainly avers a most divine man, and the quintessence of wisdom, wheresoever he is: for he, his fraternity, friends, etc. are all betrothed to wisdom, if we may believe their disciples and followers."

- How entirely does a passage like this seem to carry us back to the infancy of science; "Copernicus, Atlas his successor, is of opinion the earth is a planet, moves and shines to others, as the moon doth to us. Digges, Gilbert, Keplerus, Origanus and others defend this hypothesis of his, in sober sadness, and that the moon is inhabited. If it be so, that the earth is a moon, then we are also giddy, vertiginous and lunatic, within this sublunary maze!"

Finally, for a specimen of his observations on men and manners, take a single sentence, which has not ceased to be pertinent yet. "If Democritus were alive now, and should but see the superstition of our age, our religious madness, as Meteran calls it,—so many professed Christians, yet so few imitators of Christ, so much talk of religion, so much science, so little conscience, so much knowledge, so many preachers, so little practice—such vanity of sects, such have and hold of all sides, such absurd and ridiculous traditions and ceremonies,—what would he say? *Cælum ipsum petitur stultitia.*"

But these long quotations make me think of plagiarism: and plagiarism of a beautiful little German fable of Lessing's. So with a free translation of this, I will close this long and rambling medley.

Once upon a time a beautiful bronze statue was melted by a great conflagration into a shapeless mass. This afterward came into the hands of another artist, who again made of it a statue, equal to the former in beauty, though altogether different in design.

His rivals looked on in despair, till envy whispered: "What praise does the fellow deserve for this? Is he not entirely indebted to the materials of the ancient workman?"

Are the charges of plagiarism and imitation often better founded?

THE STUDENT'S HOMES.

Far above the city's rattle, and the lamp-lights ruddy glow,
Where the light and darkness battle, burns a taper faint and low.
Nightly burns that glimmering taper, till with dawn the East is red,
Over many a blotted paper, o'er a worn and aching head.

In that chamber high and lonely, sits a student weak and pale,
Resting from his labors only, when his jaded powers fail ;
Even then in dreams fantastic, chasing still the long-sought prize,
Shaped by fancy's power plastic, flitting e'er before his eyes.

In a distant cottage lowly, by a candle's flickering flame,
Reverent o'er the volume holy, sits an old and feeble dame ;
Midnight bells sound in the distance, yet her labor scarce is done,
Tolling for a scant subsistence, for her gifted, darling son.

Long and silent sits she musing, with her head upon her breast.
Recking not though she be losing precious hours of needed rest :
Even 'mid her thoughts of heaven, steal fond dreams of mother's love—
When she kneels to be forgiven, prayers for him ascend above.

Dancing o'er the distant marshes, flit the ghostly lights to die
By the chapel's moss-grown arches, where the buried corpses lie :
There, in yonder humble corner, lowly lies the sire's head.
Planted by that widowed mourner, flowers deck his narrow bed.

But the months away are streaming,—soon no more is seen the light
From the student's window beaming, through the long and weary night :
Never more for glory weeps he, resting in the burial ground,
With his mother peaceful sleeps he, close beside that narrow mound.

Q. X.

ALLEGORY.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

ONE pleasant morning as I was strolling along the walks of a luxuriant garden attached to an Eastern palace, by chance I overheard two young princes engaged in earnest yet kind discussion. Drawing near, I learned from the conversation that their royal sire had granted each of them permission to rear for himself a monument which should be an index of his character to the present, and a remembrance of his fame to future generations.

"Thus will I build my monument," ardently cried the elder of the youthful princes. "I will seek the loftiest and most commanding hill in the neighborhood, where the morning sun-light earliest kisses the earth, and where the eye of admiration would earliest fix its gaze. On the summit of this hill, I will begin to build. My monument shall rise a smooth and polished shaft of equal dimensions even to the top. The graceful Palmyra tree is not loftier and more elegant in its proportions than shall that structure be which is to perpetuate my fame. When men look thereon, they shall say, 'So was the young prince who reared it, beautiful and graceful as his monument, bathing earliest and latest in the sunshine of joy and gladness.' Such shall be my monument."

The younger prince was silent for a moment, and then replied: "I will build my monument on the plain. I will dig a deep and broad pit in which to lay its foundation. On this solid base shall rise, clearly and steadily, a massive structure. It shall gradually become smaller and smaller as it ascends, till at the top it shall become a point and my monument shall be a pyramid. Though the winds blow hard, they shall not overthrow it; though the earthquakes rock it, yet shall it stand. Trees will I plant around it, and though it be not so lofty, yet it shall be a pleasant and lasting monument of my name; and I could hope that when men look upon it, they might say: 'So was the young prince who reared it, pleasant, steadfast, and complete. He grew up like the pyramid, around whose base flourishes perennial greenness, and about whose summit memory playeth forever.' Such shall be my monument."

After a few days, I walked again; and lo, on the highest hill glitter-

ed the proud, beautiful column which was to transmit the fame of the elder prince. He had reared it speedily, and it was a splendid thing, flashing back the sun-beam, bathing its glorious summit in a silvery cloud, sublime, magnificent, and majestic. At a little distance on the plain was the half completed pyramid of the other prince. The workmen were still at their labor, removing the rubbish which they had dug through to lay its deep foundations, and wearily building it up to its altitude and perfection. They had not begun to polish it, and it stood there, a dull, dark, mishapen mass, attracting the notice of but few—winning the admiration of none. The royal monarch with all the splendor of an eastern court, came out to view the monuments. All eyes were attracted to the magnificent shaft which stood so proudly on the hill. Few noticed the half-built pyramid, and they who did seemed conscious that it was a failure. I then observed the princes. The youngest was sad and thoughtful; the elder was proud and happy; and indeed, I could but bless him in my heart, and I almost praised his wisdom and envied him his fame.

In a few days, I walked again. The pyramid was complete. Its deep foundations were sunk low in the ground. Its painted apex pierced the sky like a wedge. Its sides were smoothed and polished. The rubbish was all removed, and green trees and fragrant gardens afforded pleasant shade and grateful odors round it. "What a paragon of symmetry is that monument!" I involuntarily exclaimed; "how lovely is the scenery about it; truly, the elder has not much surpassed the younger prince." But there was less proud magnificence about it, than in the other, and I turned to draw the contrast. It was gone! The splendid and graceful column lay crushed and broken on the hill side! A strong wind had caused it to quiver on its slender base, and at last, it came plunging down from the clouds, with all its pride and glory, and was now a mass of shivered ruins.

I found the elder prince sitting on a broken fragment weeping. His brother knelt by his side and tried to soothe him, but he repulsed consolation. "I have played the fool," he cried, in bitterness; "I have lost my fame; this heap of ruins will be my monument of shame forever."

I turned away in sadness, for I remembered how many minds of promise, like this foolish prince, haste to rear for themselves monuments of splendor, but refuse to incur the delay and toil of laying a sure foundation for it to rest on.

Z. A. Z.

A THUNDER STORM IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

Speaking of Amherst Scenery—the Sunset, as Ralph has described it, is glorious. The “fleecy mist-wreath, the gorgeous bow, and dark cloud,” must have formed a contrast like

“A dream of poetry that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful.

But brought up from childhood within hearing of the Atlantic’s roar, nothing so much delights me in these inland towns, as the dark storm-cloud, and the wind which drives it swiftly.

I have seen them gather slowly in the distant West. First, a white cloud rises up and sails across the sky. It mounts the Zenith like a solitary standard-bearer, sent out to call the forces in. Soon the contributions of the South, the North and the farther West come pouring in to the mustering place of the aerial forces: slowly they arrange themselves with rank and file, vanguard and rear, in deep and massive columns. For a moment the huge mass pauses before its awful charge. Swift couriers haste from post to post along the lines. Squadrons of lighter clouds break from the grand array, and dash across the sky like the light armed archery in England’s border warfare. Now the mighty force begins its motion. Slow and stately it rises over the skyey arch. Its masses heave up one above another with a stern and solemn motion. Now its ridgy summits roll up like the smoke of a burning city,—and now they settle back again in a dark strong line—the edge of the advancing cloud-army. How still it is! Not a leaf is swinging on its little stem. Nature hushes her breath in awe as that silent cloud comes on. But lo, it deepens! The winds are beginning to play in its dark bosom and drive it fiercely onward. Hitherto, few have noticed the coming tempest, but now it is

“Like the sudden flinging forth on high
Of a banner that starteth suddenly.”

Men look up astonished, and then flee to their shelters. The rattling peal of the first bolt which bursts through that mass of struggling vapor, startles many a busy laborer from his field, and sends him hurrying homeward. Swifter now and grander does the storm-army

advance amid the explosions of all heaven's artillery and the fierce *pas du charge* of the echoing thunder.

It has veiled the Sun like a pall of Death. It rushes on, heaving, boiling, plunging like a vortex of fiercely troubled waters, till gashed and pierced, and torn asunder by the bursting bolts, it dashes to the thirsty earth torrents of rain,—then rolls majestically away like a bannered host from the field of victory.

Though the sun-set be pleasant and lovely to see,
Give the storm-cloud, the storm-wind, the storm-bolt to me!

HAL.

"FORGET AND FORGIVE."

FORGET! I never can forget
The trusting love of by-gone years,
For early hopes will glimmer yet,
Like lovers' eyes, through lovers' tears :
And lovers' tears may soon be dried,
And lovers' eyes shine bright again,
And hearts by sorrow vivified,
As earth by summer's rain.

Forget! long years of doubt and grief
A single word will wipe away,
But hours of happy love,—though brief,
Will linger to life's latest day.
Forgive! e'en 'mid this world of pain
There is one moment likest heaven,
When hearts that once have loved, again
Forgive, and are forgiven.

RATTER VAN. *Briggs.*

A BALLAD.

[Continued from page 153.]

XXXVII

"From his hand the startled Baron
Dashed his wine-cup on the ground,
And as if in angry wonder
Gazed upon his vassals round.

XXXVIII

"Then out spoke the Baron haughty;
'Never since my race began
Has so fair and rare a Ladie
Graced the halls of Ratter Van.

XXXIX

"And the silence thou awakenedst
Was but proof of welcome deep,
Like the fairest dreams that hover
O'er the calmest trance of sleep.

XL

"Or like that sweet hush that stealth
Thro' the tranced and glowing air,
When an angel floateth downwards
With spread pinions bright and rare.

XLI

"Needless is't for me to welcome
One so fair and bright as thou,
'Neath whose warm and radiant glances
Knighthood's knee full fain would bow.

XLII

"Thus the Baron—— But the Ladie
Read aright his cold grey eye,
And with quick and haughty gesture
To the Baron made reply.

XLIII

" ' I am Clara Von Derrugen,
Harold is my Baron's name,
Owner of broad lands and castles,
Not unknown to knightly fame.

XLIV

" ' Well thou know'st, most noble Baron,
Both his lineage and degree,
And that I'm a Viking's daughter,
Cradled on the rocking sea.

XLV

" ' And the spirit of my Fathers
Reigns within this woman's form,
For I've laughed when strong men trembled
At the raging of the storm.

XLVI

" ' Thus it was that Harold wedded
One as proud and brave as he—
For I am a Viking's daughter—
He a lord of high degree.

XLVII

" ' Long we lived together happy,
Blest with one bright little child,
For he had his mother's fairness,
And his father's spirit wild.'

XLVIII

" Here she paused—for scalding tear-drops
Told the tale she could not speak ;
While a flush of burning passion
Flashed along the Baron's cheek.

XLIX

" ' Shame upon this woman's weakness,
That weak tears should wet mine eyes,
While my child, my murdered Harold
From his grave for vengeance cries.

L

" 'For wild fiends in human features,
That should wear the garb of Hell—
Like mean cowards bribed my warder,
And upon my Castle fell.—

LI

" 'Early—when the winter faltered,
Harold launched upon the sea,
Leaving his domain in quiet
To his happy babe and me.

LII

" 'Spring-time passed and golden summer,
And the Autumn piled its hoard—
Then from off my Castle-turret
Watched I for my absent Lord.

LIII

" 'Yesternight the sunlight kissed me
At my daily vigils' close,
And the moonlight crossed and blessed me
As I sank to calm repose.

LIV

" 'Calmly—with my babe enfolded
Closely to its mother's breast—
'Till the Larum bell loud-tolling
Roused me from my startled rest.

LV

" 'Oh my God! My wild brain wanders—
Harold—Harold—where wert thou,
When they hushed my shrieking infant
With the death-gash on his brow!

LVI

" 'Then I laughed—for I grew phrensied—
And I kissed the bubbling wound—
And I saw wild fiendish faces
Glaring from the darkness 'round.

LVII

“ And a light sepulchral, ghastly,
’Round a horrid pallor gave,
Streaming from the bloody socket
Of each eye-balls’ hollow cave.

LVIII

“ ‘ Wild delirium filled my bosom,
Quick I seized a lighted brand,
And with shrieks and maniac cries
Burst amid that armed band.

LIX.

“ ‘ Onward by a secret passage
Where their search would be in vain,
Fled I to the arsenal chamber—
There I laid the fatal train.

LX

“ Then I sped me thro’ the midnight,
And the Castle’s burning pile—
With the wan stars pale and flickering—
Lit me on for many a mile.

LXI

“ ‘ Now Sir Baron’—’twas full proudly
That the Ladie Clara said—
‘ Ladie Clara Von Derrugen
Claims thy valor’s knightly aid.’

LXII

“ Thus she finished—but her accents
In the hushed air seemed to dwell,
Like the musical vibrations
Of some clear and silver bell.

LXIII

“ Some clear bell that sweetly singeth,
Chiming o’er the stormy main,
That the sailor home returning,
Blesses as he hears again.

LXIV

" Waking thoughts of purer feeling
In each roused impetuous breast,
Truer thoughts of future purpose,
'Mid life's turmoil and unrest.

LXV

" So the voice of that fair woman
Thrilled thro' each wild earnest heart,
While each glittering sword and dagger
From their sheaths like magic start.

LXVI

" But no warm and noble feeling
Tried the heart of Ratter Van,
But a passion wild and reckless
Thro' his veins like madness ran.

LXVII

" And he saw that noble being
Stand a suppliant by his side,
With a mother's warmth of feeling—
Yet a woman's strength of pride.

LXVIII

" But a dark delirious passion
Filled his heart with phrensy wild ;
Yet his brow was calm and nerveless
As he welcomed, cheered and smiled .

LXIX

" Yet each moment in his spirit,
As he gazed, he blessed the hour,
Blessed the deep and fearful anguish,
That had given her to his power.

LXX

Blessed her home—her ruined Castle—
Blessed her loved and murdered child,
And he longed to clasp her beauty
To his breast in transports wild.

CAVOS.

[To be continued.]

HERO WORSHIP.

"And this man is now become a god!"

Shakespeare, JULIUS CESAR.

HERO worship did not die with the classic mythology. Carlyle seems at present to be the great high-priest of its pompous service, but he is not alone. We question whether the disposition to exalt great men,—and little men too, for that matter, if only dead,—far above all measure of humanity, was ever stronger than at present. To say nothing of the countless poets, statesmen, patriots, and saints, both infant and adult, daily ushered into immortality by the Harpers, or the American Tract Society; to forget—thank Heaven that for once we can forget!—the thousand and one heroes of the Mexican war, we yet find indications of the same taste in books that have gained, for the time at least, a far wider acceptance. It is odd to see the variety of characters to whom this pen-and-ink apotheosis has been granted. A *quondam* minister of Christ has described with exceeding gusto the warlike exploits of Napoleon and his Marshals: and the quaint pen of infidel Carlyle himself has been employed to vindicate the stern old fanatic Cromwell, and *his* Marshals. Some German Headley will give us in the same style before long, "Christ and his apostles;" though we doubt much whether the hero would be painted so *inhumanly* great as Napoleon, or altogether so sincere as the Puritan.

Now this tendency to deify all notable men is bad: but the principle in human nature from which it springs is good, and ennobling. It is that exercise of the imagination in search of ideal excellence, to which we owe every step of progress that mankind has made. This may seem a bold assumption to those who regard imagination as a dangerous, will-o'-the-wisp faculty, predominant only in Byronic youths and love-lorn maidens. But it is not so: it is in fact the grand guiding power of the universe. Reason may hold the helm, but it is Imagination that peers forward into the dark night before us, conjures up with almost prophetic eye whatever awaits us there, describes the first dim outlines of the coming danger, catches the first beam of the distant beacon, and abandons not its post till the haven is gained. Still its appropriate task is in the future only: with the present and the

past it can meddle only to injure. Woe be to the bark whose pilot loses himself in dreams of the wonders past, or in shaping the features of his beloved from the dashing foam alongside.

When the Imagination enters the domains of the Present, to dethrone their legitimate monarch, Common Sense, its effects justify all the epithets that the wisest and dullest of men have heaped upon it. Yet the influence it has gained even here we may see in a thousand forms. What is the theatre, but a place for its temporary indulgence; a compromise, as it were, with this most seductive foe? What are state processions and ceremonies, but the theatre carried into real life, to deck the common-places of reality? What are all religious forms and rites, but an effort to enlist on the side of good, this ruling passion? To all these developements of its power an eminent French writer has applied the title of "*inclination theatrale*": and shocked as many good people will be to have their innocent love for forms and display stigmatized with such a title, is Vinet far wrong in deeming the principle alike throughout?

Hero-worship again is the result of an undue intrusion of Imagination into the Past. "History and romance," it has been finely said, "are too near akin ever to be lawfully united": or to change the figure, we may say with Charles Lamb that their mixture "is like brandy-and-water;—two good things spoiled!" True history is not made up of striking scenes, and heroic deeds, and great battles. These are but the foam that plays upon the surface, while the dark flood of time rolls unseen below. The secret springs of action do not lie so often in the throne-room or the cabinet, as in the back-stairs, and blind alleys of the palace. Not one of the Cesars did so much toward the downfall of Rome as a few sweetmeats and dainties from the East. Mirabeau and Robespierre might have been petty lawyers, and Napoleon little more than a "little corporal" to his dying day, had the French government been less in debt, or had a weak and wicked woman meddled less with her husband's ministers. All the British conquerors from Henry V. to the present day have not done so much to make England powerful, as her sheep, and spinning-wheels, and merchant-ships. The destinies of our own nation depend more on the factories and free-schools of New England, than upon Daniel Webster, or Zachary Taylor. The influences we have enumerated are very slow of operation, and scarcely perceptible at any time, while men's eyes are dazzled by the halo of glory around some conqueror's head. But the hero shines, and goes out: the dead lion is left to decay and

oblivion, while the sheep multiply, and the looms cease not their busy rattle, and forth from these village schools come millions of voters, to shape a history wherein their own names shall not be heard.

Thus those who see nothing in history but a few great names and important crises neglect entirely the reality, to indulge their glowing imagination with a few theatrical scenes. The steady sunshine of truth is exchanged for the fitful glare of the foot-lights, or the lurid flash of battle. The world's annals are broken up into *tableaux*, disposed like a tragedy group when the curtain falls, the chief hero in the middle, with the dead symmetrically ranged about him. The real progress of our race in civilization and the arts—the history of the human mind—the deep feelings that pervade the masses of men, unheard, unthought of, for years before they are written out in history with the sword's point—above all the unromantic but most powerful interests that pierce the most invulnerable breast through that Achilles' heel of the pocket—all these are charmed out of sight by some half-dozen wonderful names. Alexander, Cesar, Napoleon,—what a disproportionate space do the drunkard, the profligate, and the egotist fill in history! We scarcely speak of the English Rebellion apart from Cromwell, or think of our own without Washington; and yet, great as these men really were, how little hand they had in creating those political tornadoes, and how utterly powerless would their efforts have been to withstand them! Both were the outbreaks of a storm that had been gathering for generations among the vapors and fermentations of society; and over them these lofty names had no more power than the flag which streams highest from the mast-head has to stay the huge ship that bears it on.

Still, much might be said in defence of this mode of writing history, if it even gave us faithful pictures of its few favorite heroes. So simple are the general principles which pervade all the countless varieties of human character, that the *true* history of a few well-chosen individuals would nearly compensate us for the neglect of all the rest, in one at least of the great ends of history, the practical lesson we may derive from its pages for our own conduct. But the influence of the spirit we have been discussing is as pernicious here as in the other case. Even its favorite heroes are no more like reality than the fanciful conception of the novelist. A few prominent qualities are brought out in strong light; a few memorable scenes ambitiously described; a brilliantly inconsistent character detailed in antitheses: but the real qualities and real life so completely distorted, that we would

undertake to find a dozen individuals to whom one of Thackeray's fictitious personages would apply more closely than do the written to the true characters of those who play "the heroic in history." One unfamiliar with the process of hero-making, would be surprised to follow a great man through the hand of two or three of these worshipers, and see how different a being he becomes before leaving them. The savage's clay idol could scarcely be more changed by its metamorphosis from a clod of mother earth to "the image of *nothing* in heaven above, earth below, or the waters under the earth," with all the rights, privileges, and immunities of Deity.

We do not mean to imply that there is no real greatness in human character, or that all the great men of the earth owe their celebrity entirely to the good offices of these gentlemen of the long quill. But we do think that the greatest of these have on the whole excelled their fellow-men by less than is commonly imagined. There is a law of compensation almost universally prevalent in the moral world, which provides that an excess in one direction of a person's character, must be supplied by a deficiency in another: or, more correctly, the same marked trait which in one respect forms his chief merit, is in other relations a great defect. Thus the firmness of purpose which always raises men of even moderate abilities above the heads of the less resolute though more gifted, is a chief element in a prominent class of historical demigods; and yet,—though the worshipers leave out this part of it,—the same trait invariably shows itself at times in a self-sufficient obstinacy, void of sense, and deaf to reason, which in any man, not a hero, would be expressively termed "pig-headedness." If any private individual in the management of his person or property should act on the same principles that Leonidas did at Thermopyle, he would be called a fool; but Leonidas played the fool, on a larger scale, and is worshiped as a hero. The late President Jackson may be cited too as a good illustration of the preceding remark. It cannot be denied, that on more than one occasion the same firmness of will which placed him at the head of American politics, led him into errors that an inferior man would have avoided: we may add, that *he* could not have avoided without being an inferior man. So again the sensitiveness to all the beauties of nature or the passions of humanity which forms an essential element of the poet, serves equally as a basis for morbid vanity, and a fickle and reckless impulsiveness, which is too apt to terminate either in the madness of Cowper or the dissipation of Byron. Indeed, these two authors, with Pope, may be taken as striking exam-

ples of this truth. Pope could not have been less vain and jealous, or Byron less reckless, without losing a portion of their power; for with these faults, the former would have lost his keen observation of men and manners, and the latter that native enthusiasm which made him a worthy listener, when

"Jura answered through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

That dissipation makes poets, we by no means aver: else we should have Byrons launched upon the world at every Commencement, as plentifully as we now have aspirant Edwardses and Robert Halls. But it is a melancholy truth, that the temperament which makes the poet, is precisely the one most obnoxious to the temptations of gay life and least able to bear up against them. The same stimulants that destroy the man, inspire the bard: and the strains that were once looked upon as almost a special whisper of heaven, are now seen to be too often the work of no other spirits than the ardent. Richter, in a most unpoetical estimate of the *first cost* of a contemplated work, mentions as one of the most important items, *wine* to supply the necessary inspiration: and if we deduct from that portion of literature which we are accustomed to consider as especially the works of *genius*, all that owes its existence to wine, brandy, opium, or some such artificial stimulus,—if only green tea,—the remainder will be as insipid as milk-punch, minus the like ingredient.

It would be a task more easy than agreeable to go on in illustration of this doctrine from the lives of eminent authors: which do indeed form "next to the Newgate Calendar, the most sickening chapter in the history of man." Or if our limits would permit, it might not be uninteresting to take some of the world's heroes in other fields, and try to see how much of their greatness was real, and how much factitious;—due to some disproportion in their own character, whose corresponding defect was unprobed or has been glossed over, or depending entirely on a chain of lucky circumstances. Traces of such defects, though soon lost from sight in the system of indiscriminate idolatry, may almost always be found in contemporary history, which furnishes us with the facts, apart from the plausible glosses with which worshipping historians have decked them. Indeed, whatever be our opinion of the real greatness of heroes in history, we cannot but admit them to have been very disagreeable neighbors. Of the fighting hero this can hardly be doubted: otherwise, read the English and some American papers from 1800 to 1815, and see what they say of Napo-

leon. For literary heroes, read the "Quarrels of Authors"—or the history of almost any great author as written by himself in his letters. Dugald Stewart devotes not a few pages to a disquisition which should be entitled "Reasons why philosophers are universally Bores." He shows conclusively, not the fact,—for that we may assume to be matter of common observation,—but that it must necessarily be so. The habits of mind which favor deep research and close reasoning are absolutely inconsistent with those which serve for the entertainment, or even instruction, of the passing hour. There are two capital comic illustrations of this truth in a little book lately published. In the first, Socrates, in the precise attitude of a modern street politician, is boring the yawning Alcibiades most unmercifully with some of his almost inspired discourses on virtue: in the other, Cesar is doing the same for Brutus and the "hungry Cassius" over measureless rolls of the "De Bello Gallico:" a scene which is introduced, by the way, to account for the conspiracy that these two worthies set on foot against him!

These then, in fine, we consider to be the two great evils of this tendency to worship heroes made after our own image. First, that it gives false views of history, by fixing undue attention upon the lives of a few prominent men: and second, that it does not even portray these few favorites correctly, but gives to them exaggerated characters, not only untrue but dangerous, when thus held up as models for the future.

But we cannot leave the subject, without recurring to what we said at the beginning of the article,—that the error springs from a good and ennobling source. Were it not for the imagination that enables us to form these ideals, mankind would not as yet have taken the first step beyond the savage state. It is only when they wander into history and become tacked to historical names that they do harm. He must be a dull or low-minded boy who has never spent many an idle hour in glorious dreams of future excellence, unattainable save in such revery: he must be unworthy the name of man, to whom his imagination has never painted an ideal happiness or goodness to be sought after: he must be a weak Christian, whose thoughts have never risen above sense and reason, to contemplate in visions of faith the wonderful excellence of God, or the unutterable joys of heaven. Leave History then unmolested on the throne of the Past, let Reason scan with cold grey eye the Present: the Future alone, but *all* the vast, hopeful, dream-peopled To Come, is the gorgeous kingdom of the Imagination.

EDITORS' TABLE. *Hall's*

"They unto whom we shall appear tedious, are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not willing to endure." *Hooker.*

"Now they that like it may: the rest may choose." *G. Wither.*

Beloved Readers, we wish you all and singularly a happy New Year. It is rather late, we know, this 25th of January, for such customary wishes; but there are eleven months of the New Year still left for our prayers to take effect in; and if you are happy all that time, it will be longer, we dare affirm, than ever before in your life. Therefore may all who read the Indicator be happy "for the year ensuing." May every student that desires it take the Valedictory: may every one whose highest ambition lies another way, be a rowdy to his own entire satisfaction. May every maiden under twenty-five, have an opportunity to refuse three good offers: may those over that age, have as good a chance to accept one. In fine, may you all be wiser, happier, and better, at the year's end: and if this sincere prayer be accomplished, may all live to see not a "few more of the same sort left." So mote it be!

It is always pleasanter at a season like this, to look upon the future than the past. In the former we see happiness continue, and pain vanish: fair hopes float before our eyes, and good resolutions promise to make those bright visions real. But when we review the year that is gone, we see that it is happiness which vanishes, while pain alone clings steadfastly to us through life: at our very birth,

"Savior adstat,
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustra, et tremulo multa ore querentem
Corripit invadens, ferriæque amplectitur ulnis."

The sylph-like forms of Hope have perished at the cold breath of Disappointment: and our good resolutions have long gone to form an additional crossing—perhaps for our own future accomodation,—in a place "which shall be nameless in this polite assembly!"

So we go on from year to year, and the delusions of hope form our only true happiness. Fortunate it is for us that we are so long in discovering the cheat: that we are so slow to learn.

"how day by day
All thoughts and things wax older,
How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
And the voice of Friendship colder."

For themselves, the Editors have little to say. Since our last, vacation has come and gone. Of all that *the Five* did in those six long weeks, it booteth not

to tell. Suffice it to say, that we who write infested Amherst for the space of three weeks, after the term closed : (the memory of many will recall, we doubt not, a seedy-looking individual that lounged all day up and down Phenix Row, and hung around the Printing Office.) and to this heroic self-sacrifice, dear Reader, art thou indebted for the timely appearance of this our Indicator. Finally he vanished : but

" Whither he went, or how he fared,
Nobody knew, and nobody cared."

With the term's commencement, back came all save Ichabod, who shooteth young ideas somewhere in the wilds of Worcester county. But owing to the inclemency of the weather, Editors' meetings have been few and far between : and for once the reader must forego all knowledge of the sayings and doings of the Editorial *corps*.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We owe many and sincere thanks to them of the "Yale Lit," for the pleasure their numbers have afforded us. It is a "white chalk day" with an editor of the Indicator, when his turn at the "very last" arrives. Away goes Dugald Stewart into the farthest corner : heavy Brown of Edinburgh, is exchanged for the "light brown" of Havana : and forgetful of all his "naughty words" in dispraise of College periodicals, he commeneeth with the Editor's Table and advanceth backward till he has finished the beginning.

Especial gratitude we owe you, kind friends, for the cheering words with which our appearance was greeted, and for the cordial grasp of sympathy extended to the luckless five to whose inexperienced hands our Amherst bantling has been entrusted. To these we would reply "as strangers yet not afraid : " for though not personally acquainted with a single member of your glorious Quintumvirate, we know that those who have alike gone through the toils and troubles of a College editorship,—heard a furnishing devil cry for *Copy*,—listened to the cutting criticism of Sophomore and Freshman,—stood by when one's own favorite effort was called a disgrace to the magazine,—and perhaps seen a monthly increasing balance on the *wrong* side of the Publisher's books,—men, we say, who have alike learned thus "to suffer and be *sworn at*," could not long be strangers together. We would, therefore, brethren, that we might welcome you, one or all, in our humble editorial sanctum, and see the five pair of editorial boots beneath our (imitation) mahogany. But an ye come not suddenly, ere the glorious Plantations with which a whole-souled friend and whilome denizen of New Haven hath blessed us be vanished, we warn you to forget not *those* tribucos : for if ever there were a place cut off from benefit of tobacco, and condemned to oak-leaves and skunk-cabbage for ever, it is this dear, quiet, extramoral, intemperately temperate little cabbage-garden of an Amherst.

Furthermore be not angry with us if we follow a good example and appropriate from your pages what has cost the various members of our editorial force but-tions innumerable, and three pairs of "gallowsees."

" THE COLLEGE BELL."

De gustibus non est disputandum.—HORACE.

THE FRESHMAN.

It ringeth, it ringeth—the matin bell—
And biddeth us drink from the crystal well,
From the crystal well and the sparkling fount,
That glimmers on Learning's rock-based mount,
O'er valley and meadow and sun-lit dell
It ringeth, it ringeth, the matin-bell.

THE SOPHOMORE.

It ringeth, it ringeth! Confound the bell,
For the morning is dark as a hermit's cell,
And Tutors alone from their slumbers creep,
Their consciences trouble them: *they* can't sleep.
I'm tired and weary—I don't feel well,
Yet up I must get. O! blast that bell!

The author of this delectable morsel winds up with the chant of a Senior to whom

" Their tones have lost their magical spell :"

but to us luckless Seniors of Amherst, condemned by a booky-hearted Faculty to morning recitations on Constitutional Jurisprudences (Caramba! how it sets our teeth on edge to think of it!) such strains would be like Yankee Doodle in Dartmoor prison, or Crambambuli to a man out of tin, credit, and—the other. Our feelings are more truly described in the following extract from an atrocious parody, which bears upon its very face the marks of having been perpetrated in morning prayers.

* * * * *

" Not with coat, nor with jacket he covered his breast,
Nor with kerchief nor waistcoat he bound him,
But came like a Freshman just started from rest,
With his old plaid-cloak around him.

Not half his heavy task was done,
When the bell began to peal it,
And to get into prayers before they begun
He knew that he'd have to *heel it*!

Few and short were the strokes that remained,—
Ere the last alarm was done,—
He swore not an oath,—not a word he complained
But he bitterly thought of the *run*.

He thought how the monitor'd mark him down,
And Professor S. upbraid him,
But little he'd cared, had they let him sleep on
In the bed where last night he laid him.

Cetera desunt et non desiderantur.

We are sincerely obliged also to the Linnæan Association of Pennsylvania College for a copy of their "Literary Record and Journal." We have perused its really valuable articles with care, and though disappointed not to find a few words at least dated from the Editorial Chair—to us the most interesting portion of every College magazine,—yet we derived not a little both of entertainment and instruction from its pages. We should be glad to see it again.

To a friend we are indebted for a copy of the Nassau Literary Magazine: a beautiful periodical which we should be right glad to place upon our list of exchanges.

These are all the College periodicals of whose actual existence we are aware: but wherever there are others conducted by students' hands and speaking students' feelings, we would extend them a most hearty invitation to the acquaintance of our Indicator.

To the editor of the "Literary American," of New York City, also, we would express our obligation for his kindness in exchanging.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Death of Harrison" is a theme too startlingly novel for our sober pages. Oscar had better keep it till another President dies.

"The Man of Uz" with his

"Respected family of ancient days,"

is not the man for us. Job was rather a patient man than otherwise: but we think he *would* have sworn, if he had been set to read the sixty-two lines of the blankest sort of verse, in which L. F. singeth most dolefully his praises.

We will not injure * * * 's chance for the hand and heart of "C. L." by inserting the doggrel he has addressed to her, save the first verse, which is unique:

"Oh tell me not Cornelia dear
A sadness gathers round thy heart,
As anxiously 'mid hope and fear
You tremble lest you may impart
Some bitter cup in thoughtless haste,
To him whose joy and life are past (paste would be better
rhyme, and not affect the sense materially.)
If words all cold as th' icy pole
E'er from thy lips shall strike his soul."

"The early dead" are buried. Requiescant in pace.

"Jottings Down" are on file for insertion.

The anonymous gentleman who sent us a polite note from Prov. R. I., in ecrable poetry, complaining that he had not received the three last numbers of the Indicator, shall have them if he will send his name: we cannot "guess" what one of our subscribers would be guilty of such doggrel.

"Reminiscences of Quodville, No. III," came too late for the present number.

"Amherst and Amherst people" belies its pretended origin, by the plain marks of a *feminine* hand. "Gal-le, quid insanis?"

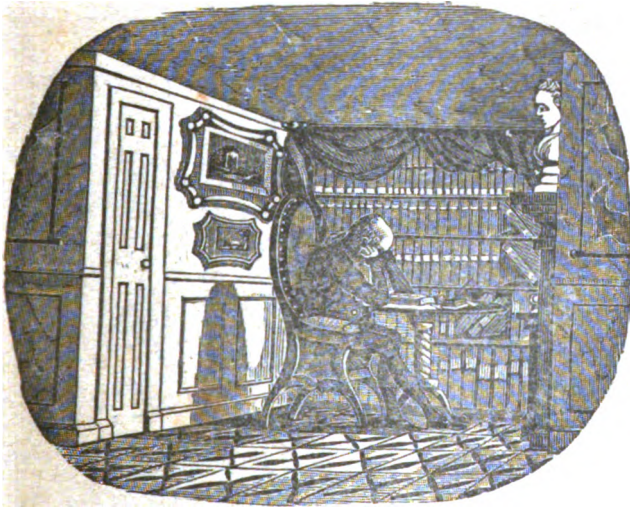
THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

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VOL. I. NO. VIII.  
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"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Comper.*

MARCH, 1849.

~~~~~  
AMHERST.  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.  
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCXLIX.

NOV 7 1923

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# THE INDICATOR

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VOL. I.

MARCH 1849.

No. 8.

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## VINDICATION OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

Karr.

THE bright and fair in the material world, bring gladness to the beholder, and around the holy and pure of the better land cling the sympathies of the heart; but the jubilee of Reason is in the investigation of Law. If taken in its most extended sense, comprehending modes of existence as well as modes of operation; without limiting the great I AM, it has a back eternity co-extensive with His. And these modes of operation have an intrinsic value, apart from the fact of their being the media through which infinite power operates. These highways of the Eternal mind, when once chosen by Him who changes not, become Eternal as their author; and on each of them Omniscience has stamped its seal, that of all others, "this is *the* way!" The laws of Nature are means worthy of Him who employs them, and of His great designs; and the eye that cannot gaze upon the dazzling Sun of Truth, may learn its beauty in these, its bright reflections. That human laws have a common origin and are members of the same family with these, their imperfection does not disprove. Though born on the one side of the mother Earth, they have on the other, like the heroes of old, a parentage divine; and the principles on which they are based, are discovered by that Reason, which is the same in God, in angels and in men. If man lived alone, or if Earth were one vast Eden undefiled by sin, the law of Paradise would perhaps be all sufficient. But he *does* live among his kind; and Paradise is behind and beyond life's wilderness; and it is to this social and imperfect state that human law is adapted. It throws its protecting arms round us in our infancy and respectfully obeys our wishes in the

last farewell to Earth. Gently, but firmly, it fastens that 'silken tie that binds two willing hearts,' and then, round the domestic altar and the marriage bed, stands a bulwark and a sentinel. It secures to us our rights; it redresses our wrongs; favoring us not in prosperity, it despises us not in adversity; and thus is indulgent to none, yet friendly to all.

To claim that the machinery of our legal system is perfectly adapted to its design and exactly correct in its working would be ascribing perfection to the work of man; but its approach towards perfection will be admired by every liberal mind, which can appreciate the difficulties in its progress. That common Law whose free spirit breathes alike in the relics of the times of the Plantagenets and the Revised Statutes of our own states; and whose gratitude to the freemen who made it, is shown in the freemen it has made, is but composed of 'statutes worn out by time,'—statutes which, though dead to their legal force, yet speak with great moral power to every age; and those statutes, the work of successive generations of lawyers, are themselves the noblest vindication of the legal profession. If the English Barons laid the foundations of liberty and law in Magna Charta, and from age to age the English Commons have battled in their defence, yet to those great men, who have silently reared the superstructure, its strength and symmetry and value are chiefly due. If, in our own land, a willing army gathered round their chief, and through great disasters marched at length to victory; yet from the lawyers of the Revolution came the call to the great crusade; and Anarchy had taken the place whence Tyranny had just been driven, but for the successful efforts of the Constitutional Convention; the Joshua, that just as night was hurrying on, bade the sun of Freedom "*stand on the mountains of Gibeon*;" and it has stood ever since, and will stand, till the Tribes of Earth shall have fought the great battle, and with shouts of victory entered the long promised land.

To the usefulness and importance of the legal profession, their works testify; and in the mad whirlwinds of so-called Reform, the sneers of sarcasm and the chills of prejudice, *these* are an all-sufficient covert from the storm. We propose a brief notice of some of the common prejudices against the Profession.

That the great principles of Legal science are as simple, and as easy of comprehension as those of any other science, no man who is familiar with them, will deny. But in the application of them to the endless variety of circumstance, restrictions and exceptions become ne-

cessary, and hence the complication, the contradiction and the obscurity which have been a butt for the shafts of satire, and burden of the lament of pseudo-philanthropists and overwise world-changers. We are pointed to the contrast in the noble simplicity of the great moral law, which in ten brief commands, provides for every emergency and is equally adapted to all circumstances. But does even this perfect rule point out to every man, in every position, his duty? Has Reason no work to do, in order to determine what cases lie within its provisions? But the infinite advantage of this Law, speaking directly to the source of action over which it can assume no such authority, is at once apparent. As the latter does not command, simply, what is right in every man's eyes, but what shall or shall not be done by every man as a member of society, it must of course define the extent of its requirements and prohibitions; and must embrace the endless variety of circumstances, and provide for all the social relations of life. If we consider, also, that its officers are not omniscient, and must decide upon facts from the testimony of erring, and too often, deceitful men, we see from whence arises the necessity of a legal profession, and may learn the justness of that oft repeated sentiment, that its members are a necessary evil. The evil is in human nature, and the lawyer is a necessary evil just as the preacher is, whose business is with a heart corrupted, and as the physician is, who has to do with a diseased body, and no otherwise.

It would be strange, if, in the determination of nice questions, different minds should not come to different conclusions; and thus one set of men sometimes undo the work of another. "To err is human;" and the Professors of this science claim no exemption from the universal law. But, perhaps in most, if not all the diverse decisions upon legal points, it will be found that the previous opinions of the bench or bar have been necessary to the ultimate discovery of the truth. But, however this may be, it is certain that the number of defeats and disappointments resulting from the unsettled state of some legal questions bears no proportion to the number of those occasioned by false or colored statements of facts, made by excited clients. And this much for the "glorious uncertainty" of the Law, and the discord and disagreement of the Profession.

It is impossible but that the Law, which comes home so directly to men's business and bosoms, should sometimes be made a channel for their angry passions and the bar become an arena, where hatred and revenge spur on the champions. But the business of the advocate is

to obtain justice for his client, and he is not to be charged with fomenting disputes, if the means to this end happen to be those which best serve the purposes of malignant passions. You point exultingly to some peaceful spot, whose harmony is undisturbed by the presence of any limb of the law ; but, remember that this harmony is the result of mutual love. Where this is wanting, disputes need no nursing for their growth. We do not find, in communities where the sword and the battle mace are the only advocates, that these have any lack of employment in settling differences between man and man.

It often happens, that, in cases where great interests are at stake, fees, which seem to bear no proportion to the labor or time expended, are received by advocates. But the men employed in cases, are generally those, whose talents or acquisitions entitle them to such rewards, as much as an inheritance of lands or a hard earned fortune give right to their fruits, and for the same reasons. But in the every day work of a Profession which is open to all, there will ever be enough of competition to make the fees proportionate to the just due of the performer of the labor and not to any factitious value of that labor ; and if the long years of preparation necessary to successful practice be taken into account, this proportion will be found no more than just.

It is plain, that the members of this Profession must ever be resorted to, when interests, too precious to be intrusted to unskilful hands, are at stake ; and are, from the nature of the Profession, a complete monopoly. But the laws, so much berated, which exclude from the bar, the unlicensed crowd, have been made, not so much for the protection of the bar, as to save the time and patience of the bench from being completely exhausted, by the intermeddling of some bungler.

We have hardly time to notice that sweeping charge, that the heart of the Profession is steeled against pity, and has no sympathy with the unfortunate ;—that, an honest lawyer, is a contradiction ; and that the life-springs of his efforts are mercenary.

There is a set, to whom the charges apply most truly. They would wring from the widow the last remnant of an once ample possession ; and coolly smile at the sorrows of one whom they have stripped of his patrimony, and turned upon a heartless world. But these are not lawyers ; they are not men. These things in human shape are found in every profession. As quacks, they deal in human life, and grow rich by the sale of their slow poisons. Even in the pulpit, they are

sometimes found, laying their harpy clutch on the consecrated bread, and breathing a moral pestilence over fondly credulous souls. But, nowhere are these pettifoggers more heartily detested, than in the Profession whose livery they have stolen. How it does one good to see one of them bloated with self-conceit, caught on the hip in a full court room, and lashed with the sarcasm of some justly indignant opponent.

Burke has said, "that there is no heart so hard as that of a thorough-bred metaphysician." If this be so, perhaps one cause may be, that the joys and sorrows of individuals appear small in the comparison to him, who is wrapt in the contemplation of great principles, which are either abstractions, or such as effect the weal or wo of mankind in the mass. It may be, that the lawyer finds consolation for the tears of the few in the grand design of a system, which seeks the greatest good of the greatest number, and whose chariot wheels must roll on, though opposing private interests are crushed beneath them. His is not a woman's heart, so finely strung, that the slightest breath of sorrow wakes the mournful strain, and the strong blast of affliction snaps the chords;—if it were, he could not perform his duty; but there is a fountain of feeling within, which can be stirred, and often the gushing stream will sweep jury and bench together from strongholds of prejudice, and carry them whither it will.

The dishonesty of the Profession, has long been a by-word. We simply ask, Where is the class of men to whom their fellows commit, with so little hesitation, their dearest interests? To the hands of the lawyer, are intrusted matters involving life and death, the saving of years of toil, or, priceless reputation, dearer than either; all committed to his skill and integrity. And is he actuated only by mercenary motives? "For the interests of his client," says one, "he is bound to sacrifice, even his own;" and often is this principle carried out, as by his fearless devotion to that client, he makes for himself powerful enemies. A daysman between the throne of Justice and the masses, and identified with that glorious system, whose object is the social happiness of man, the true lawyer ever magnifies his office, and seeks to fulfil his high mission.

The ambassador of heaven leads his charge, now to the blazing Sinai, the faint imagery of the sanctions of the Eternal Law; now he points them to the brighter, milder glories of Calvary; and now from the dark mountains of death directs their eye to the heavenly hills. The Lawyer in his capacity of Legislator and Judge has not the ar-

tillery of heaven to strike a terror of *coming* vengeance into the offender; but the weapons which he does wield, do instant execution, and bring up the crime and punishment together before the criminal. He cannot wipe out the stains of guilt, or quench the fire of remorse; —but as an advocate, he may often mitigate the sentence of erring weakness, and say with hope to the youthful criminal; “Go and sin no more.” It is not his, to tell the weary and afflicted of rest and endless joy; but to make the journey through this perilous land, safe, and as far as in him lies, pleasant.

And in those happy days, so sweetly sung by Israel’s poets, when Peace among the tribes of Earth, shall be as a river, and Righteousness as the waves of the sea, men will wander among the ruins of penal statutes, and complicated systems of real and personal property; and while, like the shepherds of north England, on the remains of some Roman wall, they deplore the violence of the times that made the defences necessary, they will yet admire the massive structure, and count the builders, friends of their forefathers.

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### FRAGMENTS.

THE darkness of night was around me. Fields had lost their beauty and woods their grandeur. Flowers were beneath my feet, but their delightful colors had fled: streamlets wound through the meadow before me, but their sparkling splendor and graceful motion were lost in the gloomy darkness. No sound of cheerfulness arose, for the dreadful gloom had hushed the voice of joy. The damp night wind alone was heard sighing mournfully as it passed; and anon the cry of some savage beast, like the shriek of a ghost, was borne through the darkness to my ears. The air was chilling and damp, and seemed laden with pestilence and death.

Ah why! I cried is Nature’s beauteous face thus hidden, and terrific gloom left to reign alone?

But while I complained, the morning came. Dewdrops glistened in the sun, and birds warbled in the trees. Nature seemed to be renewed, and to smile with unwonted loveliness. Then I blessed the night, that it made the day more glorious.

\* \* A fierce tempest was raging. Beasts sought shelter from its fury, and birds, mute with terror, fled to the deepest thicket. Fields of grain, the husbandman's dependence, yielded to the storm. Stately forest trees, that had been strengthening for centuries, were hurled to the ground, or blasted and riven by the lightning's stroke, while the whole forest rocked to and fro in the furious blast.

Alas ! I exclaimed, why is this dreadful ruin ? But while I murmured, the storm ceased ; the sun shone forth with increased splendor, the grain erected itself again, the fields were dressed in a richer verdure, the forest wore a more beautiful hue, the birds renewed their songs with sweeter melody, the air was fresh and pure and all Nature seemed inspired with new life. Then I was grateful for the storm because it made the sunshine more delightful.

\* \* \* I saw a pious soul, struggling on in the rough pathway of life. Oft was his way enveloped in darkness ; oft did the storm beat fiercely upon his head. Misfortune after misfortune overwhelmed him ; hope after hope fled. The world beheld him with cruel scorn ; and all, even his God, seemed to forsake him. Bitter was the cup of his affliction. He lingered a while in sadness, then with sighs and tears, sunk into the grave.

Oh why, I exclaimed, is the righteous forsaken, and left to perish in sorrow ?

But lo ! while I spoke, that sainted spirit had left the scene of its affliction, and risen to the realms of bliss : and methought, as it entered those shining portals, those very tears glistened with splendor in the sacred light, like the dewy pearls of the morning, and the rain-drops after the storm. I saw that the rude buffetings of life had only prepared it for the tranquillity of Heaven : " where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest." I murmured no more at the afflictions of the righteous, because they work out for them an eternal weight of glory.

OSCAR.

---

### A VESPER.

I come to Thee, whose sovereign voice  
Spake, and young Earth from chaos sprung,  
And o'er the uncreated void  
Ten thousand forms of beauty flung ;

To Thee, Creator God, whose hand  
 Divided darkness from the day,  
 Who gave the sun his glorious beam,  
 And lit the moon with milder ray.

'Tis meet that I should come to Thee,  
 Great Architect and Sire of all !  
 Thy praise is tuned by angel lips,  
 Yet Thou dost watch the sparrow's fall ;  
 Thy hand hath pencilled every flower,  
 Tinted with gold the insect's wings,  
 Hath framed these wondrous minds of ours,  
 And fashioned all their secret springs.

THOU ART SUPREME ! Archangels bow  
 In holy reverence before Thee !  
 Seraphs cast down their golden crowns,  
 And on celestial chords adore Thee !  
 Pure is the offering *they* bring.  
 But when *I* bow before Thy throne,  
 The taint of earth is on my lips,  
 And mingles with my spirit's tone.

Father ! Forgive this wandering heart,  
 Which still to this world fondly clings,  
 Too prone to bow at other shrines,  
 Far from the shadow of Thy wings—  
 Oh, earth hath much wherewith to tempt,  
 To lure the spirit back from Thee,  
 To bind the soul that fain would soar—  
 Forgive this vain idolatry !—

Forgive the gathering mist that now,  
 Even while I pray, comes stealing o'er me !  
 Forgive that earthly images  
 Rise with beguiling charm before me !  
 Oh, tune my heart for purer strains,  
 To join the anthem of that throng,  
 Whose souls are free from guilty stains,  
 Who raise in heaven a holy song !

MY LEISURE HOURS. *Hammond.*

## II.

To go through life with credit and comfort, a man requires a deep conviction of two facts: First, what a fool he himself is: and Second, that other people are as great fools as he is. The former he needs, to keep him from vanity, especially if he has talents to set off his folly: which talents may exist either in his own brain, or as full often is the case, in the imagination of fond parents and friends. Without it, he will make but a sorry figure in the eyes of others: being a fool *per se*, as all men are to some extent, and a fool also for not knowing it, he will be twice as much of a fool as if he had discovered his original failing and made the most of it. The effects of this ignorance are shown most strikingly in young poets, maiden ladies above thirty, and unmetaphysical Seniors: for it is a fact unaccountable in Psychology, that while he who *fizzles* on anything else is most keenly aware thereof, the more abstruse the point of mental science that the wretch is mangling, the deeper his conviction that he is performing a perfect "rush." *Experto crede*. We will not enlarge on a point so universally admitted as our first rule: every body will assent to it at once, and give you a dozen examples, among his friends, who ought to profit by it.

The other we hold to be equally important, and for our comfort even more so. A man who is not deeply impressed with it, will borrow a deal of needless trouble and embarrassment. He sees a thousand little awkward things in his own conduct which others do not, and which he himself does not observe in others, though as really existing there. He is even more likely to strain above his natural level than the vain man: because he gives others credit for advantages they do not possess, and strives to affect the same himself. He is constantly in fear that somebody is laughing at *his* follies, without knowing that all the rest have as many of their own to take care of. In the smallest details of society, he is kept always uncomfortable by the constant sense that he is the *only* one embarrassed. He is in continual dread lest his hair or his shirt collar are disordered, though he never thinks of noticing such a thing in his neighbor. Every dreadful pause in the conversation seems to hang particularly on *his* shoul-

ders, as his own personal responsibility. If he has to cross the open floor, he feels that all eyes are upon him : let ten people do this at an ordinary party, and at least nine shall severally wish that they could do it as easily as the rest. If anybody attacks him with railleury, he torments himself with the idea that his opponent can never be so hard pushed for a repartee as he sometimes is. If he meets a man distinguished by station or talent, he can hardly move, speak, or breathe in his presence, never dreaming that the *lion* is probably watching with equal anxiety to see whether he sustains his reputation in the eyes of this stranger. Two people of this self-distrustful sort, especially if of different sexes, will keep each other in misery a whole evening, and that repeatedly : while if either had the courage to dispatch conventionalities, and speak out him or herself, even on casual subjects, in five minutes they would be as much at ease as old acquaintances.

Sometimes the evil effects of such feelings upon the character are much more serious. Those who are afflicted with these in an extreme degree, never have an opinion not grounded upon the *ipse dixit* of Somebody, who in all likelihood, borrowed or stole it from Somebody else. So they hang to each other's heels, like the Irishmen in the old story : and like them, when the top one lets go, "to spat in his hands." down comes the whole chain. In fine, were I seeking a rule which should insure its possessor ease in society, and independence in sentiment, I would choose this : Impress yourself deeply, sincerely, improvingly with the conviction, that others are as great fools as yourself !

I remember an old story, not inapplicable here, told of a man who with few early advantages became Governor of a New England Colony, and led her councils with success during all the stormy times that followed the fall of Andros. When old Governor Bull first made up his mind to study law, he feared lest his courage should fail him when he came to address a learned court. So he betook himself to his garden ; and placing five cabbage heads in one row for the judges, twelve in another for the jury. he proceeded with his harangues. After some practice in this way, he summoned resolution enough to enter upon his profession : "and I soon found" said he, in telling the story, "the same cabbage-heads in court, that I had left in my garden."

---

Words are called the signs of thought : too often they are only the substitutes for it.

Who has not heard of the good old Puritan deacon who listened all one long summer's afternoon to the wordy nothings of a new fledged parson, but who could not refrain at the close from "lifting up his voice" in this wise: "Peas in a bladder, brethren, peas in a bladder: no food for my soul to-day!" If we always spoke our true sentiments, how often would sermon, and speech, and poem be followed by a chorus of "peas in a bladder, brethren, peas in a bladder!"

With this story for a text, we dreamed once—either asleep or awake—a most singular dream. Apollo had enacted, by and with the advice and consent of the Muses, that henceforth all speeches not worth remembering, should be inaudible. On a sudden the world seemed to be struck dumb. Large and brilliant parties became hushed in an instant: convivial gatherings, composed of the brightest geniuses of the land, that were but now re-echoing with jest and laughter, grew silent as the grave, but for the clink of glasses, or the merry *pop* of the cork. I went to call on some ladies, distinguished for sprightly wit, and I met there the most polished and entertaining men in fashionable society: but the conversation was carried on in dumb show. I went to a ladies' benevolent sewing-circle; for the first time in my life I saw the ladies at work, and *silent*. True, their tongues ran unceasingly, from sheer habit, but sound there was none. I went to hear the famous new American tragedy: it was all a pantomime. I entered a beautiful new church, the most admired pattern of the American order of architecture: an order, which, as the name of Composite is already appropriated, may not inaptly be styled the Conglomerate. A popular preacher was in the desk: you might know him at a glance as such, for his hair was brushed up in the most approved style, and his coat was the *chef d'œuvre* of a fashionable tailor: the hand so negligently displayed, was elegantly white, and faultless in form, and the handkerchief he flourished, was of the finest cambric. In a voice of exquisite modulation he announced his text, audibly; for it was "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance." Thrice he smoothed his sermon leaves, thrice he waved his handkerchief; but speechless he stood, and speechless he remained. You could *see* the sermon progress, by the judiciously timed enthusiasm in the preacher's action; but as for *words*, you might as well have "sat at meeting" with Friends. I went to a great mass meeting: a distinguished orator was convincing the crowd by most cogent—gesticulations; at last a single sentence became audible; it was a quotation. Finally I visited Washington. Here, the change was indeed marvellous. The new Presi-

dent informed me with an air of infinite glee, that he hoped to make his cabinet mind their own business now, and no longer bother him with endless palaver, about what none of them understood. I entered Congress. Upon the floor a very animated discussion was going on in dumb show. I could not help manifesting some astonishment at a debate in which neither party knew what the other was talking about; but I was assured that it had long been a common occurrence, even when both sides were perfectly audible. Most of the business was carried on in writing, and this seemed conducive to dispatch, for the members were too lazy to write long speeches, and wanted the paper with which they had furnished themselves at public expense, to write electioneering letters home. Mr. Calhoun had all his arguments for the season, written on the back of the ace of hearts; and the Hon. member by his side, had compressed a speech of nine hours' length, into two syllables,—*Buncombe!*

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Lowell, or whoever else wrote the "Fable for Critics," has given us two most felicitous phrases in

"Literature suited to desolate Islands,"  
and

"Such books as one's *wrecked on* in small country taverns."

How peculiarly expressive the latter is! To us in particular it brings up one gloomy day in a certain village not a hundred miles hence, when our only alternative was to watch the pouring rain, or to peruse the *New England Gazetteer*, *Walker's Dictionary* or *Southey's Poems*. We confess that most of our knowledge of the latter author, as well as of *James's* and *Miss Bremer's* innumerable novels, and *Charlotte Elizabeth's nondescript* writings was gained under similar circumstances.

But why may not the same way of classifying books be carried a great deal further? Some are to be read of a summer's afternoon under a green tree, by the side of some brook that may make

"sweet music to our thinking"

Such are *Proverbial Philosophy*, and *Keats*, and the more serious poems of *Willis*, and the *Diary of Lady Willoughby*. Others are for long dark days, when there is nothing to distract the attention: at such times only would we counsel the reader to undertake any of *Mr. Hallam's Histories*, or *Whewell's works*, or *Mr. Wordsworth's Excursion*:

Some, like Day's Mathematics, should be taken in small doses, before breakfast: others again—and first of these Childe Harold—can be read aright only of a clear Autumn day, upon the cliffs of the seashore, or among mountains. Longfellow's Poems, we have almost by heart, and would not read at all: they were meant to be repeated by friend to friend

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
When like phantoms grim and tall  
Shadows from the tiful fire-light,  
Dance upon the parlor wall."

The theory might be carried still farther. We may be whimsical in this, but we have always cherished a lurking belief that the body has more share than we usually give it credit for in our intellectual operations. There is too, a sort of *fitness* linking our accustomed authors with particular localities or even postures. We would no more think of reading Hyperion in the same position that we do Edwards on the Will, than we would of entertaining a lady acquaintance with an analysis of the last named work, or quoting the former to Prof. ——— in the recitation room. And, speaking of recitation—why might not this matter be reduced to a science, and applied to practical purposes, in facilitating College studies? Were we to commence our course again we would certainly try the experiment: as it is, we throw out these hints for the benefit of any Freshman that chooses to apply them.

For mathematical studies we would have an old-fashioned chair, such as are rarely seen in these degenerate days of lounges, divans, and Boston Rockers. Its back should be perpendicular, and every one of its angles a right angle. The more it resembled a pillory, the better: and upon reflection, we are not sure that we could recommend anything more appropriate for Euclid and Conic Sections than a *bona fide* pillory, with a *supplement* to keep the head from nodding, (N. B. *Not* the *supplement* to Euclid by any means!) Demosthenes should be read standing: we would as lief prose over Anthon's Greek Reader, if we could not "strike an attitude" at every glorious passage, and fling our arms abroad in gesticulation, as we were wont in our Sophomore days, to the great astonishment, and sometimes personal inconvenience of our peaceful chum. Horace is the only author of the first two years whom we should deem it advisable to read in an easy chair. But for *him*, throw yourself into its capacious embrace

"ligna super foco  
Large reponens"

—stir them up till they blaze and crackle like the logs of his own Algidus: and since in these days of reform the old Falernian or its modern counterparts would scarce be admitted as a part of college discipline, supply its place by fragrant coffee: then, verily, and not till then, shall you read the jovial bard aright—Livy and Tacitus,—and the magnificent periods of Gibbon, too—we would fain read in the Coliseum itself, or among the mouldering arches that support the Appian way: but since that is impossible, imagination must supply the scene. How different will Roman History seem to him who merely yawns over the half-translated page, and to him who bids every gorgeous description rise up before his mind's eye in all the hues of reality: who sees the legions pass by to the conquest of distant provinces, or watches the Carthaginian toiling his way through the distant Alps, or gazes upon

“The wheels of triumph,  
Which with their laureled train,  
Drive slowly up the shouting streets,  
To Jove's eternal fame.”

Every lesson in the Memorabilia should be preceded by washing your face and putting on a clean shirt; there is an air of moral purity in every word that you will otherwise fail to appreciate. Plutarch should be read, as it usually is read, almost any way you can, barring a pony; but we are not sure that a split stick, applied to the end of the nose, would not have a tendency to keep the mind on kindred subjects. As for Homer, he who learns to read him in his college course will achieve a great work, and one that very few do accomplish. If you would do this, dispense as soon as you may with Damm and Liddell, *et id genus omne*, and go forth to read your lesson over and over again, in the woods. No matter if it be winter. The stately march of the Greek Hexameter will accord well with the roaring of the winter winds among the naked branches: and beneath your feet lie heaped “the leaves that have fallen from year to year, as fall the generations of men.”

So much for so far: on Senior studies we may enlarge at some future time. We will only add now, that if your college course includes an Editorship of the Indicator, eschew the easy chair, and everything else that is easy, and supply yourself, by way of seat, with a *forked stick, well sharpened*.

## THE DEPARTED.

THEY have gone—they have gone—Oh tell me where,  
 With the golden gleam of their wavy hair,  
 With the sunny smile and the flashing eye,  
 And the laugh that floated like music by,  
 And the bounding step and the graceful form,  
 And the heart that ever was true and warm.

I have searched by the lone deserted hearth,  
 But the place is left of their youthful mirth,  
 I have culled in the wood and shady glen,  
 Till echo has brought back the tone again,  
 I have sought 'mid the living—they are not there—  
 They have gone—they have gone—oh tell me where?

I have looked in the cell of my lonely heart,  
 And have seen them one by one depart.  
 I have called them back with a mournful tone,  
 But my soul is sad—for they all have gone—  
 And I know that their bright and youthful bloom,  
 Is withering fast in the mildewed tomb.

They have passed away from the lonely earth,  
 And hushed is the tone of their childhood's mirth,  
 And the flowery dells that their feet have pressed,  
 Are now unbroke of their silent rest—  
 The scenes they have left have grown less fair,  
 They have gone—and ye may not tell me where.

## SPIRIT VOICES.

*Spirit Voices! Spirit Voices!*

They are singing to me now,  
 And my wayward soul rejoices  
 With their music sad and low.

*Van Landt,*

For it tells of the departed,  
Like sweet echoes of a chime,  
Whose silvery bells are broken  
By the iron hand of Time.

But the blow of the destroyer,  
Though it shatters, may prolong  
The notes it sends all quivering  
To the dreary Land of Song.

And the memory of loved ones,  
Will swell within the heart  
When Life's golden Hope is broken  
And its harp-strings torn apart

*Spirit Voices! Spirit Voices!*  
They will often sing to me,  
When the drifting sun is sinking  
Like a golden ship at sea.

When the little stars rise upward,  
The broad cloud-waved sky to deck,  
As twinkling foam wreathed bubbles,  
Dance over a found'ring wreck.

*Spirit Voices! Spirit Voices!*  
When Life's fire light flickers dim,  
They'll be chanting, ever chanting  
To my soul a Vesper Hymn.

Till an Angel leads it slowly,  
Meekly going hand in hand  
To the portals of the holy  
And the blessed *Spirit Land*.

EGO!!!

## JOTTINGS DOWN.

J28142.

"Whims, fancies, semi-intuitions, embryo-conceptions."—CHARLES LAMB.

## IV.

"HISTORY," somebody has said, "is a stupendous lie." We are not prepared to admit the whole of this charge, but there is too much reason for it, nevertheless. We cannot believe that all which history relates is false, but we are equally unable to entertain the conviction that all its statements are true. There may be, and there doubtless is much truth in history, but just as truly are some of its pages only records of lies. The historian has too frequently mistaken the true object of history, and has palmed off upon us his own warped and one-sided views, while his only business should have been to give us a candid statement of the several facts, just as they occurred. Perfection, we do not expect to find in any man, and we ought not to look for it in the historian,—but we do expect, and we have a right to demand, that he should lay aside his prejudices and give us a record of men and things as they are;—that he should give things their right names and not call that true which anything but the mere circumstances in which he happens to be placed, would show him to be false. If he cannot do this, he had better let the matter alone entirely. We had rather remain in ignorance of the truth than to know only what is false. Justice moreover to the actors in the scenes of which he treats requires him to be silent concerning them or else give us only the true part which they played. This may be a hard matter and it is rarely done, but it is what we have a right to expect from every one who undertakes to chronicle the doings of the age in which he lives. The historian should place himself in the situation of the men whose characters he would delineate, and must try to think as they thought and to feel as they felt, so that the picture which he holds up to our view may be a living scene from life's drama where the real actors are moving and acting out their parts just as they did act when they lived and moved among men.

The oversight of this principle is exhibited in the history of Charles V. and more particularly in the accounts which have come down to us

of the life and times of the great Protector. Who that reads the early histories of Cromwell;—that sees this great apostle of toleration loaded down with all the odium which narrow-minded bigotry could heap upon him,—that beholds age after age reverencing the tales which his enemies have put forth in their bitter malice and prejudice, and will not say that history with all her sober statements, may yet grossly belie the characters of which she treats. If history has not held out to our view a false character of Cromwell, then we know not what a false character is. His enemies who hated him, simply because he was right and they were wrong;—his enemies who unburied his bones and vented their rage upon his senseless corpse;—his enemies, who during his life, had trembled at the bare mention of his name—these are they who have given the world its histories of Oliver Cromwell.

They have ventured to call Oliver Cromwell a hypocrite and a liar;—they have branded him as an apostate and a usurper,—they have heaped upon him all the odium that could rest upon narrow minded bigotry and low ambition; while some have dared to name him a weak man, raised up to fill an important place by the force of circumstances. These are the Englishman's histories of one of the purest and the greatest souls that ever honored England as its birth place. These are their views of the character of a man, who two hundred years ago, ran a conquering career almost unsurpassed in history;—of a man from whose one solitary mind went forth a power which changed the destinies of England and brightened the history of the world; of a man who gave an onward impulse to human freedom and sped the cause of toleration more than all the hosts that had lived and died before him;—of a man, who, when England was tottering with anarchy and confusion, made her interests the object of his untiring energy, and took her up on his strong arms and carried her, till he placed her first among the nations of the earth. This is Cromwell; this is the Puritan Round-head, who has been reviled and ridiculed almost without exception, by historians down to the present time. But we do not intend to attempt to justify the Protector, we did not intend to write so much upon the subject when we took up our pen. Cromwell needs not our justification, nor that of any one. He justifies himself. His letters and speeches on religious subjects, are perfect jewels in their way. "They are" says Carlyle, "coruscations terrible as lightning and beautiful as lightning from the innermost temple of the human soul, intimations still credible of what a hu-

man soul does mean when it believes in the Highest." They show a genial warmth dwelling ever in the heart of the stern old Puritan, and tell us that though he was at times terrible as the lion, he could yet be meek and gentle as the lamb. They are like a gleam of sunshine, resting upon the bosom of the thunder cloud, lighting up the dark birth-place of the tempest and making it smile with its own heaven born radiance.

## V

Reader have you ever seen the Princess? Not Adelaide, nor Alice Maud Mary, nor any of those in whose veins the blood royal is now coursing, do we mean;—no, but Tennyson's Princess,—his story of the fair Ida who lived in days of barbarism years ago, when it was maintained,

—"that, with equal husbandry  
The woman were an equal to the man."

We suppose you have seen it, perchance read it, if so, what think you of it? Metaphysical young ladies have pronounced it "vewy nice;"—lispng young gentlemen have laid down the book and exclaimed "thplendid,"—the "nice young man" who waits on old ladies to "lectures" and "negro educational meetings,"\* has called it the revival of true poetry;—the critics have chuckled over it and praised it to the highest heaven, while edition after edition sold off in rapid succession, has bid fair to make the fortunes of the booksellers by its frequent reprisals upon the pockets of this reading age. Every body spoke highly of it, and so we got the book. Unlike Sydney Smith, we read it before we once thought of reviewing it, and having read it, our feelings were as we shut up its pages—disappointment unmitigated. At first, we were impatient of the slow work which the *ivory* made in separating the leaves, but we soon felt no disposition to hurry it. As for poetry, it is our opinion that the specimens of it are few and far between in the Princess. It professes to be a medley, and so it is, but a medley of the "blankest sort of verse" with the tamest kind of poetry.

But we do not propose to review the book in these "Jottings Down"—far from it. It has been reviewed already times innumerable, and we are not at all anxious to add to the number of useless

\*Vide Nat. Hist. of Borea.

words upon the subject. We simply beg leave to differ from almost all the rest of the world in our opinion of Alfred Tennyson. We believe that he is very far from being among the first poets in our language, and a careful perusal of his works has firmly established us in this opinion. The Princess, which has been lauded as the best of his poems, we venture to say, did it come from a nameless poet in our country, would never be republished the other side of the water. If we may say it, Tennyson has talent as a poet, but we cannot see where he has exhibited much genius. At least if he have the poetic spark, the divine afflatus has never yet kindled it into a living flame. He has fancy—all his poems are fanciful enough, but a rich, glowing imagination, a power to soften and subdue the soul, a skill to move the finest feelings of the human heart,—where are they? Truly we have never seen them in Alfred Tennyson's poems. We are not going to stop now to inquire into the secret of his popularity, but to us it's the easiest thing in the world. His poems, so to speak, "*jibe in*" with the spirit and tendencies of the age, and while they have not originality enough to strike out into a new channel, they have *lightness* sufficient to keep them on the top of the popular current. There is, moreover, just *fog* enough about them to make them look wonderful to the multitude and so the gaping crowd gulp them down and with infinite relish swallow the "unbolted grist, husks and all." It is an easy thing, O unsuspecting reader, to be popular, and the author of the Princess has shown us this. That dreamer of all dreamers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, most gravely asserts in a review of Wordsworth, that there are but two poems of the present century which will survive, and Reader, who do you think are the authors of these. As we live, they are Leigh Hunt and Alfred Tennyson. Whew-w-w.!

We wish that we could follow the usual custom here, and as we offer our belief, say "we present it with *diffidence*," but of this useful commodity, we hav'ent a bit, and so Reader you must take our opinion of Tennyson just as it is, for the better or worse, even though you should find it as the Dutchman did his wife—"all worse and no better."

## VI

A student and admirer of Dr. Brown, once asked a lady what she thought of his master's metaphysics. "There is too much poetry in

them," said she "to suit my taste." "But what do you think of his poetry," inquired the student. "Altogether too metaphysical for me," was the reply.

We agree with the lady—we never differ from the fair sex—especially in her second answer. Poetry in metaphysics we can swallow with tolerable ease, at least Dr. Brown's is quite passable, but metaphysics in poetry is *no go*. The transcendentalism of these metaphysical times, when it steps its foot within the domain of poetry, is profanity treading upon sacred ground. Poetic thought is a luminary, and poetry its own spontaneous radiance, which is only obscured and darkened by the clouds which some *quasi* poets throw around it. Poetry in its native state, is as clear as the light and as beautiful too. The "Emersonish," "Tennysonish," "Sophomorish," "foggish," *soi-disant* poetry is not poetry in anything but the name. Poetry is that which speaks to the inner sense of the human soul and can be better felt than described. When we see it, we look upon the smile of nature and feel that it is bright as a sunbeam; when we hear it, we listen to the voice of nature, and its whisperings are melodious as a strain of music. Poetry is, in fact, in most of its effects, like music, and the true poet is a musician who soothes or excites us, lulls us to repose, or rouses us up to action by the magic strains which he lets fall upon the ear. He knows how to bring out every tone which the "harp of a thousand strings" can sound, and as he sweeps its strange cords, at one time, we stand entranced at the soft breathings of the most bewitching harmony, and at another, start back and close our ears almost affrighted at the strange discord that sends its jarring tones through the soul;—now the notes rise and fall in the wildest, thrilling sounds, and now dying away in the most delightful melody, they come in the sweetest, gentlest tones upon the ear;—at one time, they are like the roar of the tempest as it sweeps along and tears up every thing that may oppose its way, and at another like the soft breeze as it gently whispers through the leaves of the forest or as we hear it when it softly kisses the violet or murmurs its tale of love to the blushing rose.

The ancients believed there was a spirit that dwelt in every thing that was beautiful, existing in every bubbling fountain, and rippling brook, and quivering leaf, and opening flower;—that it was heard in the whispering breeze, and seen in the glittering sunlight, and felt, in the overpowering solitude;—that it took up its abode wherever there was aught that was lovely to offer it an habitation, and that it sent out its

influence to soften and subdue the heart of every one who should come within the circle of its power? It was the spirit of the beautiful, said they, and they bowed before it and freely offered it their adorations. We call this indeed a fable, but who shall say that the poet may not find it almost a reality to his own soul? Who shall say that there may not be hours when he shall bow to an unseen influence, which steals upon his soul and kindles in him thoughts which he shall breathe upon the world in forms of poetry. It is such an influence that awakes within him—as says that truest poet, Wordsworth—

“A passion that disturbs him with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interpos’d  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting sun,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky and on the mind of man.”

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RATTER VAN. Briggs.

## A BALLAD.

[Concluded.]

## CIII

—Twas thus upon a summer evening  
Mid the ruins of the Rhine,  
That I listened to the legend  
Of the weirdsome olden time.

## CIV

And the twilight slowly deepening  
Quivered with a thousand stars,  
Throbbing thro' her conscious bosom,  
Mid the long clouds' level bars.

## CV

And a silence chill and ghastly  
Crushed my heart with lonely pain,  
While the Hermit paused, then crossing,  
Took his weary tale again.

## CVI

" Years passed on—throughout the Rhine-land  
Far the warlike trumpet pealed,  
Summoning each lord and vassal  
To the conflict's glorious field.

## CVII

" And the Baron wan and haggard  
With the curse upon his brain—  
Gasping as for life and freedom—  
Sought the field of war again.

## CVIII

" Deeming 'mid the maddening tumult  
That her voice would be unheard,  
Echoing thro' his heart's cold chambers  
Of each wildly pleading word.

## CIX

" Or perchance in madder moments  
When remorse grew dead in fear,  
And throughout the startled midnight  
Moans and wailings thrilled his ear.

## CX

" And amid the dusky glimmerings  
Of the curtains' heavy fold,  
Saw a face glare out upon him  
With its blue eyes fixed and cold.

## CXI

" Then he prayed that Death might greet him  
With its chill impassive hand,  
And he fled for peace and penance  
To the far off holy land.

## CXII

" Vainly 'midst the wildest onset  
Of the battle's thickest strife,  
Rushed the Baron with the burden  
Of his lost embittered life.

## CXIII

" Craving wildly death might free him  
From the ever present pain  
That with agony unceasing  
Worked like madness on his brain.

## CXIV

" Vainly—for the curse that bound him  
With its dark and withering spell,  
Throbb'd within his aching bosom  
Like the tolling of a bell;

## CXV

"Some deep bell that slowly tolling  
Throws a stillness on the air,  
Telling with its dull vibrations  
Of lost hope and wild despair.

## CXVI

"At length—at length one blessed evening  
When the Battle's strife was o'er,  
And the Baron's heart beat lightly  
'Neath the sacred wounds he bore:

## CXVII

"Wandering o'er the field of battle  
'Mid the wounded and the slain,  
Winning hopes of holy pardon  
By the sweet relief of pain.

## CXVIII

"Suddenly a low deep wailing  
Broke upon his listening ear,  
One deep voice of passionate fondness  
Mixed with broken sobs of fear.

## CXIX

"And he saw a fair young being  
Kneeling o'er a Moslem chief—  
With her arms clasped closely 'round him  
In the madness of her grief.

## CXX

"Wild sweet words in foreign accents  
Strangely thrilled his eager ear,  
While within his scorched eyeballs  
Sprang the first warm grateful tear

## CXXI

"And his inward spirit melted—  
As before the Virgin mild  
With clasped hands and earnest wonder  
Bows the spirit of a child.

## CXXII

"All to him unknown, unquestioned  
Was that strange yet sweet relief—  
And with eyes of love and pity  
Knelt beside the dying chief.

## CXXIII

"Gently from her arms he took him  
But he saw 'twas all in vain  
And with woman's tender instinct  
Gave him to her clasp again.

## CXXIV

"One mute look the chieftain gave him  
Then it turned on her—and died—  
And he clasped her slight form trembling  
By her slaughtered father's side.

## CXXV

"And her pleading eyes besought him  
With their warm and tearful glance,  
And he felt as if his spirit  
Slumbered in some blissful trance.

## CXXVI

"And from then the Turkish maiden  
Never left the Baron's side,  
Till the glad Knight bore her proudly  
To the Rhine-land as his bride.

## CXXVII

"These old walls so weak and broken  
Echoed with the revel's shout,  
And the air seemed gay with laughter  
As the merry peal rang out.

## CXXVIII

"Noble youths and gentle maidens  
Thronged the Baron's festal board,  
With light hearts and eyes that sparkled  
As the flashing wine was poured.

## CXXIX

"And the young bride with her dark eyes  
And her brow so purely fair,  
And the pale Syringa blossom  
Wreathed amid her raven hair;

## CXXX

"And the passion soft and tender  
Beaming in those downcast eyes,  
As her young heart seemed to tremble  
With love's tearful mysteries.

## CXXXI

"But those eyes so soft and tearful  
Beamed on eyes that beamed again,  
Flashing wildest love and passion  
For a young page 'mid her train.

## CXXXII

"And the night grew faint with watching  
As the revel lasted long—  
But the Baron stout and stalwart  
Quaffed the latest of the throng,  
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## CXXXIII

" By the hearth-stone's flickering embers,  
Sat the Baron, while his glance  
Seemed to picture all his future  
With , a gentle sweet romance.

## CXXXIV

" Suddenly a low dull wailing,  
Then a quick and hollow gust  
Rattled the stiff plates of armor  
Motionless with years and rust.

## CXXXV

" Then the chamber shook with shudders,  
And the lights burnt blue and wan,  
And there fell a strange misgiving  
On the heart of Ratter Van.

## CXXXVI

" Shadows 'gotten of the fire-light  
Danced along the chamber wall,  
Each one pointing with its finger,  
From the the drapery of its pall.

## CXXXVII

" And the Baron's heart sank fainting,  
While upon his lips the name  
Of the lost and murdered Clara  
Hovered like a burning flame.

## CXXXVIII

" Then the misty shadows gathering  
Changed and melted, while the cloud  
Seemed to bind a corpse-like figure  
With a ghastly wavering shroud.

## CXXXIX

" Thro' the tresses of the fair hair  
Shone those blue eyes' chilly light,  
Like the stars that sparkle coldly  
Thro' the wave-clouds of the night.

## CXL

" On its motionless still bosom  
Lay a blue and purple wound,  
While the dizzy air seemed dancing  
With a thousand gore-spots 'round.

## CXLI

" And the shrunk lips pale and parted  
Seemed to motion in the air—  
'Twas a dream of murdered Clara—  
And that motioned word—' Despair'!

## CXLII

—“ And that night in haste and madness  
Steeds were mounted in the stall,  
And the Baron's wild retainers  
Poured out from the Castle wall.

## CXLIII

“ For a rumor spread like terror,  
That the faithless bride had fled,  
With a fair young page who bore her  
From the Baron's nuptial bed.

## CXLIV

“ Over hill and over valley,  
Swept that wild and hurrying train—  
He must be a goodly rider  
Who can win her back again.

## CXLV,

“ Thro' the midnight fled the lovers  
Till the country side was won,  
And their trembling hearts were plighted  
E're the rising of the sun.

## CXLVI

—“ Years passed on—the weary pilgrim  
Resting 'mid these ruins hoar,  
Often met an old man wandering  
With his long beard silvered o'er.

## CXLVII

“ Muttering to himself and stopping,  
Then with wild and frenzied cry,  
Starting as his glaring eye-balls  
Saw some phantom passing by.

## CXLVIII

“ And the legend sayeth ever  
Mid the dark and stormy night,  
That an old man shrieks and kneeleth  
To a spectral form of white.

## CXLIX

“ Thus the legend of the Castle,  
Old and worn and sad and grey”—  
And I answered—but the Hermit  
Like the dream had passed away.

## CL

And I sat and sadly pondered  
O'er the pride and grief of man—  
While I treasured up this ballad  
Of the Baron Ratter Van.

CAYOS.

# H

## EDITORS' TABLE.

“Ω ποιοι ! η δη παισιν εοικότες αγορασθαι  
 ‘Ηπιαχοις.’”

NESTOR (Π. II. 337.)

“I said of mirth: *Who* doeth it?”

*Solomon, cum var. lec.*

“He crieth, Ha, ha.”

*Jbb.*

“I would that I were sleeping.”

*Motherwell, p. 127.*

*Eds. Ind. passim.*

Among all the “lost arts” of our forefathers, we regret none so much as we do the employment of *fairies*. The “little people” were the *fuctotums* of former ages, and all our machinery will not supply their place. These it was that watched over the gentle maiden, helping her into and out of love scrapes innumerable, which in these degenerate days the darlings have to manage themselves; these it was that assisted the chivalrous knight through adventures incredible, even unto the daily conquering of four and twenty giants, not one of whom but could have served the knight without this supernatural assistance, very much as their brother in Rabelais was wont to do;—put them in a hollow tooth until dinner time: these doubtless, (the fairies, we mean, and not the giants,) had Editors’ Tables been current in those days, would have been called on, in cases of special emergency, to write them.

Or if fairies be really and forever an “obsolete idea,” what a priceless treasure would be a bottle of Sam Weller’s “self acting ink!” This, at least, may be considered as in keeping with that most *ardent* of all spirits, just now, the “spirit of the age:” and as likely to be realized as the discovery of perpetual motion, the predictions of our country’s future greatness in Fourth of July orations, or the establishment of a true system of Metaphysics and Theology on the basis of Phrenology and Mesmerism. With such a friend as this, the life of an editor would be comparative Elysium; leaving others to toil on, racking their brains and blacking their fingers as we do now, we would rush into our biggest easy chair, put our Editorial boots on the top of the stove, and watch with supreme indifference or lazy curiosity the embodiment of brilliant ideas, soon to be recognized as our own, and to astonish our friends with the display of all the talent that we have hitherto been so successful in concealing. But unfortunately such ink is as far from actual existence as the other “*chateaux en Espagne*” above said: and pleasant as it may be to indulge in such visions for the while, it is “rather the other of the two” to awake and find the Table still unwritten, the end of the month approaching, and the “devil” not exactly to *pay*, but to choke, or in some other way to pacify. Of all such day-dreams, we may say, as did he who fell from the top of a steeple: “The comin’ down wasn’t so perticlerly onpleasant, but the *fetchin’ up* was!”

For some reason or other, all the aids or substitutes for writing that we ever heard or dreamed of have flitted before our eyes for this last half hour, while we

eat biting our nails, and wondering "what on earth to say." Dean Swift we think it is who tells of a notable project by which words uttered through a trumpet were to record *themselves*. Ah, if *this* were but so, dear Reader, what a nice cosy chat would we have of it: for we feel just in the mood for talking, and could hold forth unlimitedly. "There is a time for all things," and these bright Spring days are a time for social intercourse, and not for solitary study. In the short days and long evenings of winter, is the time to read, and meditate, and write; even Editors' Tables may be concocted then with comparative comfort, if you have but a bright fire and a tea-kettle, that sings, (like some of the College Choir,) through its nose, and last *and* least, in point of importance, *brains*. But now, when all about you is bright and beautiful;—when all Nature seems waking from her long slumber, and even the woodchucks come forth from their winter retirement;—in these pleasant Spring days, as we said before, we too cannot help feeling gregarious; we would fain throw aside the book and the pen, and roam through the green pastures and by the still waters of Freshman River, or sitting with some friend at our window, sweetly enjoy alike his confidence and his maple sugar.

But here we must cease our Jeremiad to hear with all deference the criticisms of many a Junior, Sophomore or Freshman critic, that throws down his book at the end of the last paragraph with "This man is a bore! Why don't he write an easy, off-hand chat, just as one would speak, and not take all this trouble that he complains of? If I were but Editor now!"—Softly, my dear young friend, softly! If you *were* Editor we don't doubt that you would do infinitely better than any of those who occupy now that post: but whether you would do all that you now imagine, is a question "not sufficiently ascertained." Never was there a greater misconception than exists as to the ease of this so called "off-hand" writing: never was a truer thing said than that in general "easy writing is confounded hard reading," and *v. v.* It's very *easy* to say, "write as you would talk:" but to *do* it? The stream of ideas that flows so freely in a friend's presence, becomes *stationary* in more senses than one, when committed to pen, ink, and paper. One feels sensitive about saying funny things when he knows they will be read by those over whose feeling at the time he has no such control as a *tete-a-tete* must always give, and who may consequently condemn all because they themselves are blue, or cross, or hungry at the time. (This, by the way, is the *true* reason why the Editors of the Indicator are so much less witty than they easily might be. They know that a man who has flunked, because too much of a *genius* to get his lesson,—or who has a week's headache in memory of a "glorious evening,"—is not in a state to appreciate joking, however well intentioned—and so like Dr. Holmes, they

—"never dare to be  
So funny as they can!"

Does not the best conversationist utter a score of platitudes, and even failures, in an hour, which would be perfectly unendurable in print? To write just as we speak, would make no flattering display of most of us: a great deal that passes for most excellent wit in the warmth of a gay chat, would become when colder, on paper, as heavy and untasteful as cold potatoes. Not a little of the art of making people laugh, too, consists in judiciously setting them the example: we have thought sometimes that it were a better accomplishment to start with tact a laugh at your

own second-hand jokes, than to lack this faculty, though you can utter first-rate ones.

All this is said, as our readers may by this time need to be informed, in the way of a demi-semi-apology to those critics who are forever talking about "ease," and "off-hand style." Wait a while, my dear young friends, and try for yourselves: and then if you do not agree with us, you may write as off-hand as you please, and as much and as long as your readers' patience will endure. When you are Editors,—if that honor really be in store for you,—you will be wiser, as well as sadder men. "Ven you're a married man, (or *Editor*,) Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while going through so much, to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. *I* rayther think it isn't."

Some wag has sent us, perhaps for review, "The Harp of Genius. Sacred to the Cause of Truth and Righteousness. Entirely Original. Written by Miss R. Parker"—pp. 23. Had we the pleasure of Miss P's acquaintance, we should endeavor to assure her that the careful assertion of her harp's entire originality was needless: they certainly are not imitations of any of our great poets, nor will any other, we opine, ever be ungallant enough to despoil her of any part of her laurels. Seriously, the little book is one of the greatest "Curiosities of Literature" we have seen. It contains some thirty pieces—we had almost said of *verse*: but verse it cannot be which has neither rhyme nor measure, though broken into somewhat irregular lines.—Commencing with an "Ode to the Harp of Genius," which is thus lucidly addressed as

"Ye savoring harp—heaven's form

With strings thousand unbroken!"

we have "The *fledged* songsters reproof to man," "The fallacious hope of delusive deception," "Efforts substantiate possibility," and other kindred themes discussed in the manner we would expect from such a "savoring harp." Much as we are tempted to adorn our pages with copious selections, we must refrain from giving more than one;—an extract from the "Utility of Education." This is a subject in which the Editors of a College periodical may be supposed to feel especial interest: and the piece has moreover this advantage, that it is almost the only one of all which ever *pretends* to rhyme, and is, in fact, decidedly a *favorable* specimen of the work—

"Education—honored title!

Bespeaking excellence and worth!

Is there science to define thee

And compute thy value o'er the earth?

"*Thy intelligence associates*

*Language that is most refined*

*With sacred views correct, explicit*

*To elevate the immortal mind!*

Before we take leave of Miss P. we wish it distinctly understood that our disapprobation is by no means founded on the fact that the *sense* of her verses is in general vague, not to say incomprehensible. Such a gale, carried out, would deprive us of a great deal of our most popular poetry. and make fearful inroads upon

Philosophy and Theology itself! We have read somewhere, (was it not in an old Yale Literary?) an article "On the use of the Unintelligible in composition," the motto of which was from Homer, and most appropriate: "*οὐκ ἀνοήτων οὐρανοὶ γούνοι*."

The author of this should by all means re-write it in a stout octavo, with copious illustrations of his own doctrines: and thus go down to immortality in company with Drs. Campbell and Whately, and the author of "The Art of sinking in Poetry." That it is high time this matter were reduced to a science is but too plain: witness the following extract from a very profound work just published. We flatter ourselves that at the fiftieth perusal we began to entertain a dim idea that there might possibly be a meaning intended in it: but it may bother some of our readers, for the first forty-nine times, as much as it did us.

"And here, if we will take the conception of this verified objective space-filling and time-enduring substance, and analyze it as connective notion for qualities in one space and events in one time, and thus standing as the substantial essence and thing in itself of material nature, and of which all perceived phenomena of quality and event are but the modes of its manifestation through the different organs of the sense; we shall in such analysis be able to find many apriori principles of nature, as the analytical elements and conditions without which a nature of things as given to an experience determined in space and time cannot be."

Clear, isn't it? We don't see how a person could comprehend this, and entertain a doubt as to any subject whatever: even upon the famous question "whether beside the real being of actual being there be any other being necessary, to cause a thing to be!" Without accusing the learned author of plagiarism, we must confess that we trace a great resemblance to a fine passage in a Cherokee work on the same subject.

"Raubeawyngloomibally, looloo i balfiddle deebumy? Noudoant! Lammking slibberkin allyhoo to hummebugge magemensa yt zook sedes!"

We have quoted this passage in the original for the express benefit of our lady readers: bearing in mind the case of the bookseller Curll, who as Swift most veraciously relateth, "was argued with in Hebrew: which language he not understanding, it was observed to have great weight with him." At the same time we cannot expect that the coincidence will be so striking to those not acquainted with both languages: but to our own mind the resemblance is almost perfect, except that we think the Cherokee has decidedly the advantage in point of clearness.

We have just heard an anecdote connected with the work from which the above extract, (the *first one*), is taken, that is too good to be lost. It is the production of an eminent divine, at the head of one of our Theological Seminaries: but on its first appearance, not long ago, all the good country people round, who of course look upon Dr. — as a second Paul, bought it up with avidity, under the impression that it was of the nature of a volume of Sermons, and would make capital Sunday reading. Now there is scarcely a more refinedly metaphysical treatise in the language: and we cannot help imagining with some glee the first "Sunday reading" of some good old couple therein. There they sit, Darby and Joan like, on each side of the huge fire-place, in large rocking chairs and a devout frame of mind. Darby closes the ponderous Bible; perhaps,—if it be evening—snuffs with his mighty fingers the tallow candles of his gudewife's own dipping, and opens with great expectation the fair-printed pages of "Rational Psychology." For a page or two all goes well enough, with a little aid from a well thumbed

Walker : but presently Darby comes to such a sentence as we have quoted,—reads it two or three times over, wipes his specs, looks at the “old ’ooman :”—Joan returns his glance of utter despair, and the profound work is laid aside with great respect for the author, but precious little edification !

Ichabod has been making a most insufferable display among us lately, of his new gold pencil : to the especial agony of his brother monitors, whose classes having less generosity or less *tin*, have declined to follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors. We wish we could immortalize the scene of presentation by handing it down to posterity, with a verbatim report of the two speeches, in the pages of the Indicator. But having been unable to obtain copies of them, and having slept over on the morning of the ceremony, we can only present our *idea* of what they were, or undoubtedly should have been.

The Great Unknown having taken the chair, and the class being supposed, by a pleasant fiction, to have come to order, the Committee and Ichabod arose in their seats, and the latter thus begun :

“Dear Ich. The Senior class, in testimony of their regard for your deserts, and your *disregard* for their desertions, have subscribed the amount of \_\_\_\_\_ in sums varying from twenty-five cents to ninepence each, and appropriated the same to the purchase of the gold pencil I now present you. It was the beautiful inscription of an ancient dial, “I mark only the hours that shine.” May this pencil, in like manner, O most reverend monitor, *mark* only sunshiny mornings !”

To which the blushing Ichabod thus replied : “*Class-mates*. The beautiful pencil, of the value of \_\_\_\_\_ (including the inscription, which cost, as I am informed \_\_\_\_\_ cents,) is to me a testimony of esteem and generosity from you, as grateful and as unexpected as the first violet that peeps from the frozen soil of heavy winter. In regard to the delicate allusion to my official capacity,” (here Ichabod blushed still more deeply,) “I can only say in behalf of myself and the other members of the Faculty, that I hope to use it but little during the short remainder of my term of office. And in conclusion, I can only say, that the ancient and barbarous custom of forcing a monitor to sleep over, himself, by tying him in, seems to have gone completely out of use in this Institution : inasmuch I have not been so ill-treated once during my monitorship, although my door is especially adapted to such a process, and I have often been unguarded enough to leave an old bed-cord outside !”

With blushes of shame we record the dereliction of one of our number on this important occasion. Nestor was appointed to deliver a poem, but most ingloriously flunked. That it was not entirely from want of *will*, may be gathered from this fragment, found among his notes on Prof. \_\_\_\_\_’s lectures—

“A monitor needeth a pencil, ’tis true,  
But surely the rubber is more than his due.’  
Not so, my good friend ; for the wise Seniors know  
That the *rubber’s* for use, and the *pencil* for show.”

Dear Eds. Yale Lit. *WELL we do !*

# THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

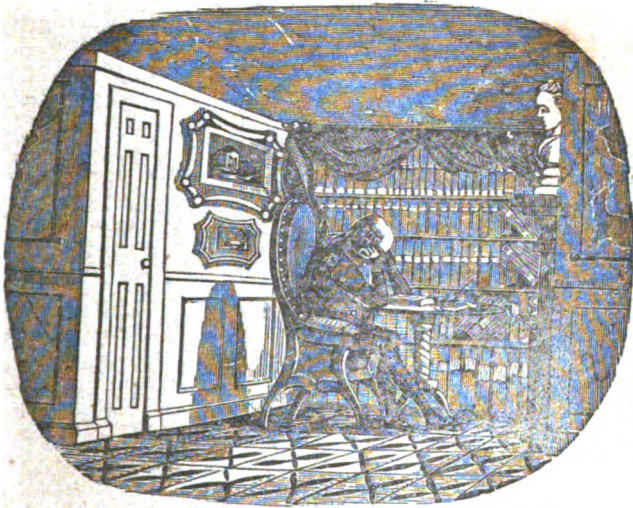
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VOL. I. NO. IX.

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"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:  
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cowper.*

APRIL, 1849.

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AMHERST:  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCXLIX.

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# THE INDICATOR.

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VOL. I.

APRIL 1849.

No. 9.

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## FATALISM. *Poland.*

So far as profane History teaches, there have always been fatalists. Far back in the early ages, when the world was young, this doctrine of Fatalism found a sympathising chord in many a rude barbarian's heart, and struck off strange rude music from untuned strings. When Poetry came, (if indeed it did not come in the first human heart,) it fell in with this popular notion, and Jove, "Greatest and Best," bows to the decrees of Fate. He can prolong the Trojan war and avert for a time the Grecian wrath from Ilium, *but Troy must fall—it is Destiny.*

Then came the philosophic schools, and Fate was enshrined above all power in the teachings of most of the Grecian masters. Opinions on this subject were indeed various and modified, yet all seem to have had some general idea of a controlling power to which men and gods must bow in equal submission.

Doubtless the origin of this belief lies deep in the constitution of the mind. Evidently, at first, it was a *felt* truth rather than a *demonstrated* one. This appears from the fact that its existence can be traced back long anterior to the great systems of Philosophy which Greece gave the world. As something felt then, we have to deal with it, though we may hereafter inquire how it might have been demonstrated or defended by the subtle logicians of the schools. But the question still returns, *Why did the Greek feel that there was a Destiny?*

In attempting to answer this question, it will be necessary to examine the peculiar features of purely natural religion, combine with them certain irresistible convictions of the human mind, and then carry out the just deductions which follow.

Religion is based on necessity. Man *must* worship. This truth is mirrored in our own hearts, and the history of every tribe of men proves it beyond dispute. Apart then from Revelation, which had but faintly, if at all, shed its light upon Greece, what was the religion which the human heart must form for itself—what the Deity which the untaught soul must worship? External nature and his own rude heart were the only sources whence he could have derived his idea of Deity. The former taught him at first mere power, and that not omnipotent. The power of the Grecian Deity was merely a controlling, not a creating one. He was too firm a believer in that boasted motto, “*Ex nihilo nihil fit*,” and the power, which only governed nature, though it was embodied in beings vast and terrible, had not the semblance of omnipotence. Indeed, when this attribute is ascribed to Jupiter, it is in a subordinate sense as the mightiest of the gods. To this idea of power man gave intelligence and personality. There was enough constancy in nature to indicate a plan, yet enough of change, —enough of storms and tempests to indicate caprice and frailty. Just such a being as himself then was his Deity; powerful, intelligent, designing, yet fickle and inconstant; conferring blessings in the sunshine and the shower, but executing wrath in the thunderbolt and tornado. These irregularities do not disclose to us inconstancy in their author; but the Greek knew not that he was a fallen creature—knew not that there was a curse on the earth—knew not the true end and adaptedness of the whole plan of nature. Groping his way therefore along his dark path, the only God he could find was a fickle one. Such was the Deity which he deduced from the phenomena of the material world.

Having no Revelation to guide him, the moral attributes of his Divinity must necessarily be derived from his own moral nature. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain, and of course the gods of man's own invention cannot be better than the source of all his moral ideas—the human heart. There was no perfect model of manhood and virtue before the Grecian mind whose attributes he could transfer to Deity. He looked around him for the most virtuous, and he was the most warlike and brave. Grecian virtue was *valor*. He sought for the noblest and most honored, and he was the strongest. It was emphatically a *physical age*. The Greek had not an idea of moral perfection. Hence, when war burst forth, they called it the sport of a god, and named him Mars. Love touched their rude hearts, and Venus, fair as the soft sea-foam from which she arose, was the inspir-

ing goddess. When we behold the ruins of some magnificent edifice, its walls of massive masonry crushed together as by a convulsion, its stately columns prostrate and broken, its sculptured pediment defaced by violence and time, we may indeed restore in imagination the wreck of greatness, and feel how splendid must have been that perfection of art whose ruins are so magnificently grand. But when we contemplate the wreck of the human soul, we cannot thus restore the moral perfection which man has lost forever. Having lost this moral perfection himself, and having no model of excellence before him, it is impossible for man to attain, even in idea, to any higher morality than he feels in himself or discovers in others. From this view, it follows that the Grecian's best god could have been nothing more than an exaltation of the Grecian's best hero. There was an impossibility in men, who were ignorant of the Jewish Scriptures, forming over them gods better than themselves, till there came to us an embodiment of moral perfection in Him who lived as never man lived—who died as only God can die! Thus we see the limit beyond which man could not go. His gods were mighty, but not omnipotent; they could control, but not create; and in the most charitable view of their morality, they were but monstrous impersonations of the combined power and depravity of the human heart.

Let us look at another thing which was irresistably forced upon the reflective mind, and by combining this with our previous conclusion, deduce the origin of Fatalism. On an examination of his constitution and relations, man was unable to extricate himself from a conviction of Necessity. He felt an indefinable, yet no less real constraint resting upon him. Such a feeling often rises unbidden o'er the soul, and we are conscious of a dictation, perhaps hidden from common apprehension, yet which we cannot fail to obey. It is no wonder if the Greek, when such thoughts came over him, fell back and called it Fate. But a more obvious source of this belief is found in his reasonings about external nature. Let us bear in mind the conclusion to which we have already arrived, that his gods were necessarily imperfect and like himself. Creative energy was not an attribute of his Deity, and as he looked around him, the question came down upon his soul, *Why does matter exist?* The impossibility of inferring, or even conceiving the creation of something out of nothing, except as taught by Revelation, drove him to an eternity of matter; and when he asked himself why it existed at all, he could only answer, *there was a necessity.* Matter exists; his Deity could not have crea-

ted it; the next step led him to Fatalism. Thus his own feelings, and his highest deductions from nature, forced the Grecian to the conclusion, that there was an infinite Necessity which controlled all things.

In this manner were mankind, under the blind guidance of Reason, driven to Fatality. We can readily conceive however of various other ways in which the belief may have been advocated and confirmed. Thus, every conceivable event will certainly happen or it will not; if it will happen, there is no contingency and no possibility of its failing to happen; if it will not happen, there is likewise no contingency and no possibility that it shall happen; a Necessity then controls every event. Again, the relation between cause and effect, are felt to be unconditional and necessary. Every effect not only does, but *must have* a cause. Every cause not only does, but *must produce* an effect. This necessity is beyond human control or the agency of the gods, and is felt to be inherent in the nature of things—it is Fate. The indisputable certainty of all first truths, and the equal certainty of the demonstrable truths of Mathematics lead to the same result.

A belief in Fatality, thus impressed on the mind, received many modifications from the great masters of Grecian Philosophy. Some regarded it as a blind, indefinable, inexorable power which governed, it knew not how—which compelled, it knew not why. Others seem to have confounded it with Jove himself. While to Zeno, Fate was that necessity by which "God, or the primitive intelligent fluid can act only according to his nature and the nature of the passive principle which he ensouls: and souls emanated from the universal soul, are, for the same reason, subject to fatal laws in their sphere of action.\*

It can hardly be said that the Greeks were practically consistent with their Fatalism. Zeno indeed attempted it, but was always careful to have two or three friends with him whose watchful solicitude might rescue him from those casualties and dangers which his own pride forbade him to avoid. In later times however, this has been *acted upon* as well as believed. Fatalism was a leading doctrine in the creed of Mohammed, and his too faithful followers acted upon it with a vengeance. If an accident happened to one, he consoled himself with the reflection that it was decreed from all Eternity, and could not have been avoided. If a tottering edifice threatened to fall and crush him, the haughty Mussulman, whose very name signifies "*resigned to God*," would not move a foot to escape the ruin—if he was

\* Henry's Hist. of Phil. Vol. I. p 164.

fated to die then, he could not prolong life, and if he was destined to live, there was no power in the falling timbers to harm him. But it had a more important bearing on the Mohammedan character. It was the secret of that reckless daring and rash bravery which so eminently characterized "the faithful." It gave a terror to the Moslem's fierce war-cry "*Allah, Al Allah Achbar*," and nerved with an almost invincible fearlessness the flashing cimeters which struck for the Crescent and the False Prophet. The chivalry of the crusaders could not cope with it, and the standard of the Red Cross went down in the battle of swords where the Moslems fought under the shield of Destiny.

Let us bear in mind that the Necessity which we have thus far spoken of has been an indefinable and blind one. In later times it has assumed a somewhat different aspect in the more stately garb of Philosophical Necessity. Assuming the Will to be determined by the strongest motive, and that these motives are beyond our own control. Hobbes, and after him a host of others, has affirmed the unconditional necessity of every act. Pressing it home fearlessly to its consequences, on the one hand, Dr. Priestley builds up a system of pure materialism, and on the other, the elder Edwards stands forth as the champion of God's sovereignty, and reduces all things to his supreme pleasure and determination. Another class of men, basing themselves on the consciousness of a power of free choice in every man, have utterly denied Necessity, and affirmed the unconditional freedom of moral agents. For the last two centuries, it has been a war without quarter. The ablest champions have entered the lists, and especially in our own country, it has been the all-absorbing theme of philosophical controversy. The question is by no means decided now. We have "Edwards on the Will," "Review of Edwards," "Review of Edwards reviewed," and "Examination of Review of Edwards reviewed." The combatants, both friend and foe, close darkly around this mightiest champion, yet are ready to break a lance with any philosophic knight who dares enter the arena.

In our own humble opinion (and indeed it should be humble where the best minds so essentially differ,) the position of each party is equally tenable. Because one side of the shield is gold, it does not prove but the other may be silver; because there is a necessity in all human actions, it does not disprove the freedom of moral agents. The question in our view discloses these two great truths, paradoxical only to our feeble understanding, *unconditional necessity and moral free-*

*dom.* Each appeals to our own consciousness as the ultimate test of its truthfulness, and each without the other leads into inextricable difficulty.

Without attempting any labored vindication of this position, it may be well to notice its harmony with another Necessity and Freedom which we must admit beyond controversy, viz. that of Theology. If there is one truth taught in the Bible, it is God's sovereignty and predestination. If there is another truth as clearly taught, it is man's moral freedom and accountability. They stand there, not as antagonistic, but as constituting the key-stone of that divinely glorious arch which spans the rational creation—God's providence and grace. Grant that we cannot understand them; shall we deny the truths of God because of our feebleness? So it is with Philosophical Necessity and Freedom. Harmonize them if you can; if you cannot, we must still admit both. In this view of things, Reason vindicates Revelation, and Revelation comes and gives its awful sanction to Philosophy. They are both precious truths to the philosopher and the christian. Perhaps much of their apparent inconsistency may be removed by the use of more correct definitions—we would by no means object to any fair attempt to reconcile them; but to establish one to the subversion of the other is more than man can do, and more than he should dare attempt.

We should indeed be happy that the harsh destiny of the Stoic has been substituted by a Necessity, as certain indeed, yet consistent with and depending on human freedom, and to the vindication of which Philosophy and Revelation lend their highest powers. As respects material things, the Greek was driven back to chaos. There begins his Theogony:—"Chaos was first, then came into being broad-breasted Earth, the gloomy Tartarus, and Love." But the philosopher and christian take a far nobler view of things as they transpired in the past eternity. They behold Omnipotent Power creating a Universe out of nothing. It is a conception grand beyond measure. Longinus, the great critic of Palmyra, confessed that the Jewish Lawgiver reached the very height of sublimity, when he affirmed "God said let there be light, and there was light!"

We have sketched the Fatalism of the Greeks, examined hastily the Fatalism of Philosophy, and bowed to the Fatalism of the Bible. If the views are not correct, we alone are responsible.

RALPH.

## EXCERPTA.

Palan.

—"Things are not what they seem."

WAR is not what it seems. Rich and gorgeous in its pageantry, it is *cruel as the grave*. Oh how they strive to make it pleasant! The brilliant uniform, the polished armor, the proud caparison of the prancing war-horse, the imposing array of marshalled hosts, and the music which leads the warrior heart a captive and nerves it up to daring deeds—they have flung every charm around it to hide its loathsomeness and guilt. The poet sings of noble warfare and the strife of heroes. The orator catches up the sound and echoes back the conqueror's fame. The christian talks shudderingly of its evils, yet alas, too often rejoices over *glorious victories*.

"As if the soldier died without a wound;  
As if the fibres of this godlike frame  
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch  
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds,  
Passed off to Heaven, translated and not kill'd;  
As though he had no wife to pine for him,  
No God to judge him!"

ASTRONOMY is the pride of Mathematics and the glory of all science. There is a charm about the stars, and as they move above us in their solemn and mystic dance, no wonder the ancients thought them harbingers of good or ill—no wonder they sacredly consulted them to learn the destiny of men and nations.

"The world in its boyhood was credulous, and dreaded the vengeance of the stars."

Hipparchus dared to number the stars." Such is the record of the elder Pliny; and we may well smile at the infancy of science, and pity the credulity which could characterize as an act of historic daring that first and simplest step in Astronomy.

Now they have done more than number them: The astronomer has begun by measuring a base line on the earth; from this he has determined the height of a mountain; the height of a mountain has

constituted the basis from which he has calculated the diameter of the earth ; the earth's diameter has enabled him to measure the distance of the sun ; and from the distance of the sun he has calculated how far are those ever changeless orbs which we call "*fixed*." Thus sublimely has he arisen from a single longitudinal line which he can measure with a chain till he has computed the distance at which God made the stars to burn—at which he placed their everlasting habitations in space !

He has weighed each planet in the scales of his science, and has found out the times in which they describe their orbits round the sun. Rising above planets and suns, he beholds system after system of more distant orbs gleaming up before him in that dark space, still receding one beyond another, as if to baffle his skill and mock his pretensions forever ! And as he has watched them with his telescopes steadily shining in their mighty grandeur, and has pressed after them farther and farther down the depths of immensity, his soul has shrunk shudderingly back, amazed, lost, confounded with infinity, and he has cried out fearfully in his weakness—" *God is Force !*" If there is one thing more noble in science than another, one thing which more humbles man and exalts God, it is the contemplaion of those broad dark fields of night where the stars forever burn—where the worlds forever roll sublimely in the presence of Omnipotence !

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THE Scholar is the parent of Literature. He is the writer of History, and the chronicler of men and nations. From the earliest age, the stream of time flows down to the present day. Its dark and troubled waters give token of many a black and angry storm. It has swept down many a broken fragment of things beautiful and precious, with many a piece of quaint old armor and many a rude and rusty implement of art, while here and there some palely glittering gem tells of a bright day that is past. It has been the scholar's task to gather up these fragments, to examine and compare them, and then form them into history. Vague and uncertain may be our ancient annals, but they are far better than none, and the scholar has arranged them.

He that has ever dreamed a dream of poetry, must love the scholar. He has created those burning thoughts which lift the soul above reality and let it in to revel in the regions of the ideal and the perfect. *It is the charm of life—this Poetry !* It refines the intellect and

makes it soul. It softens the roughness of man and makes him more like woman. It takes woman in all her loveliness, and throws a sweeter charm around her tender nature. Ye that have hearts to appreciate the beautiful in Poetry, wreath a chaplet for the scholar's brow!

Eloquence—how shall I speak of eloquence? They only have been eloquent who have been scholars. I have listened to the stirring words of the orator. I have felt them moving in my heart and awakening every deep feeling in my soul, and then have realized how, like a little child, I was led by eloquence. It is not wonderful—all men have been so. When Demosthenes, that prince of ancient orators, poured forth his deep and passionate appeal to his countrymen, tearing away the mask of intriguing power, and scorching Macedon with his fierce invective, and when, at his last scathing word, the united voice of the men of Athens rose up—“*Let us march against Philip,*” who will set bounds to the power of eloquence—who will say that it has fully probed the deep heart of man,—that it has yet sounded the most secret fountain of his feelings? We owe Eloquence to the true scholar.

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The scholar has laid the sun under tribute and robbed it of its unerring pencil to paint his miniatures. He has plundered the storm-cloud of its red lightning, chained it to his telegraphic wires, and used its matchless speed to transmit intelligence. In the fine arts too, he has nobly triumphed. He has wrought the marble till it was almost life, and his skill was baffled only when he would have warmed it and made it breathe. On his panoramic canvass, you see the moving tide of life in some densely peopled city, or the stately flowings of some mighty river from its mountain source even till it pours its flood into the ocean. And when he wills to wake the chords of harmony, and bid the strains of music rise, then doth the spirit bow to its magic spell,—then doth the soul thrill to its strange influence, and own that music hath a charm!

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All the historic proofs of Revelation, the circumstantial and sometimes direct testimony of heathen authors, and the obvious fulfilments of prophecy, have been collected and transmitted to us by the scholar's patient toil. The exposition and defense of the christian faith; the illustrating its harmony with our own consciousness and with the re-

cessary deductions from external nature ; the discovery of a Creator in the creature ; the inference of a great Lawgiver from the invariable and unchanging laws of science ; the reflection of a perfect Judge in the conscience which judges every man ;—these it has been the scholar's task to develop,—these the scholar's triumph to maintain.

Where now is the art which piled up the colossal pyramids? which tempered the ancient graving instruments of copper? which taught the oracles to speak, and Memnon's statue to utter harp-like music at the sun-rise? Where is the skill that embalmed the dead of Egypt? Lost, lost forever amid the shadows of Antiquity. We grope our way darkly, guided by the dim and flickering torch-light of history, but we find there only the *ruins* of greatness. Forgetfulness has shrouded all the rest!

Pd.

### THE WILD ROSE. *Poland.*

A wild rose bloom'd in a shady bower;  
A soft warm breeze kiss'd the modest flower;  
The dell where it grew was to all unknown—  
Oh! sweetly the wild rose blush'd there alone!

By chance I stray'd where the solemn trees  
Waved their long strait arms at the passing breeze,  
And deep were the thoughts of that lonely hour  
Which the soul sent forth with its hidden power.

But down where the passion-feeling grows  
Gush'd a fount of love for that modest rose;  
And I thought, as I placed it on my heart,  
Oh! never will I and that wild rose part!

LAR.

## THE FIRE SPIRITS.

THE North American Indians generally make but a small figure in the history of magic. In the rude forms in which the art has been practiced among them, few expect to find any of those higher developments which magic has exhibited in the history of most of the nations of the Eastern hemisphere. Yet the traditions of some of the tribes tell us of a strange power which was formerly exercised among them, and which indicated a knowledge and skill, in some of the primeval tenants of this soil, of which the magi never dreamed. Especially are such traditions current among the scattered remnants of the powerful tribes which formerly roamed over the everglades of Florida. The legend which I have to relate, will partly illustrate this. It is but a type of many which are strictly regarded as truth by the veracious chroniclers of Indian story.

It was many years before the settlement of this country by the whites, that the Mickasookies were led by a chieftain whose warlike spirit and daring valor, made him an object of dread to all the surrounding tribes. His very name, Yaholuche (great cloud) was a cause of fear, and the warriors of many a mighty tribe, quailed before him, as though, indeed they expected to see the lightnings quiver and the thunderbolts descend upon them at his approach. All the cunning and the dexterity of the Indian, were employed by the harrassed tribes against him, but in vain. Spies were set upon his actions, but they were invariably detected and made to feel the effect of his fierce wrath. Ambuscades were laid for him, but he passed through them unharmed; arrows from unseen hands were showered upon him, but as though they had struck the solid rock they bounded back, leaving him to wreak his vengeance upon the unsuccessful bowmen. Surprises were planned against him, but his vigilance defeated every effort and his revenge was deadly when it came upon the tribes which had leagued against him. None knew when to prepare for his coming for silently and unheralded he came upon his victims, revealing himself to their view by the light of their burning villages. At the head of his tribe, he was indeed a formidable enemy. Matchless in size and strength;—fleet as the wind;—with a courage ever undimayed, he led on his warriors who felt as they followed his guidance, assured of victory.

But his powers had not yet been tested to the uttermost. Far to the north, lived a tribe, whose chieftain laughed with scorn at the thunderbolts of the "great cloud." Fearless of his wrath, they had trespassed upon the hunting grounds of the Mickasookies;—and by several barbarous acts, had dared the warlike Yaholuche to revenge them. It needed no fan to inflame that passion in the breast of the stern warrior, and assembling his braves around him, they commenced their stealthy march towards the village of the enemy. Proverbial as is the stoicism of the Indian, yet in the present case, an observer could not have failed to mark the expression of revengeful desire which scowled from the faces of the warriors as they silently proceeded on their destroying mission. To this, there was but one exception. Gamalee, a young warrior, who had already distinguished himself for his military prowess—walked with the rest in the same moody silence, but with far different thoughts revolving in his mind. His soul revolted from the expedition; but the name which he had already won, and the fire which sat in his eagle eye, told that it was not on account of fear. He had looked upon the daughter of the chief of the Ottemattas, and his daring soul leaped within him, at the thought of her sharing the danger which now threatened her tribe. A thousand thoughts passed through his mind, and a thousand schemes of Indian cunning were devised to rescue the maiden from becoming a victim in the general slaughter of her tribe. In his recent visits to her, he had seen the strength of the Ottemattas, and knew that unwarned, they were unable to cope with the force that was to be brought against them. Could he warn Cheti Haiola (rising star) of *her* danger, the tribe might well be devoted to destruction; but this could not be done without giving the whole of the Ottemattas notice of the surprise that was planned by Yaholuche.

Two days had passed, and they were yet three days' journey from the Ottemattas' village. The night of the second day, the warriors threw themselves around the watch-fires, leaving Gamalee to guard them against unseen danger. In the morning, as they rose up, he was gone. An arrow marked with blood, was the only trace of him they could find; and with muttered execrations against the foe that had robbed their number of so brave a warrior they proceeded cautiously on their march.

The tribe of the Ottemattas was no despicable enemy. Their chief (Echu Matte, or water serpent,) was renowned for his ferocious courage as well as his native cunning and dexterity. His warriors were

braves whom he had led on against the surrounding tribes, till their ability to follow their chieftain became undoubted. A rising eminence was the site of the village which their eyes had never yet seen devastated by a conqueror. The lodge of the chief was hung around with such trophies of his valor, as made the young braves look up to him almost with envy. To him and to his daughter, the bright-eyed Cheti Haiola, was given the homage of the tribe. Many a young warrior had offered with eagerness to weave for her a lodge hung with the beautiful silkweed; but her mind was roaming away amid other scenes, while thoughts of the young Mickasookie chief gave her a hope which yet she knew, rather than see accomplished, her tribe would doom her to destruction. A day had passed, and she sat alone in her own rude apartment, in her father's lodge, with her face buried in her hands, as though with the sight she would shut out the consciousness of surrounding objects. A step struck lightly on the floor, and the voice of the warrior of whom she had been dreaming, sounded in her ears. She sprang to her feet, and with all the her native spirit roused, listened to the tale which the young Mickasookie cautiously whispered to her:—"Gamalee is a brave warrior,—his eye is like the panther's when he bounds upon his prey, and terrible is its angry glance. His strength bows the tall sapling to the ground, and his step is stealthy as the course of the water serpent. A hundred hearts beat with fear as his war-whoop is heard, for a hundred braves have fallen by the sped of his arrow. Yet a cloud rests upon his heart—darkness dwells within his spirit. He remembers the council fire and the war dance of his tribe. He thinks of the war path which they took—of his own escape from the warriors—of the arrow which he left stained in his own blood. He sees them come upon the surprised village of the Ottematta warriors—he hears the sound of their war-whoop pealing in the stillness of the night. He beholds the flames of the burning village, and none shall escape the arrows of his tribe. Haintstohe (good)—the rising star is very beautiful—will she stay where there is so much danger? Let her arise—let her come to a lodge that was never yet burned by an enemy—which is hung around with the scalps which Gamalee has taken in battle. He will guard her from danger, and she will lift the cloud from his heart, and chase the darkness from his soul. Will Cheti Haiola answer?"

"It is well," said she,—“but shall the daughter of an Ottematta chieftain fly like the base Saputka at the approach of danger, and leave no warning? Let Gamalee go, and she will seek her father by

the council fire. Let him stay by the Eagle's Rock, and she will come and fly with him from the place that has become wearisome to her."

The young warrior beat his hands upon his breast, as though he would keep back the thoughts of the design of his tribe being frustrated from gaining a mastery over him, and then, with a stealthy step, he made his way to the Eagle's Rock. With a quick step the maid rushed in upon the council. A muttered exclamation of surprise broke from the stern warriors, and her father, with uplifted tomahawk, strode forward, and demanded the cause of such an unheard-of intrusion.

She knelt before him. "The Great Spirit," said she, "has whispered to Cheti Haiola as she lay upon her couch. In her dreams she saw a *great cloud*; it came from the south; it spread over the heavens. Its lightnings scattered devastation around, and its thunders shook the earth to its very center; the light fled, and darkness came at its approach. The winds surged mightily through the forests, *but there was no rain*." She arose. "The Great Spirit speaketh well," said the chieftain. "Ugh! let the maiden begone."

She hastened to the side of Gamalee, and with a trusting heart followed him on their long journey. It would take too long to give an account of the battle that was fought when the Mickasookies came near the scene of their proposed vengeance. Suffice it to say that they were led into an ambuscade by their cunning enemies, who poured their arrows thickly upon them. An Indian warfare ensued, which ended in the flight of Yaholuche and the small remnant of his warriors. They arrived at their village a few days after.

Gamalee, who had secreted Cheti Haiola in one of the apartments of a cave near by, met the chieftain with a cunningly devised story of his escape from an evil spirit that had borne him far away from his tribe.

After a day had been spent in preparation, Yaholuche summoned his chief warriors to assemble on a certain eminence, to inquire of the fire spirits for the cause of his defeat. Huge fires were kindled upon every pinnacle, and the red glare cast over the village and upon the surrounding forests, with the dusky forms of the warriors as they stood around, preparing to confront the dread spirits of the fiery element, made the scene imposing, if not terrific. Yaholuche stood in the center of his warriors, and repeated over and over his incantations to the spirits. The warriors passed slowly around him, catching

from his lips the chant, repeating it in the same monotonous tone, and casting at intervals handfuls of the powdered *Laurus millisafolium* above and around them. Suddenly the chief bounded from them, and catching up a ball of fire, he flung it with terrific force high into the air. It threw out a thousand scintillations; then burst, and the light breeze wafted it away. A sound like the mighty roar of the whirlwind then burst upon the ear—the flames shot up with a terrific glare, high towards the heavens—the earth shook and trembled beneath the warriors, and then the flames sunk suddenly away; but the spirit came not.

The fires were again enkindled, and the incantations assumed a different form. The chief sat upon the ground, while his warriors marched around him throwing about copious handfuls of the powdered Laurel. Before him, on a pile of combustibles, were placed his bow, his quiver, his scalping-knife and his tomahawk. Three magical circles were drawn around the pile, and the spirit was invoked to come and receive the offering. Fire was then applied, but instead of the azure circlet of flame which was wont to herald the coming of their wishes, a black cloud of smoke hung for a moment over the pile, and then vanished away, leaving it still unconsumed.

The spirit of the fierce Yaholucfe was then roused; he sprang to his feet, and his voice rang clear and shrill as a clarion above the roaring flames around him—"Shall the fire spirits baffle the victor of a thousand battles? Shall they not come at his call, and bow down and tremble before him? But they shall not elude his vigilance. He will rush to their very jaws and force for himself an answer." He then rushed forward, and stood in the midst of one of the fierce fires that had been built around them. In a moment he came forth unscathed, and scattering the fire-brands into the midst of his warriors, he cried—"Wagh! Yaholucfe is a great cloud. A glance of his eye mocks the angry lightning, and his voice is more terrible to his enemies than the descending thunderbolt. He has stood by the fiery spirit he has mocked at their furious wrath, and by his own arts forced an answer. Shall he speak?"

An old warrior stepped forth. "Erepah," said he, "is very aged." His head is white like the proud king of eagles, yet his hand is as firm as the strongest warrior, and his footstep is very sure upon the war-path of his enemy. His eyes are full of light when they look upon Yaholucfe, for they never beheld bravery like his upon the battle-field, or saw the like of his wisdom at the council-fires. Let him speak and declare unto us the message of the hidden spirits."

"My father has spoken well," said Yaholuche, "let him listen. There has been treason around our council fires; it has crept among our brave warriors; it has found its way to the ears of our enemies. Hulkwa! and the traitor has lived to make us women. He has brought for a wife the daughter of the Ottematta chieftain, and has hid her in the cave below us. Wagh! has our revenge failed and shall he live?"

"Let him die," muttered the warriors.

Gamalee stood calm and apparently unconcerned as they rushed toward him. They seized him, and a number guarded him, while others descended to the cave in search of Cheti Haiola. She was soon brought forth, and the two were bound to a lofty pine tree that stood upon the summit. There was a scornful smile on the features of Gamalee as they bound him by the side of her whom he had rescued, and even as the combustibles were heaped around them, he whispered to her words of hope and comfort. Yaholuche held a flaming brand to the pile; but a wind from the forest hurled it back against himself, and scattered like chaff the faggots before it. The soul of the savage chieftain sunk within him as his ear caught the sound of the movings of the wind spirit, for he knew that then his hour was come. He fell upon his face and listened as the spirit came on with a rushing might as though it revelled in the wild excess of its power. The giant oaks of the forest, whose sturdy arms had withstood the decays of centuries, bowed down to the very ground before its imperious breath. The mountains were levelled like the dust on the plain and the hills bowed in silence before it as it came thundering on. The clouds dissolved as it drew nigh, and a figure of shapeless dimensions hovered over the rock whereon stood the astonished warriors. A voice was heard, telling Yaholuche that his power was at an end. A mightier one than the fire spirits had been invoked by Gamalee and its destructive powers now came upon the tribe. A dense cloud hung for a moment over the rock. When it vanished, the dead bodies of the warriors lay strewn around. But one had escaped. The village had shared in the general destruction and Gamalee and his astonished bride were alone, himself the last living representative of the once powerful tribe of the Mickasookies. From him arose a new race, which became in time, numerous and mighty as the warlike one from which he sprang.

## FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Briggs.

"There is one moment likest heaven  
When hearts that once have loved again  
Forgive and are forgiven."

*January No. of the Indicator.*

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There's a secret in living if folks only knew,  
An Alchymy precious and golden and true,  
More precious than "gold dust" tho' pure and refined,  
For its mint is the heart and its store-house the mind,  
Now guess what I mean—for as true as I live  
That dear little secret's—'forget and forgive.'

If folks didn't spat so, we'd all live in peace,  
As nicely gregarious and cosy as geese—  
No great Goosey-Gander would stick up his bill  
And prove by his bite "the existence of will,"  
And weak little geese could keep their tail-feathers  
If they'd follow my motto thro' all sorts of weathers.

How funny it is too, so many don't know  
In the first place to pull the right string to the bow,  
And many a knot that their patience may try,  
With a curb to their temper might then be got by—  
And the heart and the brow be unruffled—and yet  
How few that are tried can forgive and forget.

When hearts that have loved have grown cold and estranged,  
And looks that beamed fondness are clouded and changed,  
And words hotly spoken and grieved for with tears  
Have broken the trust and the friendship of years,—  
Oh! think mid thy pride and thy secret regret,  
That the balm of the wound is—forgive and forget.

Yes! look in thy spirit—for love may return  
 And kindle the embers that still feebly burn,  
 And let this true whisper breathe high in thy heart,  
*"'Twere better to love than thus suffer apart"*—  
 Let the Past teach the Future more wisely than yet—  
 For the Friendship that's true *can* forgive and forget.

And now an adieu,—if you list to my lay,  
 May each in your tho'ts bear my motto away.  
 It's a crude simple rhyme, but its truth may impart  
 A joy to the gentle and loving of heart;  
 And an end too I'd claim far more practical yet—  
 In behalf of the rhymers—*forgive and forget!!*

CUFUS ET CAJON.

*Lafrell.* REALITY, THE BASIS OF THE IDEAL.

"'Twixt Truth and Error, there's this difference known,  
 Error is fruitful, Truth is only one."

There is a truth in all things. Hidden beneath the rubbish of the Past, or concealed within the folds of present error, it still lives to task the intellect of man. Ignorance is the god who stretches out over the world his iron rod, and bids men be content—but he is growing old. A giant now and then arises and almost wrests the sceptre from his grasp; yet who is wise? A mystery gathers around life, and man would solve it. He feels that there is truth, and the consciousness of his power to find it, inwrought into the very texture of his being, leads on to effort. He forms his *beau-ideal* of a Universe, and would see if God's is built in conformity to *his* imaginary model. The more he examines, the more deeply does he feel there is a grand perfection—a sublime reality, bodied forth in the labors of the Infinite. Himself a spark of Deity, he would observe the movements of the vast machine of which he is an atom in Infinitude, and give up effort only with his life. Such a man may, like Goethe, come to nothing but a "dreamy resignation" in his toils, but this were better than an everlasting doubt. The crowd do indeed move on in one death-march through the shadows of time, till they stumble on the

substance of Eternity ; but the true man—the hero who feels a divinity stir within him—would enter the labyrinth of being and of thought, and come forth bearing a torch-light to guide his fellow pilgrims on their way to truth.

Has he found out the secret? No, he has had but a glimpse of the region of Reality, yet this must answer for the absence of the noon-tide sun. This even were better than broad darkness for it says to his inquiring spirit, "Seek, and thou shalt find."

We would notice some of the attempts which such have made, and are still making to explain what from the very nature of human dependence, Deity alone can know.

Search through the records of all the giant Past, and see how men have endeavored vainly to pry into the wonders, and touch the secret-springs of Nature and of Reason.

The Babelites would build a tower whose summit should pierce the sky, and let them gaze on the footsteps of angels, or mock at the plodding world below. The Sophists could deny all reality and proclaim man's existence—the being of an idle dream! Pythagoras would explain the movements of the lights of heaven, yet these suns must work out their music in tones of richest harmony, as they roll. He would unravel the mysteries which hang around the human spirit, confident that there is in all things a certainty ; but rather than confess he traveled through a land of darkness and shadows, he chose to tell us of the origin of life, its transmigrations through brute and angel, and its immortal career of shame and glory till it come into the presence of infinite majesty, and repose on the bosom of Hope, the Comforter.

Roger Bacon proclaimed to the scholastic age in which he flourished that he had discovered that alchemistic power which should transmute all metals into gold ; and there have not been wanting those who could believe in honesty of heart that they had found a remedy for all "the ills that flesh is heir to." Condorcet maintained the doctrine of man's infinite perfectibility, and with all the gravity and assurance of a mock philosopher asserted to the world, that light should break in upon the minds of the multitude, in such a flood, that even the most ignorant would be able to solve the difficult problems of human life, and understand all the mysterious processes of Nature.

What stronger proof is necessary that men will have some belief in what is unrevealed than is everywhere seen in the sacrifices of blood, or broken hearts ; in the explanations of those momentous

facts we see in nature, which though they live but through one's lifetime, and are superseded by other theories equally absurd or fanciful, yet serve as a foundation for hope of good, and cheer the saddened heart amid its toils and struggles through a land of sorrows, on its journey up to "God—who is our home." The gaping crowd look up with awe and reverence to him who shall propound to them any new system of morals or religion, and they satisfy the cravings of their souls, if he give but crumbs. They know there must be light somewhere—a reality from which has come their vague idea of duty and destiny.

Some tell us that they must have demonstrative truth ere they admit the proposition we lay down, forgetting that Truth is "one," and that *this* is the standard to which should be referred all inquiries in whatever field we search. Whatever opposes any declaration, unless itself an error, proves the assertion false. A fact in science or religion is a fact only when all things, accurately understood, conspire to show it true. Herein lies the test we may apply to all discoveries.

"Nulla falsa doctrina est, quae non aliquid veri permisceat."\*

It has been said, that the doctrine of spiritual agencies, must have a foundation in truth, or it could never have been believed and advocated. There must be some reason for the universal belief that there are unquiet souls which rise from the grave

"to ease the heavy guilt  
Of deeds in life conceal'd,—and shapes that walk  
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave  
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed."

If Error lives, like the viper, among the flowers of truth, and does not show its hideous deformity by an independent existence, it must be evident that the semblance of truth, if not Reality itself, is the basis of all systems of philosophy and religion. If Plato's doctrine of eternal archetypes uncreated ideas, and Des Cartes' supposed proof of his existence, "Cogito, ergo sum," are proved to be, the one but a dream of an excited imagination, the other a *petitio principii*; it is no contradiction to the assertion, that Truth was at the foundation of their speculations; or in other words, had there been no such thing as Ideas or Animal existence, external to themselves, these philosophers would never have fabricated their systems of philosophy. Confident that there is a *cause* for all the phenomena of the mind, they started with this as

\*Augustin, Quæst, Evang l. II. c. XI.

an ultimate, and hence, incontrovertible truth, and if in their inquiries, they transcended the bounds of reason, and built up structures which shake with every passing breeze, if they do not already lie in ruins; Reality must nevertheless have been the source from which they draw the basis of their ideal theories.

Even Epictetus found out that God sent man into the world to be a spectator of his works, and himself, and not only to be a spectator, but an interpreter and announcer of the wonders he beholds and adores.\* Bacon too, had a right view when he called man, "*Naturae minister et interpres.*" Still the discoverer of the Inductive Philosophy knew well that there is a branch of knowledge beyond the power of the human faculties fully to explore,—"*opus quod operatur Deus a primordio usque ad finem.*"

"Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth,  
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span  
Capacious of this universal frame?  
Thy wisdom all-sufficient?"

Here on a *terra incognita* is the scene of human speculation. While some require full demonstration of the truth, others are content to rest on what *seems* reality. La Place could demonstrate that it was "infinity to one" that a God exists; yet his refusal to believe and trust him, teaches us that if mathematics be the science of absolute certainty to celestial beings, it is not to man. Man's faculties are limited, and hence, in an arithmetical process, errors may creep in imperceptibly as well as in moral reasonings.

The bright rays of primitive truth come to us often through such refracting and distorting media that what seems a fact, may more clearly, when no clouds or darkness obscure the radiant sun, be seen a stupendous falsehood. Astronomy, but slightly understood, may seem a sublime fiction of the imagination; Craniology may climb up to universal dominion, and paint upon her map the position of every human faculty, and yet, every man is a mystery to his fellow man—"every human character is made up of incongruities," and till some one appears who knows *himself*, we shall rest in darkness as to what man really is. Too long have men listened to, and obeyed the *ipse dixit* of some great philosopher while they forgot that it is for every one to examine the basis of his belief. Free, independent thought—this it is

\* Ο Θεός—τὸν ἀνθρώπον θεατὴν εἰσηγαγεν αὐτοῦ τε καὶ τῶν ἰσχυρῶν αὐτοῦ καὶ οὐ μόνον θεατὴν ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐξηγητὴν αὐτῶν.

which brushes aside the cobwebs and dust, and lets us in to gaze upon the hidden springs of Nature. They tell us all the solid matter in the Universe may be squeezed into a nut-shell. The sceptic says that because one animal kills and feeds upon another, God is a being of malevolence;—that the human soul struggles on in life under a thousand ills, and hence, its failures need no future hell to pay up Justice. Such are some of the shadows men seize on, and though their minds are still unsatisfied, declare it were better thus to do than to embrace a truth folded up in mystery.

To act in this way—what is it but to heap insult on him,

“ Who built the spacious universe, and deck'd  
Each part so richly with whate'er pertains  
To life, to health, to pleasure ?”

O man, who art discouraged by seeming contrarieties, wake up and feel there is a truth in *thee* ! Hidden it may be—it is still there in thy inmost being. There is then a *real* amid the vast imaginary : seek it, and thou shalt not seek in vain.

Not every mystery shall be made clear by man, yet something may be revealed by effort, earnest and persevering, after truth. The eagle flight of the human mind may yet solve the riddle of the rolling stars. In every trembling insect—every quivering leaf—every sun-beam, dwells an eternal truth. It is written, if not in characters of gold across the sky, in every atom of a universe. It may not live in large quartos free from a mixture with the plainest error, but yet glow in a single line. Indeed, it is not man's

———“ to usurp the throne of God,  
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,”

and try to penetrate into those mysteries of freedom and destiny, of life, soul, intellect, farther than is within the power of his faculties ; but it is for him to construct instruments which shall unfold what may be learnt ; to draw out plans of benevolence, to show the ignorant duty, and guide all to the altar where they may confess the littleness of their own powers, and worship Deity.

The bold daring of his enterprise is one of the prime glories of man's nature. Still, he whose soul pants for a complete knowledge of the true and real, if he follow Science, may well remember that he goes out on pathless waters with no sure pole star to guide his vessel—all is a boundless sea of darkness, and it is for him to set up a

beacon-light that shall shine forever on the generations which are to come. The truths of science are not learned by a revelation direct from heaven; man must discover all, nor yet think that Boyle or Newton stands precisely on the same footing with Luke or John. Theorists now are afloat in sufficient numbers on the stream of human life, and we shall do no one hurt to survey well the track along which we are moving,—to gaze well on that bridge which we see they have attempted to throw across the vast ocean of Cimmerian darkness. They have set up a pyramid which they would fain believe throws into contempt the monuments of Egypt; but it stands on its apex, and every blast of truth threatens to bury in its ruins the fearless dreamers or enthusiasts who built it. Self-knowledge is a lesson for all to learn. Without it, man undertakes what cannot be known; with it he is almost omnipotent, for he attempts that which may be achieved. It is a pitiful thing to see a creature struggling in vain, of whom when in company with spiritual existences, the poet enraptured with the view of his divine attributes exclaims,

“How near he presses on the angel’s wing!  
Which is the seraph? which the child of clay?”

Simplicity is a characteristic of the truly great. The humble inquirer after truth shall not toil forever in a world of thick darkness without catching here and there a gleam of light. Look not then, thou man, at the “firmament: this majestic roof fretted with golden fire;” nor at the rolling earth,—nor yet into thine own being, with the hope that thou shalt find no mystery; nor with the fear that thou shalt discover no reality. The Sun of Truth has appeared in the Eastern horizon;—it is ascending the heavens,—the first mists of the dawning are dispelled; and though other clouds are drawn forth from the teeming soil by the warmth of its penetrating beams, still press on in thy pathway, and it shall bring thee to a destiny of glory.

\* \* JR.

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### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

We each have a Guardian Angel,  
And he dwells within the heart,  
Where he sitteth ever praying  
That we take the better part.

That in all our life's great warfare,  
We may battle for the right,  
May be faithful in the day-time  
And be watchful in the night.

First he comes to us in childhood,  
When the conflict is begun ;  
Still he guides us and he guards us  
"Till the field of Life is won.

All Life long he bears our burdens,  
And he traces on the sand,  
The shore of Death's dark river  
That there is a better land.

Joy for those who heed his warning,  
Seek and find the golden shore,  
Sorrow for the heart whose coldness  
Stills his voice forevermore.

EGO!!!!

~~~~~  
EDITORS' TABLE.

"We have had pleasant hours, but they are gone."

Percival.

"Behold this dreamer cometh."

Joseph's Brethren.

"As a sybil's dream of prophetic thought."

Mrs. Hemans.

"————— So ends my tale."

Well, we must part. Reader, we shall no longer serve up for you the mingled "grave" and "gay," the "lively" and "severe" of our little sheet. Has it been a welcome visitant? we are glad; has it been the butt of ridicule? we don't care a straw. We will "fold us in our virtue," as Flaccus has it, and rise serenely above the petty criticism of the world. Indicator No. 9 we now present to you. Read it well, for it contains the last words of *us five*; perhaps you will like to remember them when we meet again

"On the world's broad field of battle."

Being so near the time of our college graduation, (we dont any of us expect to be "*sent off*,") and having already arrived at the end of our editorial journey, we have felt for some time in a fitmood for moral reflection; especially so since the gay Future comes ever dancing before us, and we know not how deeply it may be colored by the sombre shadows of the Past. And we had thought of giving you a homily upon things in general, and *life in particular*; but fearing lest we should become the type of a new species to be described in the next edition of "*Natural History of Bores*," we will spare you the terebration, and thus avoid such an unenviable publicity.

The other day we received the following communication, evidently not designed for publication, but whose ominous contents we cannot forbear laying before the community:

"*Dear Editors:*

"I had a dream, and the mysteries of future years were revealed to my astonished vision. Pardon me for disclosing to you the burden of my soul.

At first, I thought myself in a spacious hall where were convened a great many people. For a time it was dim and indistinct; but soon the vision became more clear, and I was conscious of all that transpired. I was attending the sittings of the Supreme Court of the United States. There were gathered the great and the noble, the learned and the eloquent, to decide one of the most important questions that was ever argued before that grave tribunal; a question which was fearfully agitating the popular masses, which deeply affected the interests of fifty millions of American freemen and threatened to shake the harmony of the forty states of our Union. From Passamaquoddy Bay to the Rio Grande, from Cape Cod to the Pacific it had been the theme of intense excitement and angry discussion; now it came up to be calmly and ultimately decided by the highest judicial authority in the land. It was a scene of thrilling interest and even of sublimity. Not even when the English Commons impeached Warren Hastings was there a more imposing array of eloquence and learning engaged in the cause. The most learned jurists of the land stood up and argued; and they who most can move the human heart and stir the fountain of its feelings, gave forth their burning eloquence and sought to sway that judgement which was to be final. Upon the bench were seated nine noble men who were to judge the cause before them. The lines of thought were furrowed on their brows, the silver locks of age gave an honor to their manhood, and they sat there in dignity and calmness, the arbiters of a perplexed yet all important question, coolly following every train of reasoning, dispassionately weighing every legal argument, yet doing homage to commanding eloquence. The advocates completed their arguments, and the presiding judge rose up to pronounce the decision of the court. In the midst of profound silence he calmly reviewed the positions taken on either side, brought every sophism to the test of a precise logic, exposed every fallacy, rendered every dark point luminous by his profound learning, unravelled the subtle thread of false reasoning, brought order out of confusion, and with the clear strong mind of a Marshall resolved the whole matter into a few great principles, unfolded these in their various bearings, and then based on the most solid reasoning pronounced the verdict of the Supreme Court. There was a moral grandeur in the act. He spoke the words which were

to be oracles to the nation. As he seated himself I watched him narrowly. I felt drawn towards that man. After the court adjourned I approached him; our eyes met,—'twas he, I knew it was, *Quilp of the Indicator, Chief Justice of the United States!*

In my dream I had been traveling for many years in a foreign land, and had just returned to my native home. I was advised to seek the acquaintance of a very notable man in the vicinity. Quite a remarkable man he was, a real philosopher. He followed no profession; he did not need its support. But he was a scholar, for he loved study. Few were better versed than he in any science or department of knowledge. He lived quietly by himself, pursuing his own business, now gleaming the harvest fields of classic lore, now grasping the sublime theorems of Mathematics, and now rambling along the gayer paths of literature; he lived the life of a gentleman scholar, whiling away the intervals between the severe studies of Philosophy with music of which he was not only a *'distingue amateur,'* but also a skilful *"artiste."* In fine, he was one whom men respected for his learning and gentlemanly character. I sent him my card, and received a polite invitation to visit him. I called at his study: he rose to welcome me—as I live, *'twas Samson Brass!* Our hands met warmly, and we spoke to each other of the Past. I glanced around the room; it was just as you would have expected; a large and choice library was there as a matter of course; in diverse niches, you beheld several marble statues which came all but living from the chisel of the ablest sculptors, and the walls were hung about with the canvass of the greatest artists; an ingenious orrery stood in one corner of the room, and a half opened door revealed in an adjacent apartment a large collection of philosophical apparatus, a well furnished laboratory, and a cabinet of *"antiques"* and curiosities. There was a comfort and luxury about every thing. Observing an old book on his table which he had just laid down, I took it up. It was the *bound Nos. of the Indicator!*

. Again a change came upon my vision. The fame of a great philosopher reached my ears. He was a student of ancient lore. He had listened to the divine teachings of Plato, and was master of the learning of the Stagyrte. He followed the path of philosophical history in all its devious windings through the Dark Ages, the subtle transcendentalism of Germany, and the schools of Scotland, even to the present time, and made himself master of all its principles. He then retired into the inner chamber of his own heart and sought to solve the problem of Being there. The reflections of his colossal mind, he embodied in a new system of mental philosophy, which, protected by his powerful reasoning, and enforced by his massive eloquence, gave promise of creating a new era in the history of mental science. His name was on the lips of all scholars, and his principles at once became the subject of general controversy. I felt that I must meet this great philosopher. I half guessed in my mind who he was; and when we met, it was really he, *my old friend Nestor!* We lingered long together; spoke much of the half-remembered Past, glanced our eyes across the ever bright and pleasant Future, and—my dream had changed.

"In the bivouac of life," I met Ichabod. I recognized him in a moment, for there was no mistaking him. He knew me also at first sight, (for Ichabod never forgets a friend,) and in a moment we had clasped hands and leaped backwards over the thirty years that had elapsed since we had left college walls together. We were class-mates again, and hours passed away as we called up to recollection

one and another of the happy scenes that we had previously mingled in, and lived over again some of those days "*lang syne*" which we had once sadly thought had passed away forever. I found Ichabod living for some end, and accomplishing it too. He was a student, but not a mere student. He loved study for its own sake, but though he gave his heart to its pursuits, it was not for his own gratification. Ichabod was living to make the world better, and he did. His position was one of usefulness as well as respectability and happiness. Few had a wider influence,—none could exert it for a better purpose. He had made the sacred desk his calling, and he told me that he would not change it for any other which the world could offer. I could but envy him as I shook his hand and went my way.

Still dreaming, I was in the Senate Chamber of our national Congress. It had been for weeks the scene of stormy eloquence and angry debate. The interests of two great sections of our country were at an issue and threatened to shake the Republic to its centre. The fiery orators of the North and South had encountered each other in hot debate, and the Senate Hall had echoed to their fierce contention. At this juncture, the Southern Leader rose from his seat, and there was silence. With calm, yet earnest eloquence, he plead with those angry men. He was the representative of a Section, but he would act the senator of the land. The Constitution—he would defend it with his last breath. The Union—it was sacred, and he would cling to it as the last hope of the nation. He demanded that the North should recognize Southern rights: he promised that the South would respect the rights of the North. His withering rebuke fell like fire on those hot headed orators who but sought to fan the flame of discord, and they shrunk away from the angry flashing of his eye. He ceased, and all parties yielded to the conciliation of the great Southron, and the question was decided by compromise and harmony. But the orator who thus swayed the stormy Senate, and saved the Union from ruin—he was like one I had seen before. I spoke to him, and he was indeed the *Great Unknown*! I asked him of his welfare and how he had thus risen to his high station, but the vision fled and I awoke. And I had been dreaming, and what I had seen was only a night-vision.

Most truly, Messrs. Editors
your obt. servt.

ONE OF THE SENIORS."

Whew-w-w! *Je-u-pi-ter*!! Bless us! what a DREAMER our class-mate is! He must be one of the "sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights;" [some folks dont, for studying for the Valedictory.] Such strange dreaming completely overpowered us; we never blushed so much in all our lives before. But really, we have not an idea of cutting such a figure in the world. We—*justices, philosophers, senators, &c.*? No, no! could'nt think of the thing; "one of the Seniors" must excuse us. We born to be great!—We protest against it.

The editorial corps remain "*in statu quo*" with but few exceptions. It is worthy of remark, however, that Quilp sports a dashing red tippet, and continues to carry his head under that shapeless something which he calls a *cap*, but we anything else. It is also noticeable, that Samson Brass has cut off those huge whiskers behind which he was wont to stalk so dimly, "like the darkened half of the moon behind its growing light," as Ossian says. There's nothing new about the rest of us.

EPILEGOMENA.

With this Number closes the first volume of the Indicator, as well as the duties of those by whom it has thus far been conducted. It is with unfeigned regret that we take up, for the last time, the Editorial pen, to say good-bye to the Indicator, and to all who may have honored it thus far with a perusal.

Long will this year of college editorship live in the memory of every member of the Board. Though not devoid of care, and petty vexations, it has been on the whole, a right pleasant office: and our hearty thanks are due to those whose partial kindness bestowed it upon us, if only for the many merry hours we have spent together in attempts to fulfil our responsible duties. Our only regret must be that we have not been better able to justify their choice. The year that seemed so long and so prolific in anticipation, is short and meagre enough to look back upon: our Editors' life is gone, "like a tale that is told:" and of the many sage plans we made or were *going* to make, for the edification or amusement of our somewhat limited "public," scarcely the tithe has been realized. But while we have left much undone, and done even our little imperfectly, we hope that we have at least avoided what *ought not* to be done. Much in these pages will offend the eye of criticism: nothing, we trust, that of Morality, or true Religion.

To say that we have not satisfied ourselves would be only to repeat once more what may form the burden of every closing word of every labor, great or small, in life. We cannot even hope to have satisfied others: and to confess this is only to declare fulfilled the prophecy with which we commenced. But we can say with a good conscience, in these our last words, that we have performed the only promise made in our first; we have done our best, and done it right willingly. To start a periodical of this nature, has been no slight task for hands so inexperienced as ours; but the work has had our honest endeavors, and such as it is we commend it to the good will of those for whom alone it was intended—our fellow students.

And now, with many a heartfelt wish for the future prosperity of the little bark we have launched, and many a pleasant reminiscence of the voyage thus far, and many sincere thanks for the kindness of all who have been our companions thereon, we bid you, Readers of the Indicator, a hearty FAREWELL.

WM. G. HAMMOND, JR.,
JOHN M. EMERSON,
JULIUS H. SEELYE,
JOSEPH D. POLAND,
OVERTON YOUNG.

Amherst College, April, 1849.

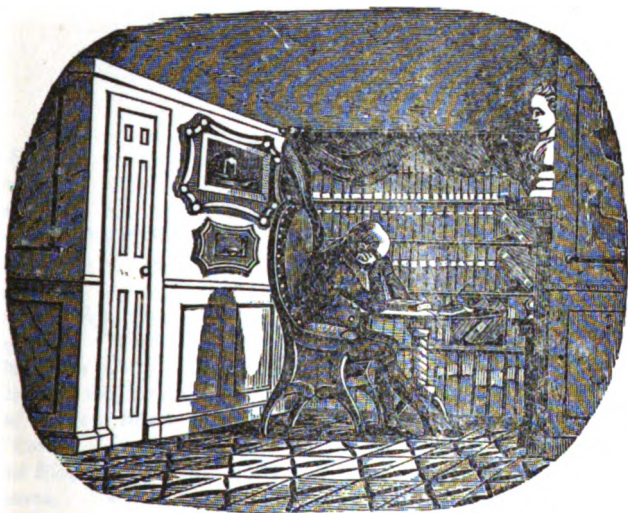
THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. II. 1849—50.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cowper.*

AMHERST:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE INDICATOR:

A Literary Periodical, Conducted by Students of Amherst College.

The want of a periodical like this has been strongly felt in this Institution; and the success with which others have been conducted in sister Institutions, and formerly here also, has inspired the hope, that in our present prosperity, ample support for one might be found, both in a literary and pecuniary point of view.

It will strive to be, as its name purports, a faithful INDICATOR of the literary taste, spirit, and acquirements, of the undergraduates of Amherst College, and of course will be composed principally of articles furnished by them. At the same time we shall hold ourselves at liberty to enrich its pages with the productions of any who have in former times been connected with the Institution, and whose kind offers enable us to promise a magazine worthy of Amherst College, her Alumni, and Students. For this reason we are emboldened to commend our undertaking to all in any way interested in our beloved Alma Mater, confident that from them it will receive a hearty and generous support, so long as it may continue to merit it.

Three numbers of the Indicator will be issued every collegiate term, containing each *not less* than 32 pages 8 vo. The style of typography will be in no respect inferior to other periodicals of the same nature.

CONDITIONS. \$2.00 per annum *in advance*. No subscriptions will be received for a less term than one year.

☞ All communications or subscriptions to be addressed (post paid) to "Editors of the Indicator," Amherst College, Mass.

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. II.

JUNE 1849.

No. 1.

EDITORS' PROLEGOMENA. *Concluded.*

A year has gone by since this unpretending magazine was first set adrift upon the uncertain waves of popular favor; and while anxious friends have watched its track with trembling interest, it has outlived the storms of a twelvemonth, and now begins to ride upon the waters like a thing of life. The ability of college to sustain a periodical of this character, has been fully tested; and the present editors enter upon their labors, confident of success, if their fellow-students will but second their own earnest endeavors to give it an honorable support.

The class who originated this magazine, have become so deeply engrossed in the labors preparatory to their graduation, as to forbid a more protracted tenure of the editorial office; hence, thus prematurely, they have committed to our inexperienced hands, the child of their hopes, trusting to our native sagacity to preserve it in its pristine vigor of constitution.

We wish it to be distinctly understood by the public abroad, that the prime object of this college magazine is our own literary advancement.—We write not for the eye of criticism.—We make no pretensions to a matured and finished style of composition—Nay we expect rather often to offend the refined taste by the uncouth phrase and rudely constructed sentence; and, we doubt not, the over-scrupulous will often fancy an air of unseemly confidence and youthful inflation about our productions somewhat trying to their nervous sensibility. But we hope to improve; and if our labors result thus happily, our object will be accomplished. Nevertheless we would not profess ourselves indifferent to the opinion of those who may honor our productions with their perusal. If they are disposed to lend us their sympathy in our toils, and manifest a willingness to discover our merits, as

well as magnify our faults, we shall reciprocate their kindness with a warm heart, and feel our labors amply repaid by their approval.

It will be our aim to make the *Indicator*, as the title would signify, a just representative of the literary ability, and spirit of the Institution. We shall seek to impress it as much as possible with a college character; hoping thereby it may prove a welcome visitor to our fellow-students, breaking in upon the monotony of study, with a pleasing relief, and knitting us together in a stronger social, and literary bond.—Moreover, we hope to awaken a more lively interest in our every day life, among our friends at home, by giving them from time to time, a transcript of college thought and feeling;—and those of the Alumni who shall favor us with their patronage, we trust will find our pages, occasionally, waking up pleasing associations connected with their own college days, and giving them a fresh interest in the prosperity of our common Alma Mater.

We would remind our fellow-students, that, although their partiality has made us the more immediate conductors of this magazine, they are by no means released from responsibility, in its literary support; and if the editors shall be left mostly to fill its pages by their own unaided efforts, it will not only fail of its great end as a representative of college talent, but must necessarily, if it live at all, linger along but half sustained, a burden and a reproach. We trust our correspondents will be faithful in this matter, and yield us a hearty support.

In passing judgment upon the pieces which may be sent us, we shall exercise the strictest impartiality. While we shall endeavor to avoid a censorious and hypercritical spirit, justice to ourselves, to our readers, and even to the author of the piece, demand that we subject every contribution to a close inspection, and decide upon its claims to admission, according to its just merits.—We lay no restrictions upon our correspondents in respect to topics—the grave, the gay, the pathetic and the humorous, will, alike, be received, if suited to our work, in point of dignity and general interest.

We are happy to add, that our prospects for the coming year, are cheering beyond our most sanguine expectations; and we are encouraged to believe, that we shall be able to produce a periodical, worthy of Amherst college, her Alumni and Students. To ensure a “consummation so devoutly to be wished for,” no pains will be spared by

THE EDITORS.

RANK. *Poland.*

ACCORDING to an Eastern Apologue, of two drops of descending rain, one was lost in the depth of the ocean; the other, caught by a shell-fish was transformed into a pearl.

Beautiful conception of the Oriental poet! And yet, in the fable is disclosed a truth which it may be well for us to consider.

Men have ever been at issue about the right and wrong, the good and evil of Rank. The prince deems it perfectly right and productive of good. Well he may, for it has seated him on a throne, and set upon his brow the diadem of royalty. The peasant plow-boy, and they who do menial service, call it a curse fraught with all evil; plead stoutly against its injustice; and envy those whom it has favored. With good reason, it hath bound them to the grinding wheel of poverty, and doomed them to a life of cheerless toil and hardship. In short, Rank receives different characters according to the different media through which we view it. It's a terrible thing to the man who thinks he ought to have been a little more favored by Fortune, but it's all well enough to him who rolls in luxury or guides the car of power.

And what is this great shadow which comes up and darkens life, blighting youth's young hopes that would dare to rise above its station, wasting the vigor and crushing down the pride of manhood, and settling down upon age like the dark pall of death? Is it right that men should be thus sternly doomed to differ?

If we calmly examine into the elements of this Rank among men, and note the several ways in which it is developed, much that is harsh in it will be quickly dissipated. Rank is manifested in the physical, mental, and moral endowments of men, and in the stations to which birth or fortune have assigned them. And for what is life worth anything, but for usefulness and happiness? and who can safely say that with any different endowments, and in a different station, he would possess in a higher degree, capacities for usefulness and happiness? There is always a presumption that the infinite Wisdom which made us, made us in the best manner; and apart from this, who can compare physical, intellectual, and moral endowments together, and thence determine his own rank among his fellows? Bearing in mind the great end of life, who shall say that himself, a sickly and deformed invalid is less for-

fortunate than another of princely beauty and manly strength? Or, who will claim that the king on his throne, is more an object of envy, than the slave who bows at his foot-stool? Are there no points of difference but those the eye can see? Have they not each an intellect which transcends the frail and dying body, as Immortality transcends Death, and in which the pale invalid or the humble slave may surpass the vigorous youth and haughty prince? Have they not each moreover, a moral nature, the great fountain of happiness? and is it clearly evident that youthful strength and royal dignities can confer more of it than the patient sick man and the contented servant may enjoy? Folly, to talk about the hard distinctions of life! Presumption, to impugn the wisdom and benevolence of our Maker! We can all be happy if we will—"the mind is its own place;" we can all be useful if we will; and what has life for us to do, but to accomplish these two great ends? If we were wise, we should not covet.

But the Rank which station affords, is often more bitterly denounced than the differences of natural endowment. Genius is born to drive the plow, and folly to wield a sceptre. What if it is so? Flowers sometimes are "born to blush unseen;" and genius, ever conscious of its worth, carries with it all that makes life valuable, faculties of usefulness and capacities of happiness. There is a lofty feeling in the consciousness that we are not appreciated, and in the high faith that truth will yet triumph;

"For ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

We find then, that much that is offensive in Rank, is removed when we bring it to the test of reason and compare it with the acknowledged ends of life. But still, as one star differs from another in glory, there are undoubted differences among men which give occasion to much discontent and murmuring. These differences I would attempt to justify, first, as necessarily resulting from the nature of things, and secondly, as contributing to individual happiness.

Rank may be justified from the nature of things, as being essential to personal identity. It is the differences among men which constitute Rank; hence, the slightest differences in the physical, mental, or moral condition, are entitled to the name. But such differences are essential, in order that we may be able to distinguish one person from another. Whether it is possible that two beings could be created exactly alike, and yet preserve their identity, is an unsolved problem; nature,

at least, gives us no analogy from which to infer its possibility. Of her myriad blades of grass, so far as observation extends, no two has she formed alike; the different species may have a single generic type, and it is so among men, but the individuals of the species differ interminably. There are boundless forests on the earth's broad bosom, yet there is not a leaf in the countless host, which, to the eye of man, is not different from every other. If the leaves of the forest are not alike, how much less the last and least of nature's works—man! If the gems that glitter on the dark brow of night, differ in their burning brightness, how much more immortal spirits? It is the inference then from the nature of things, that men must differ. We may not fathom the deep Law of Creation fully to know its reason; the veil which keeps Eternity from Time may conceal it. But the *great Law itself* is shadowed forth in every thing which is—especially in every thing which lives and moves around us.

By the nature of things then, by the Law of Creation, Rank is justified. Is it not so moreover, by its bearings on human happiness? If all were alike, all would have the same aims, objects, and desires and of course the individual attainment of them would be hopeless.

We should all then be striving after the same objects, which but a precious few perhaps, in the desperate struggle, none at all, could ever obtain. Would the change to such a state be a happy one? Consider, moreover, how society must necessarily consist of different grades, high and low, rich and poor, rulers and subjects? Remember how multiform are the professions, trades and businesses of life. Reflect and see how much this state of things must contribute to human happiness and to the highest developement of the human powers, and then cease to complain of Rank. If men were equal and I was as high as the highest, there would be nothing for me to aspire after. If men were equal, and there were none lower than I, I should have nothing to fear. Hope and fear, the two strongest motives that can prompt men to action and rouse their noblest aspirations, are the legitimate consequences of Rank.

But apart from external things, who would consent to give up the individuality he possesses, and be like every body else? Who would yield up all those glorious thoughts of his distinct personality, of his isolation in some things from all other created intelligences, which tells him that he exists for some specific end for which God, in his economy, *expressly created him*, and which gives him his peculiar and inalienable right to immortality? Those are proud and royal feelings

which sometimes come crowding up from the soul. There is that within which the outward act does not embody—man cannot read the heart. There is a space between what we think and what we do, as wide as that which separates Possibility from Reality, the Conditional from the Absolute; and no arm may stretch across that space to seize the soul and scan its purposes, but the arm which formed its secret cells, and gave it its power and its mystery.

Rejoice then, thou who boastest of a soul, that there is an existence within, unprofaned by the gaze of other eyes, a "holy of holies," whither thou mayst retire in awful sanctity and plan thy earnest purposes of life!

RALPH.

"OH TALK NOT OF DEATH."

"Oh talk not of death!" says the laughing boy,
And away he bounds with a gladsome look;
Amid childhood's sports and the gush of young life,
No thought of the grave—the cold grave can he brook.

"Oh talk not of death!" says the fiery youth,
And he glances aloft to the glittering prize;
Amid dreams of ambition and pantings for fame,
No thought of mortality ever can rise.

"Oh talk not of death!" says man in his strength,
And onward he moves with a king-like air;
He forgets the old tomb where his forefathers sleep,
Forgets the dark corner reserved for him there.

"Oh talk not of death!" says the man of three score,
And he brushes a tear from his lusterless eye;
He feels the cold finger of death at his heart,
He shudders, he falters—he knows he must die!

Rs.

• AN ALLEGORY.

I had been deeply injured. One with whom I had for years enjoyed communion of soul, in whose love my happiness was found, upon whom I had poured out the unreserved wealth of my heart's affections, whose truth I had never dreamed of doubting, had, in a moment of rash anger, renounced my long-treasured friendship; had contemned me to my face and traduced me to the world. I flew to other friends for sympathy. But so prone is man to receive an *evil* rather than a *good* report of his fellow-man,—all, with one accord, treated me with the most chilling indifference. As I passed along the streets, they shunned my presence—even those who had been proud to call me friend, now stood aloof, when I most needed their support. Stung to desperation by this unmerited desertion, I resolved to quit the haunts of men—to seek the silence of Nature's most hidden retreats—never more to enter the dwelling of man. "The wild beasts," said I in my madness, "are more worthy of companionship, for they are not insensible to kindness received."

With such feelings, raging like a tempest in my bosom, I rushed forth from my dwelling, not caring whither my footsteps tended, so that I might be out of sight and hearing of humanity. I entered a mighty forest; and such was my anxiety to bury myself in its deepest recesses, that I was alike unconscious of effort or fatigue until night overtook me, when I sank down exhausted at the foot of a huge tree. Then sleep, in spite of my resistance, overpowered me, and for many hours checked the war within. When I awoke, returning consciousness brought back the events of the preceeding day. Bitter were my thoughts as I resumed my wanderings. The forest grew denser at every step; tangled underwood constantly impeded my progress; yet was my resolution unshaken, and the darker and gloomier the shades became, the more I exulted in the prospect of complete seclusion.

But as I pushed on through brier and brake, I reached a more open spot, where the surpassing loveliness arrested my eager footsteps, and chained my attention. The sun was high in the heavens, and his bright beams glanced joyously through the forest leaves, while a gentle breeze whispered softly among the branches. Birds, whose plumage exceeded in its colors the most gorgeous hues I had ever be-

held, were winging their way from bough to bough, and the melody of their various notes might have hushed the wildest storm of human passion. Beneath my feet, were spread on the green sward, flowers of the most delicate and varied tints, whose fragrance perfumed the whole air, while the "crystal bells" of the brooklet which wound its way along, fell on my ear like richest music. I could not resist these soothing influences of nature, and I felt that much of my bitterness of feeling was passing away.

Just then a deep, majestic sound fell on my ear, by which I knew that I was near some large river. Once more did I toil on, and soon stood on its banks. There I gazed in mute astonishment; for the waters of this river, though rapid in its course, were not turbid. On the contrary, they were of such limped pureness, that the finest pebbles on the bed of the stream were visible from a great distance.

I could not account for this, and, while lost in conjecture, I heard a voice near me. "Drink of the stream; so shalt thou be blest." Amazed, I turned, but beheld no one. The sun shone as brightly, the birds sang as sweetly, the leaves danced as gaily, but nought did I see that could have uttered that voice. Again it repeated "Drink of the stream." I knelt me down; laved my burning brow; then quaffed a long, delicious draught. I arose an altered being; I had indeed received peace into my soul; for every trace of anger, misanthropy and revenge had fled. Would ye know the name of that wonderful river? FORGIVENESS.

RASSELAS.

Genl.

ANONYMI.

THE task of writing for other people to read, is at least a difficult one. It may be quite an easy matter to prepare essays which are not to be subjected to the scrutiny of other eyes than the author's. If he be permitted to read or recite his productions, a fine voice, earnestness, grace and appropriateness of action, may gloss over many awkward sentences and invest stale thoughts with an appearance of novelty and importance. But let them be transferred to the "*printed page*"—let their real, unglozed characters stand forth in honest "black and

white," and their condition is materially changed. Here every sentence and turn of expression must be squared by the straight rule of rhetoric—the words must be neither too many nor too few; carefully selected, but not far-fetched. The style must not be exactly dry, nor what would be termed florid; the spirit must be modest, yet bold and independent; the sentiments, neither conservative nor radical, discarding the cannonized follies of the past, but free from all appearance of innovation:—the entire production must be a kind of self-contradiction,—wise nonsense, beautiful ugliness, or sublime stupidity, in short, an *impossibility*. If the young hopeful be not competent to this, there is but one alternative for him,—either to bury himself in obscurity, or feel the smart of the critic's lash and the more terrible displeasure of the learned *vulgus*. What is the marvel then if the literary fledgeling feels slightly giddy and reluctant, when, for the first time, he spreads his untried wings to emulate the flight of older and more experienced *fowls*? But ambition conquers fear; the sanguine youth, fondly hoping to transmit to posterity his name embalmed in the literature of his country, "screws his courage to the sticking place," audaciously seizes the "gray goose quill"—that most faithful *indicator* of an author's genius—and shaping forth the conceptions of his brain, commends them to the tender *cruelties* of the *Editors*.

Who has not experienced the vexation of selecting a suitable name for the productions of his pen? And a *suitable* name, verily, must it be;—suitable to the writer's capacity, suitable to his subject; suitable to the notions of a thousand and one critics of literary nomenclature. It must be classic, but not pedantic, concealing within itself some beautiful and striking thought,—*structura praeagnans*, the Prof. would say—but yet without any appearance of affectation. He has no idea of anything in particular about which he designs to write, but a certain vague notion of numberless and nameless, alas! unnameable, generalities, among which he fancies his discursive genius will find ample space for its peregrinations, and gather for him a pretty fair budget of literary distinction. In selecting a name, it is necessary to be convinced in the outset, that none are absolutely faultless. Just to glance at a few of the best. "*My Leisure Hours*" looks well, and there is something very attractive in its easy, sociable physiognomy; but then, how tantalizing to a student, the victim of greek

roots and mathematical formulas "from night till morn, from morn till dewy eve," to have before him a picture of happiness so different from his slavish mode of life! "*Jottings Down*" is still more faulty. First, if the action be suited to the idea, it is suggestive of any but a literary production: secondly, when pronounced, it has a sort of saltatory movement,—what musicians would call *staccato*—forcibly reminding one of the times when he used to ride the night-mare down his grand-ma's stairs; and thirdly, its intimate connection with the *Marking System* can not fail to call up associations of a most disagreeable nature. Other names which might readily occur to the desultory writer, such as "*Nonsense*, to be continued," "*Original Suggestions*, selected from various authors," "*Gleanings in fairy land*, by a pair of scissors" &c., might be subjected to similar criticisms; but we forbear. The only way then in which the prospective author can free himself from all perplexity of this kind is to assume an unusual quantity of brass, become thoroughly convinced that his own taste is of vastly more importance than other people's, and then proceed,—perhaps with a subject and a name to it, or, with a subject without a name; or, with a name without a subject; or, as more usually is the case, without either.

It is the distinguishing characteristic of a truly great mind to assign to every subject, whether it belong to the material or spiritual world, the exact position which its importance demands. Little minds, on the contrary, look without discrimination upon all subjects; confound all notions of great and small, and range the most trivial questions of every-day life, beside those on which rest the foundations of truth and the fate of humanity. If these latter are fortunate enough to meet with some fact which they can in any degree appreciate, it immediately becomes the "*sumnum bonum*" of human existence. It hides all other forms of truth—hides them as a mote in the eye darkens the broad, shining disk of the sun! Move through the dim galleries of some eccentric antiquary's library, where the dust of ages has gathered itself, and no sound disturbs the deep stillness, save the echo which the tread of your own foot calls forth, and there will you discover the fruits of their lives in a few dingy and worm-eaten tomes—at once their trophy and their sepulchre! Their influence was but brief and circumscribed; their hearts did not beat in unison with the great heart of humanity; while the world was tumb-

ling about their ears, they were weighing grains and scruples upon some trifling subject about which no one else was concerned! Perchance they wrote elaborate and imposing volumes on the force of Greek particles, discussed with marvellous acumen the nature of necessity and will, but they saw truth in no other direction. They exalted these favorite themes above more important ones, suffered not their theories to be modified and corrected by light from other sources; they followed the pale, flickering torch of reason far away from the influence of objective truth, lived the blind worshipers of *one idea*; and their works, like their bodies, have gone down to darkness and the worm!

Not so with those few superior minds which have arisen here and there along the track of time to shed a genial influence across the dark and cheerless wastes of humanity. They have been true brothers of men—bigots to no theory of their own invention, ever willing to respect the claims of other departments in the wide domain of thought and investigation. They are men whom the world is proud to call its own, whose sentiments are inwoven with the very texture of society, and whose counsels hush the noisy tumult of human passion—all because they give utterance to the deep and silent breathings of every human heart! They live, not in the mouldering rubbish of neglected libraries, but in the thoughts and actions of those who come after them.

Ra.

FRIENDSHIP'S TEST.

Poison.

True friendship, it comes to the human heart
 Like a precious thought which shall ne'er depart;
 A star in the darkness, a life boat at sea,
 A hope to the bondman, a joy to the free.
 'Tis faithful when suns shine bright on our path,
 'Tis faithful when storms sweep down in their wrath;
 Still constant, still true, it 'bideth the blast,
 It fails not, distrusts not, but clings to the last.
 There's life in its smile, there's wealth in its love,
 Its halo shines bright like the halo above.

But ah! they are few who are worthy the name,
Few, few are the friends that are ever the same;
Would you know who is constant, who loveth you best?
I once made the trial, and this was the test.

One came and sought me every day,
His face was smiles, his laugh was gay;
He seemed most happy at my side,
Would often ask me to a ride;
Would sometimes flatter, always praise,
And view'd my talents with amaze;
Spoke of our love, and hoped its flame
Would ever brightly burn the same.
Indeed, he was a pleasant youth—
I loved him, but I fear'd his truth;
I could not take him to my breast,
He gave me not true friendship's test.

Another seem'd to love me well,
And oft his gifts that love did tell;
He pressed them with such modest force
I never could refuse, of course.
I took his gifts. I loved him much,
And wish'd that there were many such
As generous, as nobly free,
As faithful and as kind as he.
But yet I dared not trust my heart
To one whose love might soon depart;
My bosom did not feel at rest,
He gave me not true friendship's test.

There was a third—he did not smile,
And fawn, and flatter, all the while;
No costly gifts did he bestow,
Of outward signs he made no show.
It grieved me, and in rashness bold
I said his heart was sere and cold.
One eve my footsteps sought his door,
The day was done, its labors o'er;
I heard his voice, I could but stay,
I heard him in his closet pray;
My name—he breath'd it in his prayer,

My happiness was all his care.
 I bless'd him, in my heart I knew
 That *his* was friendship pure and true;
 I was convinced *he* loved me best,
He gave me truest friendship's test.

There are friends will seek you in court and hall,
 There are those will give you their earthly all;
 But the friend that prays for you, loves you best,
 He gives you love's truest and only test.

Iar.

CHAPTER ON FOLLIES.

Shipley,

"With the strong rein of commanding words
 I'd manage, guide, and master the eminence
 Of men's affections.
 And draw, divert, dispose and fashion men
 Better than force or rigor can direct!"

"Ephraim is joined to his Idols: let him alone."

So many at the present day stand in this position, and so great is the variety of character I notice as I look around me, that the theory of transmigration of souls occurs to my mind, and I am ready to exclaim, Ephraim lives again in modern Israel!

It is unimportant to what particular kind of idols Ephraim had joined himself, but we would rather bring to your notice the idea which seems to be inculcated in the latter clause of our text—viz.: that the best thing to be done under some circumstances, is, to do nothing at all.

This is an idolatrous age. Not that we behold gods of wood or stone, fashioned in the similitude of a man. Nor yet do we mean that a *golden calf* has been in reality set up, that all may see, fall down and worship, the real divinity, at whose shrine so many are offering up their time and talents. But false gods are dwelling in our hearts, and the voice of Sinai is unheard, while Self thunders forth, "Thou shalt have no other God before me!"

In one of the most lovely valleys of Massachusetts, situated on an eminence, there stands a venerable church, simply, but in many re-

spects strangely fashioned. Thither for years the people went up and bowed in humble prayer together. From its tall and elaborately constructed tower, the silver tones of the old church bell went ringing forth, year after year, the Sabbath call; and sweeping through the fields, and entering every dwelling, the voice of this religious monitor told all, that neighbors and friends were hastening with quiet feet to the old church, there in purity of soul to worship the only living and true God.

But now how changed is everything in this formerly quiet parish. There are indeed the same sunny slopes and shady hollows. There too stands the old church, but solitary and deserted, a mouldering wreck on the mount of sacrifice where the hands of a departed generation placed it. Close beside it is the place "where the vermin burrowed that gnawed the life out of the brave old oak!"

In an evil hour a temple was erected, and dedicated to the worship of the Idol Bacchus, a god ministering to fleshy appetites. A new generation sprang up delighting in this worship. And now no call to prayer issues from the old church. No music is heard within its walls, save the wind as it mourns over the desolation of the place seeming hoarsely to howl forth,—“Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone.”

See yonder rich man, still toiling up the hill of worldly gain. He sustains a fair reputation among men for he has committed no open act of wickedness. But he is an idolator,—a *priest* in the temple of mammon. He constantly peruses his bible, for it is his ledger. He prays daily, for petitions for monopolies constitute his book of prayer.

More avaricious, but not so modest as Dives of scripture memory in spite of torments he might endure, he would petition Abraham not for a *drop* of water but for a mill-site on the gulf stream which separates them. Or in the Stygian glooms he would insure to Mercury a thriving trade, if he would form a canoe and in the night-time smuggle into Elysium such hell-doomed miscreants as himself. He knows nothing of conscience; his idol is the almighty dollar, and on it I would engrave, “Ephraim is joined to his idol: let him alone!”

Appetite is the god of Epicurus; his bible is the bill of fare provided by his caterer. His idea of happiness in heaven is graduated by the number of new dishes he expects to find there. Hecatombs of beeves, crammed in his gullet, have choked his soul; the eye of the mind has long since become obscured and left only the hollow socket of sensuality.

"He seems to be on desperate deeds intent !
His eye I saw with full intention fiercely bent
On roasted pullets, fricassees, and pie ;
And other condiments that in yon cellar lie !"

His brain he e'er forgets, which is the nobler part,
He's joined unto his idol : we in disgust depart.

Alphonso, the son of industrious and thriving parents, was, at an early age, sent to one of the excellent academies which abound in New England, to prepare for college. He was of retiring and studious habits, and in proper time was admitted a member of —— University. An example of diligence and perseverance, a pattern worthy of imitation, he passed three years. But in an evil hour, he seated himself with engaging companions, at the card table. The wine glass is handed around, and jokes and mirth proclaim the festive hour. As yet, a novice in fashionable folly, the next morning found him with an aching head and troubled conscience.

"Not poppy nor mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the east,
Can ever med'cine to him that sweet sleep
He had ere yesternight."

We bade him banish forever the poison he had tasted, and exhibit an example of that energy of character which can frown absurdity and vice into obscurity.

One year passed, and those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest station, were all sacrificed at a false shrine ; and he who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, sunk into insignificance and contempt. We sighed as we beheld the morning which arose so bright, o'ercast with such untimely darkness. The sigh swelled spontaneous, and the breeze wafted it on, bearing the words,—“ Ephraim is joined to his idols : let him alone !”

I met Aberranus the other day, who mistakes eccentricity for genius. His hair indeed “streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.” His sunken eyes seemed to retreat from nature that their owner might look through it, the more distinctly in remote perspective. To differ is his idol ; and the unstudied suggestions of his wandering brain, he sets up against united opinion. Everything to which other men assent because not of sufficient consequence to alter, he opposes. “The little courtesies of life, those social qualities, which make man mild and sociable to man”—he holds of no account. His mind is distorted ; while his wits are in the tropic of Capricorn and seem just ready to turn.

Philosophers tell us that all objects are seen inverted by the eye, but our *judgment* corrects the mistake. Deprived of that necessary adjunct of the mind, all things appear to him upside down and as such he treats them. We leave him in confusion, groaning out "Ephraim is joined to his idols : let him alone !"

The ruling passion of Blatero, is talking. Incessantly he rattles on, his noise like a waterfall, diminishing every other sound. We are not with him long before his Babel confounds us, and wishing that the dew may drown him, or the moon-beam scorch him, we hurry away, crying loud enough if possible to be heard, "Ephraim is joined to idols : let him alone !"

But here perhaps the reader may wish to interpose a check, and asks, if I have no idols? While I leave moralizing, you shall find my reply in the moral of a fable, given by the Russian poet Soumorokof.

There was once a reformer of morals, a decided admirer of greatness in sentiment. He counselled and consoled the afflicted. All his neighbors listened to his precepts as laws. Had any one sustained the loss of a child, or a wife? Was innocence attacked and borne down by oppression? Believe *him*, and these were not evils.

This philosopher had a young wife. She was beautiful. In his eyes she was a goddess. But death who has little respect for youth or love, seized the wife of our philosopher. He alas! rends his hair, and cries aloud till the air resounds with his clamor. His neighbors assemble and surrounding him, offer consolation by telling him to remember what he had said to them. When I gave you lessons, replied he, when I offered you consolation, it was *you* who had lost wives. Now, alas! it is *mine* who is dead.

You can discover in this fable how much better men love to speak of the losses and faults of others, than their own.

I might multiply cases. Instances could be found among students, and christians, but they are moderns, and I cannot call names. So for two reasons I will close. One is, I hear a sound, and you remember how Byron wrote of

"That sweet tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell."

And moreover, if I should write more and expect to be read, the hope would be illusive, and the last smile of the reader would be at my expense, as he exclaimed, Ephraim feedeth on wind, he is joined to his idols—united and loving as a diphthong—I will surely let him alone.

ABEN X.

THE SPANISH GIRL'S BURIAL.

'Twas the dreamy hour of twilight
The Sun had sunk to rest,
And left a train of crimson gold
Still burning in the west,
The stars came faintly trembling out
To gaze upon the world
And night-flowers filled with perfume
Their petals fair unfurled.

All sternly grim and silent
Stood a mansion grey and old,
With many an antique window
And many a buttress bold,
And the summer moonlight quietly
Looked down from heaven and lay
Like a silver flood of silence
On that mansion old and grey.

Within an ancient chamber
Fell the silent step of Death,
And stilled was every aching sob,
And hushed was every breath;
The parting prayer had just been said,
The parting blessing given,
And a maiden full of youthful bloom
Was going up to Heaven.

Then came a dreary silence
When the last Amen was said,
When with its weight of heavy grief
The heart seems chilled and dead,

Then came the gush of bitterness,
The low and stifled moan,
The feeling in the very soul
That it is left alone.

They laid her in the garments
That spoke of former hours,
And trembling fingers plaited fast
A wreath of Almond* flowers ;
All night with sad and drooping eyes
They watched till morn should come,
So with its young and gladsome light
To bear her to her home.

All gorgeously and brightly
The sunrise fell aslant,
All mournfully and sadly
Arose the funeral chant ;
They laid her where the flowers
Were blooming fresh and fair,
Away from life and joyousness,—
Away from grief and care.

They buried her in sadness
Beneath the Lynden shade,
Where the stream amid the pebbles
A gentle murmur made ;
With her hands so calmly folded
On her meek and quiet breast,
In the beauty and the innocence
Of her first undreaming rest.

—Alas ! that grief should shadow
The light of early days,
That the morning sun when risen
Should lose its joyous rays—
They followed her in longings
To the Land where none may part,
And they laid her in the quiet grave
But shrined her in each heart.

*Almond—~~hope~~.

SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTS.

Fauch.

Each man, as he looks forth upon the world, finds his attention arrested by some one aspect which it presents; and, strange to say, this peculiar aspect is determined by the tastes and habits of his own mind.

One man is a historian, or, at least, has a strong attachment to every thing like history. His loves are far back in the past. The "Science of Races," or some question about the Pyramids, or a huge ruin has for him attractions second to none other. He is more interested in the discovery of some relic of antiquity than in any invention of the present, or prophecy of the future.

Another looks forth upon men through an entirely different medium. He is a religionist. To him men are not mere creatures divided into clans, and bounded off by geographical lines. These distinctions all vanish before one infinitely greater. Religion is the only boundary he allows. The world before his mind's eye is a map of light and dark shades; light, where christianity has scattered her beams of love; dark, where her sun has not risen:

A third man in his survey overlooks both these distinctions. A division into ancient or modern, civilized or savage, christian or anti-christian is a mere arrangement, adopted that others may understand his language: while to himself genius and intellect constitute nobility, and their absence the real degradation.

It is beside the man of this latter class that we would take our station: with him would we look abroad upon the world, and strive to recognize, in all who are truly great, the likeness of the brotherhood of genius. He who occupies this position, will indeed be compelled to admit, that climate and habit, that war and peace, that refinement and barbarism have each exerted a peculiar influence upon the direction of even the most powerful minds. But notwithstanding all this, intellect has confirmed Inspiration, in declaring that the race is one in its origin; since there has been no period so clouded with ignorance, and no nation so sunk in degradation that it has not produced its men of strength, not of muscle, but of mind. Nor can any one fail to discern, that situation is not the only circumstance which affects the character of genius. France and England, separated only by a narrow strait, present a singular contrast. No two modes of thought and action can be more opposite; the one, grave, argumentative and se-

date ; the other, light, elegant and imaginative. Ancestry has done much for each, but religion more. It is so among the other nations. Spain cannot be much other than the land of passion and romance. Cervantes, her literary glory, could not have written *Don Quixote* had he been an Englishman, and lived in London. Italy, too, if she produces a Poet of eminence, will allow him to copy the smiles from her landscape, and the love from her sky ; or, if he is crossed in his affection, and the deep sullenness of despair rests upon him, he will write an *Inferno*, and borrow its images of terror from the fury of a volcano, or the desolations of the burning lava. If he be a Philosopher, or a Statesman gifted with a comprehensive mind, driven mad by his country's misrule, he will be a Machiavelli.

To search for a nation which shall combine these natural advantages, that amid them, men of lofty talent might be reared, were a fruitless task. Yet above all others, in advantage of a genial climate, and a diversified soil ; of old thrilling associations ; of a history rich in incident, and a religion poetic in its very simplicity—in advantage of all these, we say, Scotland is preeminently gifted. As a parallel fact, let it be remembered, that no country has produced more truly great men. She is indeed the

“ Land of the beautiful and brave ;
The freeman's home, the martyr's grave ;
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen
The magic of a warrior's name.”

The fame of her poets and her statesmen, of her philosophers and her theologians has filled every land.

Burns has been called the poet of nature ; and well deserved is the title ; for he is the interpreter of nature without to nature within. There are emotions of the individual soul, as various as the circumstances which excite them ; these we could not, if we would express even to the nearest friend : but these we may find in his poems, arrayed in a simple and unostentatious garb. This very naturalness it is, which, more than any thing else, constitutes their power. To some of his songs objections have justly been raised ; but for these the production of the “Cotter's Saturday Night,” and the “Prayer in the Prospect of Death,” is surely an ample atonement.

Nor should Burns alone be mentioned ; for a host of others have followed on, and have consecrated to the “wild witchery of song” the

"Land of the brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

She has, indeed, produced no Milton. Her bards have contented themselves with an humbler strain. Yet the splendid fiction of *Osian* is certainly not unworthy of mention; a creation which the critical Blair has thought not unworthy of comparison, in some of its principal features, with the productions of Homer; and that too, not at all to the disadvantage of the Scotchman. To speak of all who have in this department won renown, would require a volume, rather than a mere sketch. A nation which has originated such poets as Burns, Pollok, Campbell and Scott has well earned the gratitude of every lover of genius and song.

Her philosophers and metaphysicians have been distinguished for the depth of their investigations, their patient industry, and the clearness and originality of their conclusions. The very name of Edinburgh has a literary sound. It is suggestive of weighty thoughts; of calm dispassionate reflection; of views extensive and profound; and of a thorough conservatism, holding fast to the old land-marks, and adding to that already possessed with certainty, whatever of real advancement is worth retaining.

What nation can present in her galaxy of genius, names more splendid than Hume, Reid, Brown and Stuart, in one department; or Mackintosh, Jeffrey and Brougham, in another. Scotland also claims Carlyle; that strange, but gifted being, who though "imbued with the religion of the Covenant, and the poetry of the hills, yet has wandered off into metaphysical speculation, where, amid dreams of gorgeous and beautiful enchantment, he is ever more uttering his burning oracular words of half pagan, half Christian, wisdom."

To excel in a variety of departments, is the prerogative of but a few. If ever accomplished, it has been by her sons. Chalmers and Dick have combined the philosopher with the theologian. Scott and Wilson have met with the most unbounded success in whatever they have undertaken; they have breathed a holy reverence for religion into romance; they have exalted criticism to a science; and they have given an impulse to literature of every kind, which exceeds all computation.

Genius everywhere is sacred. Its productions can never perish. Time, corroding all else, leaves these untouched. A literature, which has upon it the stamp of originality, survives the present, and gains new honor with years.

L. E.

DREAMS OF THE BY-GONE HOURS.

I

Dreams of the By-gone hours !
When the low and gushing chime
Of Bees 'mid the Summer flowers,
And the boughs of the drooping Lime,
Rang out in the noontide lull
Of that garden old and trim :
Come to my teeming brain
Sweet visions faint and dim !

II

Dreams of the By-gone hours,
In the sunny time of Youth,
When the fairy tales of life
Bore the sweet impress of truth,
When the dreams of night were blest
By only forms of joy—
To night, oh ! let me rest
As when I was a boy.

III

Let me dream of the olden time—
Of the swing amid the trees,
With its wild exciting thrill
At the rushing of the breeze,
How the wind swept thro' my hair,
With its cool touch on my brow !
Oh for that thrill of ecstasy
That I could feel it now.

IV

In that quiet brown old house,
Where the moss was on the roof,
That thro' the spring-time wore
A green and golden roof,

And the quiet shaded rooms,
And the white and sanded floor,
Oh ! wherefore when my heart was light
Did I not prize ye more.

V

How the dear old-fashioned sunshine
Poured a warm and golden light
Tho' the vine-leaves at the window
On the curtains' spotless white—
How the very birds made riot
With a wild and checkless glee,
As they sang to us little children
Under the old Lime tree.

VI

Alas ! no more forever
Shall those happy days come back,
And mem'ry only visits
Life's vanished sunny track ;
Then come to my teeming brain,
Come to my aching heart
Dreams of the By-gone Hours,
Dreams that can ne'er depart.

STANZAS.

Dreaming,—still dreaming, our Life is a dreaming :
Dimly we float down the current of Time ;
Shades of the evening, with golden stars gleaming,
Waft us a thought of the heavenly clime.
Faint in the West the red lights are dying,
The silver moon sails thro' the still azure sky,

Low thro' the tree-tops the soft winds are sighing,
Grim 'neath their branches the calm shadows lie.

Praying—soft praying, sweet music is stealing
Dimly and dreaming thro' the still soul ;
Gushing to gladness, the fountains of feeling
Swell into rapture no pow'r can control ;
Under the starlight how purely and thrillingly
Goes up the prayer to the Giver of Good !
How our wild spirits like children, bow willingly ;
Thoughts of the dark world no longer intrude.

Hope to the weary !—Heaven seemeth no longer
A far distant goal, as in darkness we roam ;
Praying in purity,—Faith groweth stronger,
Making us meet for our Heavenly Home.
Never more dreaming, we wake to the *Present*,
Giving God thanks with the pow'rs He has given ;
Life is not weariness now,—it is pleasant ;
A temple that fits us to worship in Heaven.

RAPHAEL: *Sc.D.*

OR PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE AT TWENTY—*By Alphonse De Lamartine.*

Whatever reaches us across the waters from the pen of Lamartine, will be ensured a perusal ;—if not from its own attractions, at least, by virtue of its relation to the Poet, the Orator and the Statesman of France. The little book, whose title we have placed at the head of this article, was we believe, his first effort in the way of authorship, after recovering from the fatigue of that tumultuous period, where he played so brilliant a part as Ruler of the storm. The book professes to be a recital of the principle incidents of an interesting

amour in the life of a sentimental youth by the name of "Raphael;" but doubtless is nothing else than the autobiography of a scene in the author's own life, which, from motives of delicacy, he has chosen to introduce to public notice under a foreign garb.

Now the liking or disliking of this book, we apprehend, depends far more upon the reader, than its own merits. The crusty "old bach" will not deign it an interview beyond the preface.—The maiden lady with divers exclamations and hysterical symptoms, may possibly reach the end.—The careful mother will regard it quite too passionate and ethereal for practical life—and beyond anything in her own experience. But the imaginative and languishing young *Miss*, will dream and sigh over its pages with rapturous delight; and the romantic lover, under the full heat of his "first love," may gain a tolerably clear conception of the hero's position. None however but the most poetic and spiritual, the most amorous and impulsive, can fully enter into the meaning, and appreciate the merits of this book. We confess a distrust of our own fitness to notice understandingly a work of this character—having a very limited knowledge of the subject generally, and bating a few boyish freaks of school-day memory, being a perfect stranger to the "tender passion." Nevertheless, we hazard a hasty glance at the book, for the benefit of those of our readers who take an interest in such matters. The outlines of the story run thus :

Raphael, a youth of poetic fancy, and almost morbid sensibility, having fallen into a state of languor and melancholy, had betaken himself, in early autumn, to a small town lying in a valley of the Alps, where away from noise and care, he hoped to regain his spirits and vigor. This place was the usual resort for invalids during the hot months of summer and autumn, and, by chance, he took up his abode with an old doctor, in whose family was residing a young lady from Paris, of great beauty, but in a weak and languid state of health. This young lady, whose name was Julie, had early lost her parents, and being thrown upon the world without friends or money, had excited the compassion of a benevolent old gentleman, of vast wealth, but without heirs; and who, in order to bequeath her his property had induced her to become his wife. In this relation he treated her rather as daughter than wife, and left her heart free to fasten itself upon a more youthful companion, whom she might wed on the event of his own death, which he regarded close at hand. Her health declining, he had sent her in order to recruit, to the place above mentioned—where

Raphael first met her. An attachment soon springs up between them, the progressive steps of which, are minutely detailed, and the emotions incident thereupon are most graphically described.

Our limits forbid extended extracts, and we shall have room but for one or two, as illustrative of the style of the author, and the character of the hero's passion. The following passage may serve to enlighten some of our readers, as to the way a fellow feels, when fairly '*smitten*.'

"I went, and came; sat down, and got up again. I ran, then stopped, and walked on without feeling the ground beneath my feet, like those phantoms which glide upon earth, upheld by their impalpable ethereal nature. I extended my arms to grasp the air, the light, the lake; I would have clasped all Nature in one vast embrace, in thankfulness that she had become incarnate, for me, in a being that united all her charms and splendor, power, and delights. I knelt on the stones and briars of the ruins without feeling them, and on the brink of precipices without perceiving them! I uttered inarticulate words, which were lost in the sound of the noisy waters of the lake; I strove to pierce the vaults of heaven, and to carry my song of gratitude, and my ecstasy of joy, into the very presence of God! I was no longer a man, I was a living hymn of praise, prayer, adoration, worship of overflowing, speechless thankfulness. I felt an intoxication of the heart, a madness of the soul; my body had lost the consciousness of its materiality, and I no longer believed in time, or space, or death. The new life of love which had gushed forth in my heart, gave me the consciousness, the anticipated enjoyment of the fullness of immortality."

But this season of delicious intercourse soon passes away, and Julia is obliged to return to Paris. Raphael returns to his father's house, and continues to hold communication with the object of his affections, by letter. The following passage sets forth the difficulties he encountered in striving to give utterance to his passion, by the meagre language of men.

"Unknown to myself, I struggled desperately, as Jacob wrestled with the angel against the poorness, the rigidity, and the resistance of the language I was forced to use, as I knew not the language of the skies. The efforts that I made to conquer, bend, smooth, extend, spiritualize, color, inflame, or moderate expressions; the wish to render by words the nicest shades of feeling; the most ethereal aspirations of thought, the most irresistible impulses, the most chaste reserve of passion; to express looks, attitudes, sighs, silence, and even the annihilation of the heart adoring the invisible object of its love: all these efforts, I repeat, which seemed to bend my pen beneath my fingers like a rebellious instrument, made me sometimes find the very word, expression, or cry, that I required to give a voice to the unutterable. I had used no language; but I had cried forth the cry of my soul; and I was heard. When I rose from my chair, after this desperate but delightful struggle against words, pen, and paper, I remember that, spite of the winter cold in my room, the perspiration stood upon my forehead, and I used to open the window to cool my fevered brow."

Raphael again meets his beloved at the home of her aged husband in Paris, where for a brief period he is once more permitted to enjoy her delightful presence. But his stay is soon ended, and the first message that reaches him, after his departure, announces the death of Julia. Thus endeth the manuscript.

On the whole we regard this as rather an interesting book. The translation into English, we should judge, has been finely and faithfully executed. While many would fail to read it from finding in their own feelings any harmony with its prevailing spirit, yet all will be attracted by its earnest style, its beautiful imagery, and the occasional passages of sublime thought, which are the inspiration of Genius, and not of Love. In fact, the book is but one continued strain of the highest poetry—the intensest utterance of a true Poet, whose genius has been set on fire by love.

Lamartine is emphatically a poet of Nature. He invests with life whatever object he touches. All those more delicate tints, and scarce discernible shades, and dim outlines, that escape the common eye, are, by him, not only seen but *felt*—he does not stand apart, so to speak, from the object he depicts, and give us merely the sensations which an observer of his picture would experience, but we behold the soul itself of the poet, flooded with the light and beauty of his own creation. Not so much does the picture enter his *eye*, as pours itself in through every nerve and fibre of his system; and he seems floating in an ocean of dreamy delight.

We have also, in the character of Raphael, doubtless a pretty correct idea of Lamartine's theological cast. The mind of his hero is naturally predisposed toward the spiritual and religious. He is a practical believer in an overruling Providence. He worships, as an instinct of his nature—but the God he worships is one of Beauty, Majesty and Love—not of Holiness. The passion he cherishes toward his lady-love, is the same in kind, as that toward his Maker; and he professes through her as a representative, to worship God.

With the author's views of Love, as exhibited in this book, we have no fault to find. If any one is so fortunate, in this dark and lonesome world, as to find a being of such celestial purity and superhuman excellence, upon whom he can pour out his affections, and find them reciprocated, in such boundless measure—we heartily congratulate him. We are not at all disposed to meddle with such an agreeable state of affairs. But it may be we have something new to learn in these matters, and for the present, we will dismiss the subject and the book.

EDITORS' CORNER. *Gr. D.*

List ye now, friend—let's hear what these fellows would be saying.

Farguhar.

Whom shall I harm in this matter?—and a little ill, breedeth much good;
My thoughts, are they not my own?—and they leave no mark behind them.

Tupper.

"Now, good Sirs, I perceive you are impatient; but if a man cannot tell his tale in his own way, how have you warrant that he can tell it yours?"

Kenilworth.

And now, dear Reader, our turn has come to wield the Editorial pen of this respectable monthly; and following the example of the "Illustrious Five" who have gone before us, (with whom, by the way, we are disposed to keep upon amicable terms so long as it shall suit our *convenience*) we have reserved for ourselves a little space in this retired corner, where we mean from time to time, to have a cozy chat with our readers, after our own fashion. If we have rightly judged of our quill-driving fraternity, we are all somewhat of a wayward turn of mind, and shall not attempt to mark out any fixed direction in which we promise our ideas will shoot—suffice it to say, on this point, we are a set of very well disposed young men, and shall endeavor to exclude from these pages everything which might detract from the high position we sustain before the community. Thus much for preface.

Vacation—that glorious time for aching heads, and jaded nerves, has come and gone;—but its joyous hours have cast a hilarity over the spirit, we fain would carry with us into the dull routine of coming duties. O! these vacations are green spots in the pathway of a student's life—when he escapes for a season the ceaseless whirl of college care and toil, and roves again in boyish wildness among the scenes of his childhood.—There are the greetings of affection, and the warm grasp of "old acquaintance"—the tender solicitude of loving sisters and *cousins*, and the kindly nursing of maiden aunts;—there, too, is the free and merry stroll at eventide by the old brook—the quiet musing at noon-day under the big tree—the ramble over hill and grassy dale, to snuff the fragrant breeze and gather the young flowers.

"blushing like unwhispered love."

Scenes like these renew the strength, and cause to gush afresh the deep fountains of sympathy, and nerve the soul for new trials and conflicts in climbing the hill of Science.

Vacation, we have said, has come and gone; but we should do violence to the picture of our literary life, did we leave unnoticed the closing scene of last term—the Spring Exhibition. Know ye of the uninitiated, that the occasion whereof we speak

is one of absorbing interest in this little world of ours—a sort of intellectual focus whither is made to converge many a scattered ray of burning thought—a day pregnant with immortality to many a new-fledged orator, who mounts the rostrum, for the first time perchance, with a very strong expectation of producing something of a panic—It is not our purpose, in noticing the above-named exhibition, to despoil any one of the laurels he may have been so fortunate as to win on that interesting occasion;—nor are we disposed to make comparisons between the different speakers, nor contrast the day with former ones, lest our judgment pass for unwarrantable intermeddling; or we unhappily crush in some *embryo* orator, the incipient germ of eloquence, which may yet with careful culture, unfold into a large stalk. We would say, in general, that there were some creditable performances, and about the usual quantum of pathos and bombast. As is wont on like occasions, the *Sophomore*, reeking with sapience and his virgin honours, mounted the stage with a weighty tread and gave vent to his burdened feelings.—The dignified *Junior* appeared, “large as life,” and made a most desperate assault upon the passions of the audience;—And the grave *Senior*, with lengthened phiz, once more came forth, ere he shall go the way of all the earth—at Commencement.—Then, too, came in the Latin dialogue—(we call it *Latin*, but we opine could Cicero’s shade appear, he would rebuke our courtesy)—with all its accompaniment of jest and drollery; and the facetious propensities of the audience, long held in painful check, were ready to make the most of whatever might be offered. Particularly the jaws of the *yeomanry* were extravagantly distended; thinking doubtless, it must be a wonderfully curious thing to those who could “understand” it, if it were in reality, *as funny as it looked*. It was indeed, at times, a strange jumble, and we were forcibly reminded of the lines of the poet, where he exclaims in the height of his inspiration,

“ ’Tis wonderous fine I calculate,
To sit upon an oak;
And hear ten thousand bull-frogs join
In one almighty croak !”

Of the music of the occasion, we are slow to speak. There are so many opinions and tastes, relative to the *kind* of music most appropriate for our literary festivals, that we despair of giving any decision to which all will respond. Several of our female acquaintance, who are themselves quite skillful in thrumming the piano, have told us that the ‘playing’ was most ‘scientific’;—and we doubt not the *amateurs* present were highly gratified. But for ourself, we speak for no other, with our uncultivated ear, we have a strong penchant for the Martial note;—some denounce it as too obstreperous, but if ever there be a time when something is needed to *wake up* the sensibilities of an audience, we fancy it is, when for three long hours, they have been jammed together at a college exhibition.

Reader, we have not yet introduced thee to our Editorial brotherhood. Wouldst thou see us as we sit in conclave, and take a passing glance at our individual phiz? Know then by an unwonted indulgence, thou art suffered to invade the sanctity of our circle. Come with us as we cross yon mysterious threshold, where are gathered, in their official capacity, the “*Five*” of the Indicator. The setting sun is just casting his long shadows over the earth, and a few straggling rays modestly peering through the half closed shutters, have diffused a rubicund hue over

the apartment peculiarly soothing to the agitated breast. A grave discussion is in progress on the merits of a "Freshman's Trials," which, if it please thee, reader, we will not disturb, but take a quiet survey of the actors.

In a retired section of the premises, is seated, or rather *lodged*, the Chairman of the corps—(whose claim to that title, may be somewhat strengthened by the fact, that in addition to the bodily support of a big arm chair, his pedestal extremity is gently moored upon the back of a "flag-bottomed.")—There is, nevertheless, a kind of pensive dignity brooding over the man, as though fully conscious of the high responsibilities of the hour. His personal appearance is rather impressive. In conjunction with an ocular sternness and excessive nasal development, the apparently unsettled condition of his crinose attachments, throw a sort of reckless air over his whole physiognomy. His corporeal capacities are rather longitudinal than expansive; and his locomotive members (of which Nature has been wonderful lavish,) enable him to take a *high stand* wherever he goes. Some regard him ascetic in his habits. Others believe him mischievously disposed towards the frailties of his fellows. Our own opinion is dubious. His friends have stigmatized him with the classically sounding title of *Winkle*—if it please thee reader, we will call him thus.

But we pass on to notice the second personage in this remarkable group. He has monopolized the rocking-chair, and seems endeavoring to bring its oscillations into an isochronous movement with his own heaving breast; for he is just now enforcing the claims of the above-mentioned document, by a recital of his own experience during that eventful period of his collegiate course. There is a singular blending in the countenance of *Boniface*, (for so we are wont to address him,) of personal importance, and quiet good-nature. His philosophy never forsakes him, even in the darkest hour; but the same mild radiance sits upon his brow, and beams from his clear blue eye. He is withal, a dear, good fellow, and passionately fond of a high dicky. We are pained to add, in this connection, that Boniface has fallen into the habit of saying some things that are rather undignified,—not to say boyish, and which we would under no consideration allow to be printed in the pages of the Indicator. He did us good service, vacation, for which we are duly grateful, in getting subscribers among the "gude folk" of Amherst, with whom he tarried.

We will notice next, if you please, reader, the *Corporal*; who is pacing the room with a sort of semi-military gait, not yet having wholly lost his infantile passion for the fife and drum. He told us once in a confidential mood that he was wont, when a small boy, to cherish the belief, that he combined in his character several qualities of mind, admirably adapted to the field of blood. He is a living catalogue of all the great names that figured in the wars from the battle of Bunker-Hill, downward. The personal appearance of the Corporal borders upon the imposing. There is a sort of universal rotundity about his visage singularly pleasing—the effect of which is in no degree impaired by the symmetrical, and harmonious *fullness* of his bodily contour. A gentle curve marks the region of the "*os cruris*," giving an elasticity to his step quite in keeping with the general buoyancy of his spirits. But the crowning peculiarity of the Corporal, is his overflowing humor. His sunny face is ever wreathed in smiles, and chuckling, jovial good nature sits upon every lineament. The words of the old poet are the very maxim of his life,

"Σμiles ἀν βεττερ ἔαν γρούς: Τis βεττερ το λαφ ἔαν κρηι, στεῦνα."

We shall use our efforts to induce him, one of these days, to impart some of his mirth to the pages of the Indicator, which we doubt not our readers would highly relish.

But we leave the Corporal, and give our attention to that—dense smoke, issuing from yonder corner, and rising up in such fantastic shape and thick volume, that one would fancy the crater of *Ætna* itself was lurking beneath. By degrees the thick clouds clear away sufficiently to reveal the cause of the fumigation, in the shape of a monstrous tobacco pipe.—Then becomes visible the dark outline of an incipient *mustache*, gracefully encircling the aperture, wherein is inserted the aforesaid article.—Next appears the well turned figure of an expansive head, the hair of which has naturally somewhat of a bristling propensity, but seasonably shorn of its native waywardness.—And, finally, there comes into view, a countenance of such philosophic gravity, and calm serenity, and a body of such comprehensive dimensions, and fair proportion, as would have done honor to the renowned Wouter Van Twiller himself. By virtue of these remarkable coincidences in personal characteristics, he is known among us, when in session, as *Mr. Van Twiller*.

Notwithstanding the usual sedateness of this member of our corps, he is a perfect Demosthenes in the way of speech-making. He had told us many a long yarn of his "brilliant efforts" on previous vacations, among the populace, and being in a good deal of a strait for subscribers, we delegated him to do what he could during the last vacation, for the Indicator. Acting upon our suggestion, he tells us he made a little "effort" for us, the M. S. of which he has fortunately preserved. It is so characteristic of the man, we cannot withhold it from our readers.

(Scene of the effort—a brick school-house—some score of the "natives" gathered in breathless expectation—Van Twiller behind the desk (a pine table) ready for action.)

SPEECH.

"Fellow Citizens: It were a vain attempt, fully to express the deep pathos that stirs my breast on this most interesting occasion. I rise, fellow citizens, to commend to your intelligent notice, the fruits of the immortal mind. Brass and granite will crumble, and the mountains of the earth will melt into eternal nihility; but the Mind of man is forever and ever—yea, its deathless voice of Wisdom and Truth will speak on, when the artillery of heaven is hushed, and the falls of Niagara have ceased their everlasting roar.

Fellow citizens: cherish the undying—cultivate the unlimited—grasp the infinite and the eternal. Fellow citizens: this a great country, but a nation's literature is its only enduring monument. Thought alone is undying. Thought is an emanation from the eternal Mind; and when the isles of the sea have fled, and the continents of the earth have gone out in the fires of the last day, Thought will yet live, undecaying and perpetual, and grow green in eternal rejuvenescence through myriad ages. Considerations like these, fellow citizens, inspire us with a calm sublimity, even amid the wrecks of dissolving Nature; and when the waves of mortality shall roll over the Spirit like the dark surges of endless night—then, the great FACT of INTELLECTUAL BEING will stand forth like the sun in his glory, and its transcendent effulgence will illumine the inner temple of the heart with the unutterable radiance of perpetual mystery!

In view of these remarks, fellow citizens, I beg leave to commend to your in-

telligent patronage, a gem of periodical thought, issuing from yonder Temple of Learning. Immo-tal Mind is there waiting to pour out its monthly oblation upon the altar of human improvement,—but its hope and its strength is in an enlightened public. Fellow citizens, shall the sons of Genius eat the bread of poverty? Shall they toil and pine in the garret of oblivion? Shall they waste and die, while a luxurious world is basking in the lap of Plenty? How can I meet my brother Editors with no message of hope? My heart bleeds at the thought. Fellow citizens, I am about to sit down. The great decision is in your hands. May an enlightened conscience so irradiate the sanctuary of your understanding, that, in the retrospect of this hour, no twinge of remorse shall follow you in after days, but your sun of life shall set in peace, and coming generations shall approve the wisdom of your counsels, and the magnanimity of your deeds."

We blush for humanity when we write, that this thrilling appeal produced no visible effect; but Van Twiller was forced to leave that benighted village, without a single subscriber! We surely must absolve him from any charge of unfaithfulness, and can find the solution of so strange a result, only in the universal moral turpitude of the human race.

There is one other, reader, in this little group, to whom we would direct thy attention, and then retire. *Obadiah* is sitting by yonder table, casting most ominous glances at one of the "documents," which, having brought into loving proximity with his nasal member, he gives it, occasionally, a sort of oblique wink, peculiarly expressive. There is some kind of a defect in the visual apparatus of Obadiah, the exact nature of which we have never been able to determine. Passing this slight fault, he is an honest fellow and full of poetry. He can paint a gorgeous sunset, or a full moon, with the pencil of a master. He reads a moral lesson in the tiny flower and the sparkling dew drop—sees poetry in the fleecy clouds and waving forests,—and gets a tolerably clear idea of the music of the spheres. Withal, Obadiah is a man of humor.—Not long ago, at one of our stalest jokes, he was thrown into perfect convulsions; insomuch, that we have been quite cautious of his nerves ever since.

Thus, reader, thou hast seen our Editorial fraternity.—Dost like our physiognomy? Then give us the hand of friendship—speak the cheering word,—and we shall enter upon our labors with a firmer step and a lighter heart.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Eureka" is under consideration.

"The Unjust Judgment" is in our "judgment" hardly up to the mark.

"Seventy-two years ago," is written in a vigorous style, but the theme is too hacknied for general interest.

"Lines to Mary" are decidedly *frenzied*.—The author is evidently *crammed* with poetry, and to ensure personal security, we would respectfully suggest the expediency of a *safty valve*.

"An Oriental Sketch" is reserved for our next.

Contributors will confer a great favor by writing their communications in a clear and legible hand.

THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. II. NO. II.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Couper.*

JULY, 1849.

AMHERST:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCLXIX.

NOV 7 1923

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THE INDICATOR.

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No. 2.

THE DARK AGES. Poland.

THAT era in our world's history which men have agreed in calling the Dark Ages, is a phenomenon of wonder and interest. Scholars have explored its turbid stream of Philosophy and learning; historians have studied and recorded its annals; speculative philosophers have theorized and traced back its effects to their causes; and religionists have discussed its bearings on Faith and its relations to Prophecy. Nor is this surprising. No wonder men look with a kind of peculiar awe on what, at best, is an anomaly and a mystery. A few centuries before its dawn, the purest system of Faith which the world had ever known, was given to it, and the most solemn and glorious fact was displayed in Judea—the life and death of him who was both man and God. Why did not that pure system attract men more, and why did not that astounding fact fasten itself in men's minds and become the unchanging pole-star of their destiny and the intensest principle of their actions? After four thousand years of flickering twilight, the world was lighted up by the heavenly radiance of the Sun of Righteousness. Who would have dreamed that so soon she would have broken away and plunged down again into her original darkness, rendered yet blacker by that celestial light which for a moment had burst upon it.

But so it was, and poor weak man may never know the cause of it, may never say it was to reach *this* end—to achieve *that* result. There are obvious means by which it was immediately brought about, but the first great *Why* that thrilled in the Eternal Thought, man may never tell with certainty. It may have been to grant a temporary

triumph to Ignorance and Sin, and thus more clearly to demonstrate the crowning power of Truth and Righteousness. Or as the husbandman's seed must lie in the cold damp earth ere it can bud and bear fruit, so it may have been necessary that Truth should be buried for a season beneath the load of ignorance and superstition which threatened to annihilate it, in order that its germ might take root in darkness ere it put forth boughs and blossoms which were to abide forever. But we cannot certainly say that it was so. Regard it as we will, it yet stands forth a strange, unprecedented phenomenon—a dark heavy cloud that slowly rolled up across the sky, and for a thousand years shut out the beams of the genial sun.

It needs but a hasty glance at the Dark Ages, to detect the more prominent immediate causes of an effect so vast, and (humanly speaking) so lamentable, some of which had been long at work ere they showed themselves in their important results.

Ever since the days of Socrates and Plato, Philosophy had been developing itself in divers systems and mongrel sects. Each presented itself to man, and in its own peculiar way, would lead him up to the chief good. The legitimate offspring of a Greek soil, transplanted into a Roman hot-bed, they seem to acquire new life and vigor, and spread out their wanton, unchecked branches on every side. The principles of the mighty masters—of him who quaffed the hemlock and died a christian martyr save in name, gave way to sophistry, and Reason had no better representative than hollow dialectics. They scorned the humble path of true Philosophy, and rushed foolishly into the absurdest speculations. Like the Ionian School, they pretended to discover the first element of all things, and came to about as ridiculous conclusions. Like Pythagoras, they discoursed mystically about numbers, harmony, and music. And vainly endeavoring to imitate "the gorgeous reveries of the starry-dreaming Plato," they carried speculation so far beyond the bounds of sense as to lose themselves in the limbo of absurdity. A Philosophy like this, so disastrous to all sensible and liberal truth, so inflated and yet so bigoted, could not but have very unfavorably affected the minds of men and the tolerant spirit of society. It prepared them for that tenacity with which they clung to their preconceived notions, for a pious horror of every innovation, and for that blind illiberality which manifested its silent but terrible effects in their haughty contempt of a Columbus, and in the dungeon to which they doomed a Galileo. No wonder the annals of Europe were dark for so many centuries! True earnest

men often kindled a light for them, but they blew it out in their fanaticism ! No wonder we call those the *Dark Ages* !

And if Ignorance and Superstition had usurped the place of true Philosophy, so also at first there were no bold spirits to bring it back and place it on its throne—no broad-breasted Alcides to cleanse the Augean Stables. No censorious Cato ruled the Forum, no Tully guided the Senate, no Seneca taught in the Schools. There was a fearful paucity of the great and good in those early days, and in place of the patriot Consul and honest Tribune, a Nero or a Caligula too often governed Rome. Fit warders they to usher in that dark era of which we speak !

But not long were these influences to work unassisted. Hitherto in the annals of Europe, Britain alone of the northern tribes, had begun to figure, and she only as a conquered Roman province. But now the Arithmetic of nations was seized by a stronger though unpractised hand. The Goth dashed down his equation, in rude haste ciphered it out, solved the problem of European destiny, and then came bursting down upon astonished Rome like his own northern thunderbolt. Not once nor twice did those fierce warriors knock at the gates of the Eternal City, but again and again, like the ceaseless tide-wave of the lunatic ocean, the crested surge of their proud warfare swept the fair plains of Italy and Southern Europe. The crushed and vanquished Roman forever lost his manly spirit, for the “Scourge of God” moved through the land ; and the hardy conqueror bore back to the rude clime from which he came, the luxuries and vices of his princely foe. Rome, pagan Rome then fell, and the bards made song for other lands, and the chilly North stretched out her shivering arm and thenceforth guided on the nations. Darkness rose up and did strife with light, and extinguished it because that light was not pure.

And the Faith of that age was corrupt. It was a fearful lesson to the christian, and it took him centuries to learn it, that he must not league his faith with princes—so he was not taught by his master, so experience has fearfully warned him. Roman Constantine may have been honest, but he erred when he would have served God with his sword, and it has required the flame of many a persecution to purge this mistaken idea from the church. Out of this error has originated the Catholic Hierarchy.

It grew up, the offspring of a strange amalgamation, the unnatural child of God and Cæsar. But there was more of Cæsar there than of

God, and for the mild charities of christianity were substituted the fierce anathema—the cruel persecution. It professed the peace and liberty of the Gospel, and acted with the haughtiest pride of bigotry. It invited men to believe, and left them to the tender mercies of bitter persecution if they disbelieved. It endeavored to crowd Christ from his mediatorial throne and substitute the Virgin. It dignified and worshipped as God's viceroys, priests whose souls were blackened with debauchery, murder, and every crime which can drag men down to perdition. Money would purchase any favor, procure any indulgence, pardon every sin. This was the Babylon of Revelation—this the gorged, yet ever insatiate monster that sucked up the life-blood of true learning and piety. No wonder those were *dark ages* when the Papal Church ruled the hearts and consciences of men—when frail mortality shook its impious arm in the face of Heaven, and dared to grasp the scepter of Omnipotence, and claimed to hold the keys which unlock Paradise and the prison-house of despair.

It would be well to notice a few of the peculiar features of that age. We have time but for one. Dark deeds are done in Dark Ages; and who has not thrilled at the tale of the first crusaders? Who has not seemed to hear their clarion's peal, and mark the pride of their bannered hosts as in war's array they swept on toward Palestine? Peter the Hermit roused up Europe by his fanatic eloquence, and she madly sent her bravest and her best to plant the red cross where the crescent floated—over sad Jerusalem. Shall the insulting Turk longer bear sway over the grave of their Faith's great Author? So asked the monk of Amiens, and great Chivalry answered—No! And so the gallant knights are on their way to ask the Saracen why *he* rather than *they* should rule Jerusalem. It was a sufficiently earnest question, and the ink was red with which the Turk made answer. Some seek the cause of the Crusades in the effervescence of that chivalrous spirit which then prevailed so extensively in Europe; some in the grasping ambition of the Romish church, and the fanaticism of the priests; and others still in the policy of princes. But perhaps by uniting the three we shall obtain a more accurate result. The monarchs of Europe may have desired to check the Moslem's growing power, but they knew well how they could best rouse their people to the encounter. The first warning voice was that of a religious fanatic, but it touched a sympathizing chord in a thousand hearts. Hence princes plotted, religious fanaticism lent her aid, and chivalry came sheathed in armor to redeem the Holy Sepulchre and turn back the

tide which threatened to desolate Europe. And so the gallant knight, "with spear in rest," pressed on; and the prince threw down his scepter and drew his sword; and the maiden bid her lover speed, and in Eastern wars approve his prowess and his love. There perished the flower of chivalrous knighthood; there the young prince lost realm and liberty; there the lover won trophies of his prowess and his love, but ne'er returned to lay them at the feet of beauty! There flashed the cimeter and crossed the sword. There, in the grim death-wrestle, turbaned and helmed heads went down together. There the Cross and Crescent waved over

"Battle's magnificently-stern array,"

and sunk alternately in the conflict; while Frank and Turk, Christian and Infidel fell down in ghastly death together, "in one red burial blent."

Drop the veil that we may look no more. Call it a Dark Age!

RALPH.

OLD BOOKS.

Out of the olde fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh all this newe corn fro yere to yere;
And out of olde bookes, in goode faithe,
Cometh all this newe science the men lere.

Chaucer.

WE plead guilty to the charge of a reverence for antiquity. It may be wrong, but who does not know that affections and passions are often proof against reasonings. We love quietly to sit down even in the venerable presence of an old black-letter volume of ours, and let the thoughts which it suggests, flow freely. Its binding is certainly a rare specimen: it is done up in *boards* most emphatically. We will just glance at these singular indentures in its cover, and its five brass ornaments, not unlike buttons, so fancifully disposed one at each corner and their "big brother" in the center. Unlike the books of the present day it is *not* "weak about the vertebrae." Let us

open it now, after having examined its rusty old clasps, and look at its frontispiece. It would bear a strange comparison with our modern steel cuts; and then those countenances.—Wonder if “the succession of ages” has produced any “new formations” in physiognomies. Angels must have been plenty then, for who ever saw an old picture without them? Yet now their visits are proverbially “few and far between.” But that lightning! those angles beat Euclid and Legendre. We have heard of sharp roofed houses called lightning cutters, and surely the architect must have stolen the pattern from one of these old pictures.

And now more serious thoughts succeed as we examine closely the volume. The mere manual labor of writing such a work, is no light task. Often did the hand ache, and almost refuse to transcribe for the brain the thoughts it had originated. But the physical labor of its composition could have borne no comparison with the intellectual. Its antique type and crowded page must be a repository of thought; for in olden time the chemistry of literature was but little understood, whereby a few, a *very* few thoughts could be so diluted as to fill a huge folio. Never a word of it can we read; yet it must be that there is much which it would be better to know spread abroad upon those closely printed leaves.

It may be a book of travels, or a history, and its author have seen much of the world. He may have mused among the relics of old cities, visited places consecrated to classic story and classic song. He may have stood amid the crumbling arches of the Colosseum when the full Italian moon bathed every object in its mellow, mournful light, or have seen a column, worn by the touch of time, suddenly loose itself from its station, and fall into utter ruins. With a soul inspired by recollections of the past would he seek his study, and transcribe to his volume those sentiments, “mournful yet pleasant to the soul.”

What a strange compound is this nature of ours! not alone do the thoughts of others influence us; not alone does the fire, which burns on the heart of the eloquent, impart its genial warmth to the hearer; but the beautiful creations of art, the solemn temple, with its dim religious light,—the breathing marble fashioned to faultless form, the work of men who lived long years ago,—each tells its story to the listening spirit; a story which none shall heed so faithfully as the historian—that dramatist of nations.

But we may be mistaken, and the book be a treatise on some dif-

ficult point in theology. Doubtless it was the work of a monk; at least those strange pencilings upon the margin of some of the pages would thus indicate. Never mind; it is still a work of thought; for theology has had the benefit of the oldest, as well as the keenest thinkers. The author was not afraid to read whatever had been previously written upon the subject, lest he should not be an original writer. His work was not like a last year's almanac, very good then, but *now* altogether worthless. Every school or sect of both Grecian and Roman philosophy had been thoroughly explored; every beautiful dream of mythology unravelled, and the truths it had taught gathered into a halo around the central sun of Christianity. To wage the war of opinion successfully, there is need not only to know the truth, but its antagonist error. There is a warrior's sword, and there is also a warrior's shield.

But if it was the work of a monk, must there not be many things in it harmful and ascetic? And what if there be such? hast thou no care to know how thy fellow men thought and wrote? Besides, there can not but be many a rich gem in so rare a casket; for it was not always, as now, an antique. We must learn to soften the light of our meridian sun before we suffer it to fall upon the scanty remains of other days. It may be that if any production of the present age shall escape oblivion, others will have more cause to smile, than now do we at this old volume.

But the book has been well used, which is the next excellence to being well written; well *used*, we say—not like a family Bible, carefully covered with green baize, and only taken down on a Sunday;—but like the loved testament of the aged Disciple which guided his devotions, inspired faith, and was the soft pillow to support his head when he laid himself down to die. Yes! that old volume has been much studied. In the time when books were few, and were used not to think for the reader, but to incite to reflection, doubtless it was held as a great treasure, and many an hour—midnight hour too—was spent in its perusal.

Our book has made us tell a strange tale. We had only intended to make the associations it so often suggests, the introduction to another subject; but we cannot enter upon that now. We will only say that we have a few volumes of the "Library of Old English Prose Writers," and highly do we prize them. One, at least, bears marks of having been read and re-read many times. It is the "Works of Jeremy Taylor," a splendid collection of jewelled thoughts, beautifully

conceived, and beautifully said. The form is prose, but the spirit is pure poetry. It is not distinguished by an occasional brilliancy of expression, or unusual collocation of words—the only excellence of much which is written. It is the work of a mind of no ordinary make. His religion had taught him high aspirations, and he had meditated among the deep things of God, until his soul had been wedded to truth and love. Rich in illustration, fervent and apt in comparison, he wrote for the heart. A religion itself poetry, a genius exalted in its every conception, and an enthusiasm never faulty constitute what we had almost called a Trinity in the mind which possesses them.

One passage we must transcribe,—not because the best,—but because in the days of our earlier boyhood, we expended upon it many a warm gush of love. He is speaking of sins in their influence upon the good man's prayers.

For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs required business, then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but he must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God."

The same beauty of illustration is found throughout the entire volume. Such a style could have been formed only by a careful study of the best Grecian models.

Old books are indeed prizes; there is an air of simplicity and yet grandeur about them. A book, like a will, is all the better after the author's death; and reading such an one, is not "idle time idly spent." There are a few other vols. of the old authors upon our table, but we must leave them, fervently thankful that they have come down to us and rejoicing in that "strong magic which giveth us a life in all past time."

E.

BRUCE'S HEART.

Poland.

"Now pass thou forward as thou wert wont, and Douglass will follow thee or die!" With these words Douglass threw from him the heart of Bruce, into mid-battle against the Moors of Spain."

Now pass thou on, thou dauntless heart,
As thou did'st pass of yore,
To the field of strife where the spirits part,
Where the helms are cleft by the stout claymore,
Where the cloth-yard shafts in volleys pour,
Where the warrior dies in his spouting gore!
Pass on, thou dauntless heart.

Pass on, thou heart of the royal Bruce,
Pass on to thy bloody bath;
We have torn and flung to the winds our truce,
The Gael awakes in his highland wrath,
The Douglass will hew him a crimson path,
There'll be mourning this eve at many a hearth!
Pass on, thou heart of Bruce.

Now pass thou on 'gainst the Moors of Spain,
Heart that did'st beat so high;
Pass on at the head of thy martial train;
We give thee our ancient battle-cry,
The Douglass will follow thy path or die,
The Moslem shall quail when our war sweeps by!
Pass on 'gainst the Moors of Spain.

Forward, thou proud and kingly heart,
Where the war plumes wildly dance;
Pass on, for our gauntlet to-day thou art,
For thee we'll shiver the Moslem lance,
We'll quell the pride of their lordly glance,
Through their shatter'd ranks shall our war steeds prance!
Pass on, thou kingly heart.

The heart pass'd on, and the Douglass came
 With the might and wrath of a burning flame;
 He clear'd him in battle a bloody way,
 And Afric fled ere the close of day.

Iar.

LaFille.

THE ORIGINALITY OF GENIUS.

THERE have been dreamers in all ages, and there are dreamers still. Life's duties are pushed aside, and the enigmas of the universe brought forward for solution. They discover that life is a mystery, and death a dream. And yet there are, who boldly assert that even our belief in God will soon be like that in spectres,—that we shall all ere long clearly see that the Universe is a self-moving machine; the *Æther* a Gas; Deity a Force, and the Second world—a Coffin!* Of the *originality* of such men, about which we hear so much, we do not speak with a curse; but while we endeavor to show that it is not the true originality of Genius, we would send on high our prayer that a Divine power may brush away the darkness which has gathered over their vision and their hopes. Others there are who lift the veil and send forth a voice prophetic of man's nature, relations, destiny. They call him a young angel; and if he raise his head wreathed with a garland of glory won in some field of Time, somewhat above the multitude, perchance a demi-god. A few proclaim him to be an expanded monkey, taught to play his pranks awhile, and then destined to sink into nonentity. But the truth seems to be he is neither a god nor an ape. A genius is not different from a fully unfolded man. There is a vast range of intellect in the collective human race; and yet the length of that link in the chain of animated existence that would reach from man to the brute, which some style his pro-genitor, is not shorter than that which connects him with the spirit that harps his ceaseless music before the throne of the Infinite. It is not a short stride from the Hottentot to Newton. There *are* constitutional differ-

* Richtenberg and Jean Paul.

ences of mind, else we had hardly derived the idea of genius ; but it is not every upstart who strides out before us, and claims the title, to whom we give the name. A man must have stability and energy of character before he deserves the title—*great*. Of *all* it may be said,

“ There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will ;”

yet the true man, great by the gift of Nature, feels that he is himself a spark of the Divine, and goes forth to work out his own destiny of glory or of shame. Trace out the history of that mighty soul which lies open to the deep significance of its existence, and you shall find it of the broadest interest to living men. He comes into life, and is stamped with the impress of greatness, like a mountain piled up by the working of internal fires. Flushed with an angel's glow, and redolent of flowers that bloom in a far-off, happy land,—hope, love and innocence may justify the enthusiastic exclamation which the poet would apply to all :

“ Heaven is around us in our infancy ;
And trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God—who is our Home.”

The bud of a genuine life is opening, and soon the flower appears. He climbs up to manhood and grows still more conscious of a principle within him which allies his nature to the Divine. We see him a Schiller sitting on the branch of a tree, gazing at the stormy face of the sky, and watching the flashes as they spread over it successively their lurid gloom, and pleading in extenuation of a father's reprimands that “the Lightning was so beautiful, and he wanted to see where it was coming from.” Again, he is a Fichte who gives birth to a philosophy, which like the lightning dazzles for a moment, but which kindles a fire that shall burn forever. He is an Adams,—his step grows feeble ; his voice is faint ; his soul has fled, but it has touched a nation's heart, drawn forth a nation's tears, and has left behind the fragrance of its good deeds to bless the stirring world. He has gathered for himself a goodness—he was not born to die. *This* is the “highest style of man,” for it is genius displayed in efforts to lift up man to his true dignity—to lead him to put on the richer than golden garments of humility, and in awe and holy reverence, to adore the Maker of the soul.

But what is the *Originality of Genius*?

There is an originality of thought as expressed by the lip and pen,

and that of character as exhibited in action. We talk of *style*, and it is well to clothe the thought in "words that burn," but it is higher work to fabricate a new *idea*. Language may have all the beauty of the flashing coruscations we sometimes see in the cold northern sky, but we love to gaze upon the *sun* which has a divine meaning in its radiance of warmth and loveliness.

Originality is not simply independence of thought, it is not singularity; it differs from extravagance and absurdity;—it is rather an independent, bold, peculiar, and natural mode of thought or action. All the processes of Nature are simple, and hence the original thought has the high attribute of simplicity; for all excellence, especially in art, consists in conformity to nature. In the world of matter, man evidently originates nothing: he modifies, but does not create. If our definition of originality be true, the truest genius can never be found fabricating false systems of philosophy or religion, or in vain attempts to demonstrate the laws of spiritual existences. They who are gifted with the divine power of deep and comprehensive thought, and who yet are struggling amid the waves of error, or the shadows of substances too mysterious for man to fully comprehend, may toil with a self-consciousness that theirs is a strength like that of Hercules; but they forget that the work at which they direct their energies is mightier than to bring upon the earth a Cerberus.

The widest sphere for the exercise of man's original power of thought, we are told, is fiction; yet even here, if in planning events, and describing characters, one is not the copyist of nature, he is not likely to live immortal in the memories of men. All maxims get their truthfulness from careful observation. Hence, he is the original thinker—he, the genius—who is the keen and comprehensive observer, and who readily combines the materials, which nature affords, and with her own accuracy, into a new creation.

In one sense *all* thought is original;—it is the product of power, and power resides only in mind; but on *this* no light can be thrown by any sun or star which has yet glittered in the firmament of human thought. Inscrutable and spontaneous as is this power, all thought is subject to the imperious laws of association. Like the ripples of the lake, its outward circles are forced on by those within, and we may trace them all to their center of divergence in the "first mysterious wakings of consciousness in the soul." The world exhibits an infinite diversity of talent, yet there is room in the vast field of life for all to toil, and approximate to greatness—a region of error from which may

be dug the shining gem of Truth. He is the true genius—the heroic man—who holds up to the world the secret, hid for centuries, and which, when revealed, shall affect for good the destinies of the human race. He who labors to polish the precious gem of an immortal spirit, that it may deck out the coronet of the Infinite, is toiling at a work demanding more originality of thought and action, than he who unboresoms to us the gold-rocks of the *El-dorado* of the West. He is the great man who wisely interrogates nature. Says Bacon, and who wiser and greater, if he was “the meanest of mankind;” a prudent interrogation is half a knowledge.* Accident never made great discoveries; else we often worship the wrong men. These happen, like successful throws in certain games of skill, to those who play well. Hence, it is, we do not reverence the slave who picks up the largest pearl from the ocean’s depths, as we do the man who opens to us a general principle, or works out a new invention. We do not adopt the theory that objects viewed singly, can give man no real knowledge, *singularium ulla[m] dari scientiam*: for it seems evident to our mind, that we must know well the nature of the individual object before we can discover its relations to other parts of the creation. The great purpose of philosophy is to demonstrate the laws which govern the the phenomena of the universe. It is not for the untrained intellect to generalize facts and deduce from them omnipotent and universal laws. The very senses of the *profanum vulgus* had long recognized the phenomena which yet needed for their full elucidation the attention of the observing and reasoning intellect of England’s greatest philosopher. It is the characteristic of genius that it seizes on striking *analogies* which the common mind would never discover. It classifies, and shows that the force which keeps suns and planets wheeling round the throne of God, without a jar or discord in the “music of the spheres,” is the same power which pulls the tossed-up pebbles to the earth.

“Oft had they roll’d
O’er erring man the year, and oft disgraced
The pride of schools,”

till Genius took the thread, and wandering through the labyrinth, came forth and shone itself a star of no mean magnitude in the clear, blue firmament of science. There it still shines, as sun or star will forever

* *Prudens interrogatio, quasi dimidium scientiæ.*

shine, with no dim radiance on the dark pathway of inquiring man. Happy he whose soul is lighted by its beams, and feels that its exerted energies will dig away the mountains that lift themselves to oppose its progress, and bring it up to a glorious destiny?

Columbus looked ahead into the views of Deity, and for *this* we hold his memory as a rich treasure in our hearts. Franklin was wise enough to bottle up the lightning, and hence was greater than the untutored one who gazes on the fitful flashes in terror and dismay.

Originality of character is not the same as that of thought; for man is not *all* intellect. Its basis lies in moral courage. To determine this, we look at the developments of action. Bacon was an original writer—Washington an original actor. *Thought put into action*—this it is which stirs the sleepy world! It is the office of such a man as he whom we call the real genius to aim at the consolidation of society in peace and the development of man's nature in its completeness and perfection, while he avoids all singularity, and runs into no eccentricity or extravagance. We love to gaze upon the rocket as it throws its long line of light deep into the heavens; and it were almost worthy of our homage, did it not shiver into ten thousand scintillations, and go out in darkness. The man whom we describe is like some tall marble monument which lifts its head so high that rays of glory from a brighter world seem playing round its awe-inspiring summit. He who would be such a genius, track out the foot-prints of a genuine life, will not hesitate to learn from all who have gone before him. That mind is a barren soil which is not enriched by foreign matter,—it brings forth not half a crop; much less does it produce for eternity. He who ransacks no brain but his own, will soon be the very worst of imitators, for he imitates himself. The man to whom other men's thoughts are an incumbrance instead of an aid, is not a great man—he is no genius. Rather is *he* the great one who scours the globe, and stows away in his own "small head" the knowledge of all former ages, and then goes forth to make a world wonder at his discoveries. If a writer, he may have a model, but it shall be one he has himself fashioned from the excellencies of his fathers in learning—thus he will ever be imitating, yet ever be original. Milton was one of the greatest of inventors; still he was a universal plunderer. There is too much truth in the assertion that the labors of the human species generally, would seem to a wise man like an ant-hill viewed through a microscope: all are tugging away at their corn-grains,—one day the exact copy of the preceding, and all their efforts ending, if not in a wondrous nothing,

at least, in eating, playing and sleeping. It is not, surely, quite a slander to say that we are like apes fixing our gaze on a model, and drawing him off gesture by gesture; we are play-actors, mechanically dancing on the great stage of life till we trip, stumble, and vanish. We follow right on in the footsteps of our fathers,—make their civil practices our own; and it were little beyond truth to say that our very religion universally is what we have been brought up in, Christian, Catholic, Mohammedan, Pagan—whatever our great-grandsires followed.

The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.

Napoleon may make every throne of Europe shake to its foundations, and deluge a continent with tears and blood; but in all this he is only repeating the butcheries which have before made the hero; all is but a laborious repetition of scenes of carnage, desolation and woe; and thus it is, man is ever engaged in a great and toilsome idleness. A self-styled genius makes what seems to him, an original observation; but analyze it, and it is as profound as though he had told whether it were day-light or darkness. We work out a new thought, and call it great, but soon find it to our sorrow, in some old, musty volume stowed away in a corner, and bound up in cobwebs. The multitude are ever groping their way over a beaten track, and from this macadamized road but few try to escape, and fewer still dare venture boldly out into the dark wilderness of thought. They who do, must cut away many a brush-heap, and fill up many a swamp, if they keep their eye on the gorgeous temple of Truth and press forward for entrance, though they *are* men of genius: life's work they see is soon done up, and hence their struggles are mighty. Like Aesop's Mountain,

“Dire is the tossing, deep the groans,”

but birth is given to thoughts which breathe of human greatness and immortality. If the life of man is thus one constant scene of repetition; if it is an ever-during battle-fight from the field of which few rise up immortal; if it is noble to point out a new pathway wherein the human soul may breathe freer as it moves on;—then, surely their calling is indeed an angel's, for it is one of love and mercy, who stand in the front ranks of humanity, and beckon on to enterprise,—then, indeed, there is a divine significance in originality. We admire the

genius—such we call him, for he deserves the name—who, with a will of iron, and a heart of fire, steps up from round to round on the ladder which conducts him heaven-ward till he tread in company with angels the Infinitude of God. Such are the Fire-pillars in this dark pilgrimage of man; they are signs from heaven, evidence of what has been, “prophetic tokens of what may still be; the revealed, imbodied Possibilities of human nature.” Man’s capacities and susceptibilities are not different now from what they were some centuries ago. Hence it is useless to complain that there is no field on which the heroic soul may toil in these latter days and win a glorious triumph. Labor is the destiny of man; and genius is but a high form of human nature. O, what a noble thing is a great intellect bowing at the altar of Divinity! Life were a nobler scene did the *real* nobles of earth pour out their life-drops for the cause of truth and human happiness. Come, then, thou who feelest thyself to be something like divine; gird on thy armor for a glorious war.

“’Tis infamy to die, and not be missed.”

There is work and encouragement enough. The marble rock still holds the breathing statue; it waits for some master’s arm to strike and the praises of the *artist* float on the breath of a world. The workman is all that is needed—let him come forth and he will prove no place is so dark that his eagle eye may not pierce the blackness, and his strong arm bring out to life and light the beautiful fabric which exists as yet but in ideal perfection. The *poet* may yet be a citizen not only of his country, but of his time. He must glitter with no lustre but his own, and then his light is a light from heaven, and shall illumine the dark destinies of man. The god must again come down and tingle in all his veins, as in the days of nature’s true poet-soul; then shall he speak in tones of majesty almost divine, while the whole world gaze on him and adore. The *orator* is still to live who is not a mere picture of fire which warms no soul, but a blazing torch that shall kindle up the dead leaves in this forest-world, till all are purified and blest. As Carlyle says of the poet, “Tears lie in him, and consuming fire; as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud.” The *philanthropist* must appear who sees the blind struggle of souls in bondage, “that high, sad, longing discontent,” which is agitating every bosom; who feels in his large, susceptible heart more keenly than the gathering crowd *can* feel for human degradation; and goes forth, disrobing pris-

ons of terrors, binding up lacerated hearts, till he becomes, if not the "spokesman of his generation," at least their acknowledged benefactor. But it is for the *man of science* to discover precious gems which can be found by no other. Nature will long continue to open up to him her store house, and from its mysterious chambers he may draw forth to the eyes of the multitude, living proofs of a Divinity who rules in time as well as governs in eternity. The mountains shall swell their everlasting canticles in praise of him who deciphers the hand-writing of Deity in their granite base; and the rivers shall forever murmur forth his praise who, with the true originality of genius reveals to us the wonders of a past creation, stamped with a divine impress on their beds of stone.

Such are the encouragements which may lead the original genius to work with a resolute determination in the farm-house of the world. Around him lie the materials which he may form into a new creation. Here is a field for human effort, and human glory; here where Homer wrote, Zeuxis painted, and Luther preached, for eternity. He who would change all he touches into gold, must be awake. Has he laid the foundations and modelled out the edifice he resolves to build? It were no child's play to brace it so together that it shall stand the rough blasts of Time. A new thought! It is a new world—it is imperishable as the soul which wrought it. He who gave it being shall live when the hero of his hundred battles shall have vanished from the memory of man. A christian genius is God's nobleman. His name is written on the eternally fresh tablet of the human heart, and heralded in heaven. Oh, who would pass off life's stage, turn back to dust,

"And leave no whispering of a name on earth?"

* * JR.

"In ancient times, there stood in the citadel of Athens, three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive-wood, and according to popular tradition, had fallen from heaven. The second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon; and the third of gold and ivory,—a great miracle in the age of Pericles. And thus in the citadel of Time, stands Man himself. In childhood, shaped of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven; in manhood, a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory; and lastly, in the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and ivory,—a miracle of art!"

Briggs.

POEM.

DELIVERED AT THE NAMING OF MT. METTAWOMPE, JUNE 14TH, 1849.

In the first dawning of that early day,
 When broke the light upon the youthful World,
 And Earth and Air in the first quivering ray
 Of Life and Being, with fresh tears empearled
 Broke into sunny smiles and silent praise,
 Voiceless but deep as an Archangel's lays;
 Then o'er the waters of the silent Deep,
 O'er the green fields and valleys prank'd with flow'rs,
 The young winds toyed with Solitude asleep,
 Marking the stillness of the vacant hours:
 All Nature was at rest—and solitude
 Lay like a warm caress upon the sod,
 And like a timid Bride the young Earth stood,
 Still trembling in the newness of her God:
 Life—Light—and Oneness!—and Creation fair
 Glowed yet incorporate with th' Almighty Mind,
 As the pure dew-drop glittering thro' the air
 Glows with the rainbow that she left behind.

—Thus o'er the western wave where golden fled
 The flooded sun crimson with flaming light,
 Lay a fair Land of Beauty widely spread
 With sloping valley and with Mountain height;
 Far to the West and South the hilly plains
 Heaved their thick verdure to the summer rays,
 While to the East the solitary Main
 Poured in its waste of deep and silent bays,
 Indented with full many a barren isle—
 The Mountain summits that around ye smile:
 Once o'er the valley of this lovely Land,
 Where Nature smiles in her most favored mood,
 Touching the Landscape with a magic wand,
 Rolled the vast billows of the Ocean flood:
 Here where the Springtime clothes the budding Earth
 With myriad beauties, and the summer sun
 Nurses the growing corn, and childrens' mirth
 Rings thro' the air when the warm day is done,
 Here where the Farmer with delighted looks

Stands to his waist amid the waving grain,
Watching his kine in the cool shaded brooks,
And marks the lumbering team creep o'er the plain ;
And here where Autumn her most golden store
Flings with voluptuous beauty and the Earth
Heaping her yearly feast can hold no more,
Making the air we breathe a joyous mirth—
Here ages—ages past the desolate waves rolled o'er.
And Thou, Oh Mettawompe ! when the floods
First fell and left thy rocky forehead bare
To the warm sunlight and the mist that broods
O'er the young germ of flow'rs with friendly care—
Up from thy dark sides sprang the tender shoots
Of trees that lived and died long ages past,
And giving with their wide and sinewy roots
A wealth of soil, and foliage thick and vast ;
While slowly at thy feet thro' years appeared
The valley-plain with barren waste o'er-spread,
Torn by the trampling waves, and bleached and seared
By the spent fury of an ocean-bed ;
And ages yet, before the silent flow
Of the full river hastening thro' the vale,
Mirrored the freshness of the Pine-tree bough,
Or caught the scent of fragrance on the gale—
And all as yet was silence—not a sound
Of beast, or cry of wild bird in its flight,
Broke with its utterance the still profound
That brooded 'mid the clear and purple light
Of the long day—like a calm grief that weighs,
But not obscures the clearness of the mind,
As in the mistiness of Autumn days
We sigh but not regret the summer left behind.

Then came the day of gladness, and the song
Of rapturous birds enfolded all the air,
And the wild herd sprang boundingly along,
And Nature seemed a lovelier dress to wear,
The trees put on new foliage, and the flow'rs
With brighter lustre raised their grateful eyes
At the light sound of feet thro' forest bowers,
Or the wild sweep of wings thro' dreamy skies—
And Nature were at rest with looks most fair,
If only Man—the Soul of God—were there !

Come to the Present—long enough we've roved
In the dark ages of the past Forever,

Come to the joyous scenes so fondly loved,
From which, alas ! so soon, we grieve to sever !

Oh ! Mettawompe ! many a circling year
Since first the white man's axe made beauty 'round,
Since first amid thy echoes soft and clear
Pealed the sweet Sabbath bell's endearing sound ;
Full many a year has passed,—and thou hast seen
The pride and strength of a young nation wake,
And from thy summit beautiful and green,
Well may the notes of triumph proudly break ;
But our's is sadder theme—of ages fled
Each leaves its trace in vestiges of beauty,
So we when numbered with the years long sped,
May leave our foot-prints in the path of duty—
And may *this one* among thy circling years
We've lived and loved so near thy summit hoary,
Be in our mem'ry like the balmy tears
That hallow in young days some childish story,
And in thy noble beauty may we find
A thought that nerves the Heart and elevates the Mind.

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## SKETCHES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

When about to leave the paternal mansion,—when College, which before I had strongly suspected was composed of materials as unsubstantial as the Temple of Fame adorning the first page of the Spelling book, began to assume “a local habitation,”—in that solemn hour I was reminded of certain relatives in the good town of Amherst, whose acquaintance I was strictly enjoined to cultivate. Easily ascertaining their place of residence, upon the first Saturday afternoon I proceeded to obey the injunctions of my honored parents. After a pleasant walk, I arrived at the residence of my friends, and in a modest and yet somewhat impressive manner, introduced myself to the lady of the house. The old lady received me with the greatest kindness, and, after innumerable inquiries respecting her friends and acquaintances, all which inquiries were answered to the best of my ability, she said she would call Solomon.

Accordingly Solomon was called, and in a few minutes a slow and dignified step upon the stairs announced his approach. Entering the room, he stood for a moment very deliberately surveying me, while the old lady explained in a most luminous manner the relation in which we stood to one another. As the light broke upon his mind a placid smile came over his features, and he extended his hand in welcome.

He was tall and slender, with a form so pointed and angular that to look upon it would rejoice the heart of a mathematician. He had small grey eyes, pale features, sunken cheeks, and a high intellectual forehead, which was partially concealed by a mass of black hair prematurely tinged with grey. His head was supported in front and on the flanks by a neck-stock of immense height and unyielding firmness, and in the rear by a huge collar, to which was attached an old fashioned coat, with skirts of very limited breadth in the first place, and as they approached his heels "growing small by degrees and beautifully less." I made these observations while the subject of them, after going through several preliminary movements, seated himself by my side. We were soon engaged in conversation, and from that day have been bosom companions. Many an hour have I passed beneath that hospitable roof, where the Freshman forgot his trials,—where the Sophomore laid aside his dignity, and where the Junior returned from his wanderings among the *stars*.

I have spoken of the personal appearance of my friend. To describe with justice his mind and character, would be a far more difficult task. He is a scholar. Living as he does so near, it would be strange if the influences from this Institution had failed to affect him. Thirsting for fame and immortality, he has not spent his time in idle dreams, without making an effort to reach the desired object. His greatest fault seems to be an attempt to reach the object in too many different ways. His acquirements are in fact almost universal. The various departments of Science, Literature and the Fine Arts have all received his attention.

In the cause of Science his labors have been unwearied, and I venture to hope will not long remain unrewarded. Much of his time for several years past has been spent in preparing a work upon Guide-boards. His principal object is to account for certain apparent irregularities of these articles. For instance, he found that there were very material variations in giving distances. Often a guide-board standing between two places and directing to each, would make the

whole distance fifty, while another would make the same distance but forty-five miles, and others would vary between these extremes. Having taken a great number of observations throughout New England, he hopes to discover the law of these variations.

He has permitted me to peruse, with great profit to myself, a work entitled "Practical Application of Conic Sections to Morality and Rhetoric." The publication of this work has been delayed, in consequence of the difficulty in obtaining suitable illustrations.

He has also in manuscript a metaphysical work upon "The Will and the Won't," in which work the subject of volitions is treated in a most clear and to my mind most satisfactory manner. Poetry he formerly wrote, but was compelled by the command of the physicians to abandon the practice.

Exalted as is my opinion of these works, and of several others I have been permitted to peruse, I yet doubt very much whether their publication would secure to the author the reputation he so ardently covets and so richly deserves. The age is not yet sufficiently advanced to appreciate such profound works.

I have, however, in my possession, a number of Essays which I have thought would be interesting to the general reader. Most of these Essays are historical, and I regard them as valuable, not so much on account of their literary merit as for their clearness in settling many long controverted points, for their historical accuracy and fidelity, and for the light they throw upon the origin and early history of this place. I need not stop to point out the faults of these writings—faults which arise partly from the author's habits of seclusion and study—partly from a sort of wilful obstinacy—partly from being somewhat in advance of his age, and partly from various other causes. Without further preface I leave the reader to judge of the Essays of Solomon Fogg.

C.

*Van Landt.*

### A LIFE SONG.

A bubbling stream with its silv'ry gleam,  
Gushed up from a mountain's crest,  
And rippled along e'er singing a song  
To its goal in the sunny West.

Now into the shade where the sun light made,  
As it gleamed through the forest trees,  
A warp of bright gold, it danced as of old  
To the music of the breeze.

And small flow'rs grew where the sparkling dew  
Had been kissing the verdant sod,  
For flowers will spring like a holy thing  
• 'Neath the tears of the Midnight God.

Down the mountain side with a foamy tide,  
It leaped in a cataract white,  
As a flaming star, like a molten bar  
Is thrown from Day's furnace at night.

But the storm came up, with a roar and whoop,  
It was riding the Northern wind,  
And the lightning's flash 'mid the thunder's crash,  
Was the track that it left behind,—

'Till a rock was hurled like a falling world  
From the bristling mountain's height,  
And it choked the stream like a crashing beam,  
Broke off from the Gates of Night.

Then the waters roared and the dark rain poured,  
And anon as a funeral shroud,  
The snowy mist-spray swept over the day,  
Like smoke from a battle cloud.

'Twas solemn and dim as the chant of a hymn,  
Dying away on the ear.  
Bright! Bright! was their birth, Dark! Dark! is the earth,  
Where the waters disapp<sup>e</sup>ar

My Life is a stream with its silv'ry gleam  
 In childhood's blessed hour,  
 Joy-notes are its song as it gurgles along,  
 Bright hopes its sunbeam shower.

The Flowers of Truth 'neath the tears of our Youth,  
 Spring up by the Life-stream side,  
 'Till they're broken away at the close of the day,  
 To drift on the ebbing tide.

But the Sin Blast comes up with its loud roar and whoop,  
 It is riding Death's pallid steed,  
 And its skeleton form hurls down the dark storm,  
 As casteth a sower his seed.

Oh! little Life Stream! with a silv'ry gleam,  
 Thy morn may be blushing and bright,  
 But the great world is cold, *Charity groweth old*,  
 Thy Day dream may perish in Night.

Ecclie

Yours.

KAVANAGH.

It was a pleasant thought of the poet-Professor, to give the world this little book just at the advent of these bright warm Summer months. It came fittingly with the birds and flowers. Its simple tale runs on with a cool refreshing murmur that reminds one of a bubbling brook or of the young green leaves,

“that clap their little hands in glee  
 With one continuous sound.”

Have you never in some long afternoon ride or ramble, turned from the dusty highway into a quiet little village street, where the green

grass grows to the very verge of the wheel ruts, and the huge elms form a nobler than cathedral arch above? Do you not remember the moss-grown houses, and their old fashioned porches, covered with creeping vines, and bearing upon their worm-eaten benches, the rude initials of half a dozen generations? Close beside these stands the village church with its wafer-bedecked board of publishments, and its quaint griffin of a vane; and further on is *the* store, the only building in all the street that has not its pleasant yard in front, but presents instead of lilac and hollyhock a knot of listless loungers. The school house is there too, with its door wide ajar at all hours, and its weather beaten shutters each hanging by a single hinge. You see here and there a girlish form flitting by, almost like a fairy, (if fairies wear gingham frocks and sun bonnets,) or meet the white haired old minister, with his ponderous gold-headed cane and round-eyed spectacles. Then you turn the corner with curious glance at its battered fingered post, and in a trice you are once more upon the great road, and see, when you look back, only the village spire, and a few white spots that gleam among the mass of foliage. But many a time the thought of that quiet scene comes up before you in the hot paths of life, and you treasure it as a pleasant memory.

Not unlike this has been to us the perusal of Kavanagh. We retain from it no deep emotion, no great truth: we met in its pages none of those marked characters which—whether met in fiction, in history or in real life—seem to incorporate themselves with our world. But we passed some pleasant hours in that quiet little village of Fairmeadow.

Kavanagh would be a hard book to criticise in legitimate critical style. It is *not* "a work of thrilling interest," it is *not* a "*finished* production of the author's stored and elegant mind:" and the only "great moral lesson" it teaches, is the not very novel one that, "Procrastination is the thief of time." Plot it has none: we have a few pleasant glimpses into the every day life of a country schoolmaster whom "the gods have made poetical;" we see an old clergyman ride away from the scene of his labors with "an apocalyptic white horse and an antediluvian chaise," and soon after his successor comes quietly before us,—and even he, though a most interesting young man, and the hero to boot, does very little except fall into a love whose course runs most unpoetically smooth, and ends with a very natural and common place sort of a wedding. And yet, meagre as the thread of incident is, few will complain, we think, of a want of interest. So vivid,

so varied and so natural are the sketches, that the reader is unwilling to lose a page. We are almost inclined to pronounce the book as much of a novelty in its way as *Evangeline*. The reader's interest in the fiction depends not on an appeal to his sympathy for the individual character, but on his admiration for beauty, as embodied in idealized life. The former is felt by the coarsest reader of a nine-penny novel: the latter partakes of that high taste which teaches us to recognize the most refined beauty, whether in the delineations of the poet or painter. Indeed the two may be not inaptly compared, one to the love of the most tasteless man for his own likeness or a friend's, however coarsely daubed, the other to the exquisite pleasure that Allston or Cole can afford, even by the portrayal of beings we never saw or who never existed.

But let us turn to the book itself. To sketch its contents were no easy task: nor is it worth our while, since all doubtless who deign to read these pages will have already perused the original. Even the chief characters we cannot stop to sketch. Mr. Churchill and his wife, and son Alfred, and baby, and pleasant conversation, and great projected Romance must be passed in regretful silence—and so the proudly beautiful Cecilia Vaughan, and the fair Alice Archer, drooping with untold love—and Mr. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins, and the rest, whom to enumerate would make but a barren list of names—and yet each bringing up some passage of beauty or of humor, that we pass with an involuntary impulse to

“convey, the wise it call.”

The hero, however, possesses some characteristics so peculiar that we cannot help dwelling for a moment upon them. Descended from an old Catholic family—brought up on the rocky coast of Maine—educated in a Jesuit College—naturally devout, almost to the borders of mysticism, and taught by a saint-like mother the Lives of the Saints—such is the material of which our Harvard Professor has made a Unitarian clergyman! Well, heaven forbid us from dipping into the troubled pool of theological controversy: but we do not wonder that when our “Thaddeus of Warsaw” young minister is sitting alone in his tasteful belfry study the bell should ring to him a *marrying* tune—nor that when the Judge's fair daughter with her ample dowry is won, he should hasten from the dull labors of a New England parish, to the sunny skies of Italy!

One of Mr. Churchill's experiences we cannot pass unnoticed: for

it tells a "laughing truth," and tells it, too, so admirably, that not only is the truth most manifest but the laughing most irresistible. This is his conversation with Mr. Hathaway, who proposes to establish a great American magazine, to foster and patronize our "national literature." In a few sentences our author has compressed the essence both of what is, and of what ought to be said on this hackneyed theme.

"We want a national epic, Mr. Churchill, that shall correspond to the size of the country; that shall be to all other epics what Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi is to all other paintings,—the largest in the world!"

"Ah!"

"We want a national drama in which scope enough shall be given to our gigantic ideas, and to the unparalleled activity and progress of our people!"

"Of course."

"In a word, we want a national literature altogether shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies!"

"Precisely!"

Is not this the daily song of every literary *Bombastes Furioso* in the country? Now let us hear what such men as Mr. Churchill—rather, what such men as Professor Longfellow, who are themselves *creating* our national literature say:

"Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands."

"A national literature is not the growth of a day. Centuries must contribute their dew and sunshine to it. Our own is growing slowly but surely, striking its roots downward and its branches upward, as is natural; and I do not wish, for the sake of what some people call originality, to invert it, and try to make it grow with its roots in the air."

We must close here this brief—not review, but *reminiscence* of Kavanagh. If we would listen to the cant of an author's always "writing up to himself," we should condemn ours most severely; for this little volume is most assuredly not the equal of *Hyperion* or *Evangeline*. But from such a pen as Professor Longfellow's we would accept with thankfulness all we can get. We have half suspected that Churchill's interruptions and procrastinations are not untypical of real experience in a higher department of teaching: however this may be, our author is one of the few from whom we would gladly see more; and we lay aside Kavanagh not without some faint hope that the long projected Romance of the village schoolmaster will yet come to us from the shades of old Harvard.

EDITORS' CORNER. *Manning.*

"And when he had opened the second seal I heard the second beast say, come and see."

*Apocalypse.*

"Here are we, five merry, merry boys,  
Five merry boys, I trow are we;  
And mony a time we've merry been,  
And mony more we hope to be."

*Burns.*

"Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,  
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower."

*Fable for the Critics.*

Reader, wouldst like to know somewhat of Editorial life? Full well we wot thou wouldst, for we read in the earnestness of thy look the deep workings of curiosity at the bare mention of so mysterious a subject. Yet know, O man, that naught of "flesh and blood," save the "Illustrious Five," is ever permitted to breathe within the hallowed precincts of our little *sanctum*. But though absent in body thou mayest be present in the spirit; so take heed, while with a sparing hand we reveal to thee a few of our *arcana sacra*, and unfold the *modus operandi* of our "quill driving fraternity." It was the sultriest hour of a warm Saturday's afternoon, and the manifold progeny of our Alma Mater, from obsequious Fresh to stately Senior, were gone their several ways to such occupations as their own inclination or a more peremptory master had prescribed.

We of the Indicator, too, had yielded slightly to the somniferous influences of that *melting* season. Winkle was pacing the walk (we *call* it such) in front of the Chapel with his usual abstracted air occasionally casting a furtive glance at the old College clock, which told him unerringly that the hour for Editors' meeting would soon arrive; Van Twiller was stretched supinely in the lee of old Middle, charming sundry Sophs and Freshmen with a recital of stirring vacation adventures; the Corporal was surfeiting upon a huge pile of *exchanges*; Obadiah was no doubt benevolently employed somewhere, and Boniface, who had spent the ominous space of thirty minutes in rioting upon his dish of greens, was now safely brought to anchor in his favorite arm-chair, pumping away quite otiosely at the fag-end of the last Havana. Pleasing reminiscences of the "Olden time" were sitting before his tranquil mind, spiced with an occasional glance into the glorious future. No thought of unwritten Indicators for impatient and fastidious readers was suffered to disturb the serenity of that blissful hour. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," said he to himself; and the meaning of that passage came home to his heart with a force more impressive than ever before.

"Oh Boniface, Boniface, woe to thy dream of delight!"

Here loud footsteps were heard to approach the door, followed by a still louder rap. "Oh thunder!" said he to himself, "what genius of terebration is now abroad?" Again there was violent knocking, attended by a sort of battering-ram effect, proving conclusively that the visitor's whole *soul* was bent on the entrance.

It was no use to desist, and so he drawled out lazily, "C-o-m-e i-n."—"How are you Boniface? Confound it, why don't you let a feller in? You know my rap," said a lank-visaged biped, at the same time giving the door a violent swing and brandishing an indefinite length of whale-bone, with a sort of semi-ferocious air. "Winkle's that you? Took it for one of Pharaoh's lean kine; glad to see you; take a seat." Here the intruder cast a most "soul-spending glance" around the apartment graced by no *spare* article of furniture which could meet the exigencies of the occasion save a wood-box and rather capacious spittoon, until his eye rested upon the happy lump of mortality before him, whereupon he made sundry profound reflections upon the nature and effects of laziness; and then proceeded to account for this rather uncerimonious manifestation of himself. He had come in an official capacity to inform Mr. Boniface, as a limb of the Editorial *corps*, that there would be a temporary resuscitation of that body at his (Winkle's) room at three o'clock precisely; at which he (Mr. B.) was thereby warned to be present, to witness, and aid in the operation aforesaid, whereof he (the said B.) would not fail, on pain of amputation, (here the ghost of Whately was seen to move slowly through the room) also to be mulcted in a sum not to exceed the price of half a dozen of "Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla put up in quart bottles six times cheaper pleasanter and warranted superior to any sold; its progress to fame is marked by a long line of facts and cures which stand out as beacons and landmarks pointing the way to heaven and health, lassitude want of ambition and premature decay can be entirely restored by this pleasant remedy; liberal discount made to traveling agents and literary associa—" Hold on! you plugless word-spout!" vociferated Boniface, at length fully aware of his perilous situation. Quite sufficient—understand you perfectly—"I'll be on hand—head full of ideas—well digested—all arranged—only to write 'em out; Winkle, call again—glad to see you any time—in something of a hurry just now." Winkle bowed very politely, as he is wont to do sometimes accidentally, revolved suddenly on his axis and *went vixtri soluzus*. For once in his life time Boniface considered it fortunate to "miss the figure;" and he nestled more snugly in his boundless contiguity of cushions, fully resolved to enjoy another half-hour's *siesta*. Other calls of the same nature and effects Winkle doubtless made, *sed ab uno disce omnes*. The appointed hour soon arrived, as was made known by a diabolical screech from the window of Winkle's room; whereupon,

"Such a getting up stairs I never did see."

"Gentleman of the Indicator" said Winkle, at the same time settling himself into the embrace of a rheumatic old chair, "you will come to order. Will some one state the object of the meeting?" This interrogatory was succeeded by an awful silence, during which the Corporal exchanged a few knowing looks with Obadiah, and Boniface stared quite portentously at a rather suspicious looking *bundle*, which was observed to be slowly making its *debut* from the coat pocket of Winkle. "Mr. Chairman," said the Corporal, "I move we hold our sitting *a-standing*." Obadiah regarded this as a moral impossibility, whereupon the Corporal replied that he had made the motion out of respect to Winkle's room, when the latter muttered something about personal insult, at which Boniface observed that he thought they had better make a virtue of necessity, and *stand* to the motion. Obadiah moved that the matter be indefinitely postponed—carried by accla-

mation. Here something was said about a *quorum*, at which Obadiah remarked that in his opinion the board of Editors didn't constitute one, whereupon the Corporal looked several bayonets at him, and Winkle called for a copy of the Thirty-Nine Articles; but Obadiah, perceiving by this time that his observation was rather *mal apropos*, explained by saying that he repelled with indignation the least allusion to plurality in our fraternity; he regarded it as *e pluribus unum*—one, and no more. At this juncture the door suddenly opened. Obidiah threw the *bundle* into the bed-room, and Boniface entrenched himself behind the stove. "It's nobody but Van Twiller," roared the Corporal, and Winkle, rising above the confusion of the moment like a cork stopple thro' a mug of beer, immediately restored order. Vaa Twiller apologized for this rather tardy insertion of himself into the Editorial presence—" *Arma virumque cano*," shouted Boniface, anxious to appear as composed as possible. " *Arma, some rum and a cane*," exegetically remarked the Corporal, at the same time giving Van Twiller a furtive wink, while Obadiah once more deposited the *subjects* on the dissecting table. "Who accuses me of being a *rummy*?" vociferated Van Twiller, advancing into the room with an "I-turn-the-crank-of-the-universe air." "If any, speak! for him have I offended." Boniface felt much chagrined at the Corporal's wicked perversion of his compliment to Van Twiller, and stated that the proper interpretation of the passage would be, "*an army of men, by CAIN*." With this tribute to his personal importance Van Twiller seemed perfectly satisfied, and the business of the meeting was immediately commenced by appointing the Corporal reader and Winkle auditor, Boniface, Van Twiller and Obadiah, meanwhile to alternate between body guard and circumstances in general. The first communication began as follows:

"*Messrs. Editors* :—

I beg leave to submit to your consideration the following *gens* of poetry, (hope they don't need *cutting*, parenthetically observed Winkle) which, *I* think, for accuracy of description, elegance of expression and brilliancy of imagination have seldom been equalled.

It cometh, it cometh, the storm passeth by,  
The mountains are rending, the tempest is nigh,  
The winds are tumultuous, the sky is o'er-cast,  
And the King of the storm rideth by on the blast;  
The thunders of heaven do loudly proclaim,  
Death to the *gozlines*, and fellows keep out of the rain!"

The effect of this was various. Winkle suggested that it might not be safe to criticise *thunder storms* without the protection of a lightning rod. Obadiah turned deadly pale, and Boniface said it ought to be inserted—"under the table," appended Van Twiller. The Corporal regarded it as pedantic; didn't like to see foreign terms substituted for the vernacular, an instance of which he had observed in the emphatic word of the last line. Van Twiller thought it must be the German for *critics*, inserted by way of compliment to our learned circle. A motion that it be accepted was made, and the *yeas* and *nays* called for, but all declined voting on the ground of conscientious scruples, whereupon it was dismissed by the *casting* vote of the Chairman, and the Corporal proceeded:

"The Northern blasts have rudely blown,  
The punkin vines have yellar grown,

The farmer knocks his apples down,  
And digs his pertatoes from the ground,  
And the boys pick 'em up, and put 'em in baskets  
made for *the* purpose.

You will perceive, gentlemen, that the last verse of the above — (the word was illegible) is rather long-metred; but I never allow myself to sacrifice a beautiful thought to the rules of poetic composition,—a practice which your own good judgement will, I trust, abundantly sanction. “Mr. Chairman,” said Van Twiller, “I regard the piece as highly unseasonable; it would suit the Autumnal portion of the year much better.” “No doubt it was meant for a *fall*,” quoth Boniface, whereupon Obadiah burst into a most undignified roar of laughter. The Corporal thought we ought not to pass the affair by hastily on account of the objection urged by Mr. Van Twiller. “Great men,” continued he, “are always somewhat in advance of their age; we must have respect to the judgment of posterity, Mr. Chairman.” Further sage remarks were here prevented by a motion that the above potatoes small as they were, be sent to the *devil* (the *printer's*, of course) for his Independence dinner,—passed unanimously. Here the Corporal gave indubitable signs of exhaustion, and began to talk quite seriously of ‘rotation in office,’ whereupon Van Twiller passed an eulogium upon his martial valor, which so much inspirited him that, having ‘lickered’ *à la militaire*, he made another desperate assault on the enemies’ *lines*, which resulted in the capture of the following *field piece*.

“The Rustic’s Sarah-nade, translated from the aboriginal of Montezuma by an *amateur*.”

Wake, lady, wake; the sky are fair,  
Refreshin is the the breezes;  
It blows my nose while I sits here  
A fiddlin neath the treezes.

Wake, lovely one, the bull-frog’s note  
Are heard in yonder rushes  
While the warblin tree-toad swells his throat  
Singin in them are bushes.

Softly upon the grassy lea,  
The moon her beams are pourin  
The stars look down and wink at me—  
I snum! if Sall aint snorin!

Wake! Venus mine, and look on me,  
Awake! you know you orter;  
If you’ll have me and I’ll have you—  
Thunder! who thrown that water!

“Rather a cool reception that,” quoth Winkle. “A decidedly poetical way of taking shower baths,” intercalated Obadiah. “Taken for a baptism of the muse no

doubt," chimed in Boniface. "I move it be rejected; translations are an abomination unto me," said Van Twiller in something of an emphatic tone. "Familiarity is apt to breed contempt," retorted the Corporal. "Order, gentlemen: what shall be done with this communication?" growled Winkle. "I move it go into the Sinking Fund," rejoined the Corporal. "There is a motion before the house," roared Van Twiller. Mine is a *privileged* question," bellowed the Corporal,

"And so forth and so forth and so forth and so on,  
With this kind of stuff one might endlessly go on."

The remainder of the meeting was of a nature not to be revealed to the public eye. Suffice it to say, that the scene which followed was of a very exciting character—a queer compound of tragic and comic, spiced also with a slight mixture of the *mellow-dramatic*. We drop the curtain. Reader, thou hast seen,—but not *all*!

"So when you are thinking yourself to be pitied,  
Just conceive how much harder your teeth you'd have gritted,  
And 'twere not for the dullness we've kindly omitted."

We have received several exchanges this month, containing their usual quantum of humour and good sense, besides a few rare volumes from some of our richest authors, into all of which we had intended to give our readers a pcep, but space and the Fates are against us.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Woe unto you scribes!"

"Tunctown" is under consideration. The writer displays considerable talent for the humorous, but his story seems to lack somewhat in plot and design.

"Stultissimus" has expressed our sentiments precisely in stigmatizing himself as the *biggest fool* of the season.

"Gisela" has much bad grammar and worse poetry; in one particular it forcibly reminds us of Byron's "Ocean," for in sooth it is "boundless, endless and sublime." The catastrophe is quite pathetic—quite; and in justice to the author, we are compelled to say that it caused us

"Before our face our handkerchief to spread,  
To hide the tears we did—not shed."

That "Flower for L." is doubtless a *Cabbage-head*, and we confess that the author took a very ingenious method of catching his lady's eye. Whatever might have been *his* intentions, one thing is certain—we never publish *slanders* against the fair readers of the Indicator.

# THE INDICATOR.

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VOL. II.

AUGUST 1849.

No. 3

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## HISTORY.

History in very early times consisted of the recital of events, for the purpose of affording amusement. Differing from the wild pictures of the imagination, only in possessing for its foundation, facts, History presented pleasing scenes, where the true and the false were blended in beautiful proportions. Like the companions of our childhood, to whose words we listened with implicit faith and with beating hearts, as they told those touching stories, in which truth seemed to take the bright hues of fancy, and the unreal to become animate with life and beauty, the historian was the companion of the world's childhood, and the world listened to his fanciful stories, without "an unbelieving doubt." The truth was arrayed in such beautiful robes, and falsehood was so like the truth—so like what they wished was truth—that they were never tired of listening to the magic tale.

The world grew older, but it never forgot the charms that had won its *boyish love*, and the imagination will doubtless ever act an important part in history. But men began to seek in history something more than pictures of fancy—something of practical use in the affairs of life. Some of those who have valued history as connected with the present and the future, have sought to fit themselves for the exigencies of life, by treasuring up the history of the varied events of the past. Nor would we undervalue history, when used in the place, either of a beautiful picture, or of an instructive lesson.

The scenes of days long past, which return in the pages of the historian—the pictures of more than life-like beauty on which we

dwell with delight—the revered forms which come back to earth on the historic page—these are treasures richer than all

“The wealth of Ormus or of Ind.”

The passer-by may gaze on that picture and forget it, but if his be the heart of a true man, that gaze shall never be in vain. Those scenes with which all history is crowded—the struggles of oppressed humanity—the rising of a down-trodden people for the overthrow of tyranny—the patient endurance of injured innocence—truth triumphing over the myriad hosts of error—virtue rising unstained above the corruptions of a licentious age,—those scenes were never painted in vain. In the fierce and maddening strife, when the heart grows faint and weary, when around us and before us, darkness gathers in its thickness, the noble impulses to which the heart has once throbbed responsive, shall again nerve the spirit to the conflict. But, though pictures of imagination and of disconnected events may serve to afford amusement and to awaken the noblest feelings, every one feels that history ought to do more than this. He, who learns from history nothing save minute accounts of battles fought, and victories won—who treasures up the record of events with the expectation that just such events will be brought about in his own time, fails to learn from History its most instructive lessons.

It seems hardly true, when applied to particular events, that “the thing that hath been is that which shall be.” Every event is brought about through the agency of a multitude of causes, and it rarely happens that the same causes are again found at work, each in the same proportion. The stream of Time, freighted with its mighty load of human destinies, rolls on to the shoreless ocean of Eternity. Each successive load is added to the Eternities, while the stream, restless and chafing with its shores, makes for itself new channels, and hurries on in an ever-changing course. Embarked on such a voyage, we must seek to learn from the charts of those who have gone before us, something more than the position of dangerous rocks which the current has now perhaps left far distant. We ought to gather general principles “which shall be just, even in the ever changing current of human affairs.”

Very naturally, the earnest and thoughtful man, ceasing to look for the occurrence of the same events, began to reflect upon the lessons to be drawn from these events, lessons which should have a practical bearing upon every act of the great drama of life. Then the Histo-

rian aspired to be the Philosopher. No longer seeking to relate facts in the most attractive style, the historian sought to find the lesson he should teach, and then the way in which his facts would teach that lesson; and too often, going yet farther, the historian has moulded his facts to suit his previously established opinions. It is history such as this, that has claimed the title of "Philosophy teaching by example." If it really has any just claim to the title of Philosophy, it is a Philosophy so vague, and so much at war with itself, that its teachings are of little value. The sermon is first written and the text afterwards fitted to it. The sentiments to be taught, the doctrines to be inculcated, the favorite hypotheses to be maintained, are first decided upon by the historian, and then it is his business to make whatever facts he is dealing with, yield—*nolens volens*—a cheerful support to his opinions. Thus, history becomes a vast armory, furnishing its weapons to every contending faction,—a hundred headed monster, with its hundred mouths, speaking for as many opposing parties.

It was at the rising of the sun that the statue of Memnon sent forth its notes of music, but at the glimmering of every star, at the flickering light of every lamp, history has been made to send forth its approving notes. If this system, so conflicting and uncertain, be Philosophy, it is Philosophy in its infancy; in the state in which Natural Philosophy was, before the discovery of its first great laws. If the attention of Philosophers of that period had been directed to the fall of an apple, they would have reasoned much like philosophical historians. Some might have inferred from the event, the goodness of Providence displayed in gratifying the wants of man, while others, having in mind certain aggravated cases of cholera, would have regarded it as the sending of an agent to execute judgment upon mankind. Your true Republican leveler would have looked upon it as a triumphant proof of the tendency of apples in particular and mankind in general to seek a level, while his adversary would be more strongly convinced than before, that some must remain above the rest. Thus do historians from the same events defend principles diametrically opposed to one another. The moralist historian reads us long lessons, upon the incentives to virtue, and warnings from vice, to be derived from history. So far as the right examples are taken and skillfully used, all is well; but when we look farther into history, and find that often wickedness and vice have walked the earth in triumph—glittering with jewels and decked out with the highest honors of earth, while virtue, suffering and wronged, has struggled in wretchedness,

may we not, must we not naturally infer, that vice is rewarded and virtue punished? History was never meant to teach such vague and contradictory lessons,—to teach in fact, everything, and to establish nothing. Men have employed themselves in observing the innumerable eddies and counter-currents, while the under current, which has been sweeping onward in its resistless might, has passed unnoticed. That there are in History, great general laws by which all the varying and apparently conflicting changes of human affairs are controlled, may be inferred in the first place, from Analogy.

In the material world we find everywhere, laws which God has made co-existent with matter. The same fixed and unchanging laws control every movement in the complicated system of operations going on around us. And looking beyond the limits of our own world, we see the same laws guiding and chaining, in their orbits, countless worlds throughout the universe of God. It was a sublime conception of the ancient philosopher, that the stars which gem the nightly firmament, march to the music of celestial harmonies. It is as sublime a truth, established by the modern philosopher, that not only the planet traversing the heavens, but every atom throughout this unlimited creation, is held bound by an every where present law. Can it be that the hand which “canst bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion—which laid the foundation of the Earth—when the morning stars sang together,” governs and controls only in the material world? Can it be that the changes in the history of man have been the work of chance? I retrace that history; I stand amid the scenes of other days. In every age I see men swayed by the same passions, influenced by the same motives, acting for the same ends. I read the same story of the rise and fall of Empires, of the peaceful home, and the bloody battle-field—of vaulting ambition, and happy content—of hellish crimes, and god-like virtues—of high-handed villainy, and outraged innocence. I find man essentially the same in every age, and acting upon the stage of this world’s history, over and over, the same fearful scenes in the same stupendous drama. I see a noble stream now leaping down the mountain side—now flowing onward in calm and stately grandeur—now pausing, and then in its gathering might, sweeping away the barrier that stayed its course. I see a mighty ocean suddenly lashed into fury, and tossing like a feather, the stately structure of the creature who had stretched over it his sceptre. I see the flaming meteor pursuing its pathway through the heavens; I see the

"bolt of Jove" descending on its mission of wrath; and the solid earth opening and swallowing mighty cities. And as I gaze bewildered upon the fearful scene, methinks

"I see a hand you cannot see,  
I hear a voice you cannot hear."

That hand is directing every movement,—that voice is speaking, and "even the winds and the waves obey." Governing everywhere else by laws fixed, and generally understood, it would be strange, if in directing human affairs, the Almighty acted from caprice, or in accordance with laws to be forever hidden from man.

Yet farther proof of the existence of those laws is found in the universal belief of mankind. It is this belief which has led men to seek out so many false systems of Philosophy, and now leads them to adopt some system or other, though feeling that that system is erroneous.

And this feeling of dissatisfaction with history as it is now written, may be regarded as evidence that something at least is wanting. The great English Reviewer-turned-historian says, "We are acquainted with no History which approaches to our notion of what a history ought to be," and those who have held the same opinion, will hardly regard Macaulay's eloquent and brilliant history as an exception. There have been many histories, able, eloquent and profound, but there have been few, if any, from the study of which, the earnest and thoughtful man has turned away satisfied. Is it then too much to say, that the Newton of History has not yet appeared? Is it too much to expect, that the laws will yet be known, in accordance with which the Almighty "rules among the inhabitants of Earth?" Of the value of that knowledge I need hardly stop to speak. The laws of matter may cease to act, when "the earth and the heavens shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shall be changed." But the laws by which God governs man, must clearly reveal his character, and must be part of his own eternal nature. The discovery of those laws will form the commencement of a new Era in history. Then, and then only, will our annals be written "broader and deeper." No Gibbon shall then write history, lighting up its darkness by the fires of his mighty intellect—fires kindled to mislead and lure to destruction. With hope for humanity, and faith in God, the historian shall thread the mazes of the past, guided by a light from on high. History shall no longer utter an unintelligible jargon, but in trumpet tones it will be heard proclaiming clearly and distinctly its lessons to man.

T.

BALLAD. *Van Landt.*

Meek and holy, fell the twilight,  
And beside a Peasant's door,  
Sat a child, and he was chanting,  
Chanting ballads o'er and o'er.

For it was the Christmas evening,  
When the young child Jesus came,  
And the boy, was in his chorus,  
Singing of the Saviour's name.

Then, his beads he sadly counted,  
As around his neck they hung,  
And the cross upon his bosom,  
Slowly to the night wind swung.

But the iron cross was heavy  
For the fragile silken chain,  
And it broke ; whilst falling downwards,  
Came the scattered beads like rain.

Then his song he chanted slowly,  
And I thought within my heart,  
Thus Life's golden chord is broken,  
Thus its blessed joys depart.

For the heavy cross of sorrow  
Clingeth to our brightest Hope,  
Weighing, ever weighing downward,  
'Till its sunshine band is broke.

Often on the Christmas evening,  
When the twilight fadeth dim,

Then I sit upon the threshold,  
And right sadly, chant a hymn.

Whilst Orion in the heavens,  
Counts his bead-chain made of stars;  
And the cold moonbeams are glistening  
On the silver helm of Mars.

When Life's battle strife is over,  
We may sit upon the sky,  
And like Orion count our beads,  
And pray eternally.

Whilst around us, and beneath us,  
Sweetly swelling on our ears,  
Harp-like shall rise, the melody,  
The music of the spheres.

And as 't was in Jacob's vision,  
Shall free'd Spirits swiftly climb,  
With the rainbow for their ladder,  
From the misty Land of Time.

N10!

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## HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

*Thompson.*

### NO. I.

By SOLOMON FOGG.

I should little suppose that I treated the reader with becoming respect, if I did not immediately inform him that my materials were not only very dubious but very scanty; such however as they are, it would be no difficult task to imitate the example of many who have preceded me, and expand my observations into a serious volume.

BELOW'S LIFE OF HERODOTUS.

Having studied the early history of this far-famed town, and hoping

to rescue from oblivion that history's fast fading scenes, Solomon Fogg produces these *Essays*. I hope to bring to light, some of the causes of the great events which have marked every step of this town's progress. I purpose to recall how, in her infancy, Amherst gave indubitable tokens of coming greatness,—how, as years passed away, the hearts of her friends were gladdened at her unexampled prosperity—and how her glory went forth throughout the surrounding regions, while from the hills of Pelham, and from the plains of Shutesbury came multitudes to bow before her “rising star.”

I shall also feel it to be my duty to notice some of those errors of policy, by which the onward progress of the place, not to be stopped, was yet retarded. Without aiming to produce anything like a connected history, I yet indulge the hope, that by turning the attention of the reader to some of the important and instructive scenes of the Past, some of the objects of History may be attained.

And in the first place I am naturally led to speak of the origin of Amherst.

I could wish that Amherst might form an exception to the general rule, that great places as well as great men, spring from obscurity; but the thick darkness, which shrouds its early days, reminds me of the vanity of such a wish. To determine the geological origin of any place at the present day, is a matter of great difficulty, in consequence of the misdirected efforts of scientific men. In former times a writer would have affirmed, that a place like this was prepared by Jupiter as a country residence for Miss Minerva, and with some such reasonable and natural account, all would have been satisfied, “asking no questions, for conscience’ sake.” But at this day it would be fatal to an author’s reputation to use such an explanation. While the author deploras this tendency to skepticism upon such a subject, he is compelled to yield to the current of popular opinion. Accordingly he must now employ cakes of ice, which take mountains and towns on their backs, and push off at a most alarming rate, leaving their loads wherever they please, and the author, to find them wherever he can. Then he must throw up mountains and throw them down again. Rocks must be melted and cooled, and often the author is compelled, painful as it is to a man of tender feelings, to sink whole continents.

The reader can judge from this, something of the difficulty with which a modern author meets, in determining the geological origin of any place. Yet while I hope for the sympathies of my readers in this difficulty, let me beg them to feel no anxiety as to the result. The

reader may rest assured that, while the matter is in my hands, Amherst shall suffer no wrongs, and if it is necessary that she should go through these processes above described, she shall come out with yet additional glory.

It is generally conceded that the creation of this earth required a long period of time, and was a very complicated and difficult piece of business. The earliest accounts represent the earth in a state of vapor,—some specimens of which, in so pure a state as to be permanent, are still extant. At a very remote period commenced a process of cooling, evaporating and condensing, and, in the course of several ages, by the agency of great quantities of fire, water, and ice, the earth became what it “has now the honor to be.” I do not intend to describe this interesting operation, since it is now generally understood; but to the part acted by Amherst in the grand drama, I wish to call the reader's attention. Reflecting men were long since led to believe that the superiority of Amherst over other places, was the result of a difference in its origin, and treatment during infancy, and various theories have been offered to explain this difference. Many of these however, flattering to the vanity of the place, and indicative of great ingenuity in the authors, are evidently unworthy of serious consideration. The three principal theories which have divided the scientific world—theories sustained by many plausible arguments—I propose briefly to consider.

The first theory, which has obtained extensively among scientific men, maintains that a great and important part of the place was brought here from some northern regions, by the agency of Drift. Some have even pretended to identify the rocks and soil, and tell the very spot from whence they came; and unless this theory is overthrown, I should not be at all surprised to see a stout Vermonter with a Sheriff taking possession of College hill as stolen property.

The best method of testing such theories is to study the condition, character and habits of the place in question, as far back as we have any authentic accounts, and from these data, judge of previous character and habits. Though this method may not enable us to arrive at particular facts, it will furnish us with general principles, from a knowledge of which it is easy “to hazard a wide solution” of questions relating to former history, and to judge with certainty of many supposed events.

Now I find nothing in the present condition, or in the past history of this town, to warrant the belief that it was drifted in the manner

supposed. On the contrary, its exemption from the hurtful changes which note the history of other places, has been a matter of general remark. In the words of a late eminent writer: "Amid the wreck of Empires and the overthrow of dynasties—amid the passing away of all that the world had thought enduring, I turn my eyes to old Amherst, still standing like a rock in mid ocean, and mocking the waves that dash at its base." The "figure of speech," used by this writer must not be taken in too literal a sense. Amherst has not remained stationary, but its progress has ever been upward, not downward or lateral—a fact fatal to the theory proposed.

Considerations like these, compel me to withhold my assent from every theory based upon the supposition that this place was ever blown about "with every wind of doctrine," or drifted by every "tide of waters."

Another theory maintains that Amherst is for the most part composed of fragments, detached from the Sun and projected upon the earth. The dark spots upon the Sun are supposed to be the places from which these fragments were detached. The advocates of this theory suppose that, besides the centrifugal force of the Sun, tending to throw off these fragments, and the common attraction of the earth,—there was some peculiar attraction not yet understood, existing between this place and parts of the Sun. This theory is of great value to Geologists, enabling them to account for certain changes in the structure of the Earth, without relying upon doubtful effects of comets. There are, however, very serious objections to this theory, and upon a careful examination, I am satisfied that it originated from the apparent similarity between the light of this place and that of the Sun. An analysis, however, shows that Solar light will bear no comparison with the intellectual light, with which this place is flooding the world. We cannot be too cautious in adopting a theory with which so many difficulties are connected, and which, if true, must lead to most disastrous consequences. For, if parts of the sun have been projected upon the earth, the example may be followed by other portions, not only of the sun, but also of the other heavenly bodies, and there will remain no security for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The last theory I shall notice, and the one undoubtedly destined to prevail, supposes that Amherst and the adjacent regions were once buried to a great depth below the surface, and ages after were brought to light, partly by the "denuding force of water," and partly by some internal agency, forcing the place up, or more probably by its natural

upward tendency. This theory has met strong opposition, and the objections to it have been set forth in an able work by that distinguished theologian, Dr. John Smith. Dr. Smith and others have regarded it as irreconcilable with the benevolence displayed in all the works of Providence, supposing as it does that a place, so well fitted for the dwelling-place of men, and apparently so necessary to the existence of the world, was for ages buried in darkness. The objection, however, is not insuperable. The purest diamonds sparkle in the caves of old ocean, and the waters of the Pacific probably cover "placers" which would gladden the heart of a "California gold digger." It is besides probable that during its early periods, the earth was occupied by inferior orders of beings, unworthy the possession of such a place. Nor would it be strange, if this region was concealed long after the present race came upon the earth. There was evidently a design to extend the race over the whole globe, and it is difficult to see how this could have been effected by natural means, while the inhabitants existing at that period were acquainted with this region; for they would have undoubtedly collected here, and nothing but the greatest folly would have led them elsewhere. Thus upon a more careful consideration, it will be found that this theory is perfectly consistent with the uniform course of Nature, and in harmony with the wise designs of Providence. This theory, sustained by a mass of testimony, and against which there are no valid objections, I shall accordingly adopt as the true theory.

And now gentle reader, let us congratulate ourselves that we have arrived at this happy consummation. I could never have forgiven myself had I passed over this important subject in silence, and, painful as I am sensible the discussion must have been to you, let me assure you a rich reward. Such principles are the foundations upon which all valuable knowledge must be built, and if you have obtained a clear conception of the true theory of origin, you will find no difficulty in understanding the other great questions connected with the History of Amherst.

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On my deep-beating bosom Thou, O Mirta, didst die. Twelve times has the Spring decked thy grave with flowers: but the day is near—a joyous day—when I shall be laid beside thee. With pleasure I see the snow-white beard flowing over my bosom. It is dear as the golden hair of the joyous youth, or the dark tresses on the neck of the blooming maiden.

From the German of Gessner.

Webster.

IMAGINATION.

IMAGINATION is the province assigned to the Poet. The Father and Prince of Epic Song, when he sets forth the heroic valor of Achilles,—Virgil, narrating the wanderings of “Pius Æneas,” and our own immortal Milton, as he sung “Of man’s first disobedience,” roamed through this vast domain as none who have followed them, and indulged in airy flights to which few can hope to soar. And all the Bards of every succeeding age seem to have had more or less of an inheritance in this Fairy Land.

But we are inclined to think that the *mass* of mankind look upon *ideal* scenes far more than upon the *realities* of life. The Young, build castles in the air, and the Old do not entirely forget the dreams of their youth. The boy sees penciled on imagination’s canvass, some coveted fortune, it may be honor, wealth, or pleasure; but he never once considers that the means of realizing his hopes are already within his reach, and his fancied glory vanishes, as an optical illusion, when for a moment the eye is turned away. The *would* be scholar, sees the Temple of Fame, and fancies *his* name written on her marble walls; but he neglects to make the most of effort, and never knows anything of all this except in such a dream.

How this ruling passion has affected human action and human destiny, it may be well to inquire.

In that period of the world’s history, marked by the resplendency of Grecian literature and the glory of Grecian art—continued by the successful imitations of Roman genius, how melancholy is the spectacle! The mind, at that age, gave evidence of a remarkable deformity: ascending intellectually to the zenith of its power, but debased by a superstitious religion. The ancient mythology was the offspring of the imagination. The mind, not satisfied to scan things as they were, and predisposed to the marvelous, loved to linger amid the *unseen*, and having there formed an idea of a God, saw the representation of its Deity in tangible objects. It appears that a knowledge of some of the most remarkable facts mentioned in Scripture, never was entirely lost; but was handed down in imperfect traditions to every generation. Catching at these mere shadows, imagination conceived Saturnia, a Paradise in the golden age of purity and blessedness. With no less

readiness, it conceived the storm of rain descending upon the earth, obedient to the will of Jove, and the timely preservation of that *pair*, floating in a box over the world's watery grave; and when at last the storm had ceased, and the little ark rested on dry land, a company of men and women spring to life from the stones thrown over the heads of Deucalion and Pyrrha.

Besides, the ancients saw things daily transpiring in nature, of which they had no knowledge, and over which they had no control; and the regular succession of events showed, too clearly for them to mistake, that an unseen hand was guiding "the vast machine." Impressed with this truth, instead of allowing reason to scan the *effect*, and from thence learn the *cause*, imagination conceived a God presiding in person over every department of matter and of mind; and as man was the most perfect of all created objects, it was quite natural that the Deity should be represented in human form. So we have the names of Jupiter, Mars, Juno, Minerva, the Muses, the Fates, the Furies, and others innumerable, both of the higher and lower orders, all having a peculiar office work in the Kingdom of nature, and all subject to *supreme Destiny*.

A veneration for all who had any claim upon their regard, became a strong ruling passion with the men of that age; and in the full exercise of that feeling, imagination saw, elevated above the ranks of men, all the long list of Heroes and Demigods enrolled in classic mythology.

Thus we might wander through this labyrinth of superstition, and whatever winding we chose to follow we should find ending in the mind's imagery. Howsoever valuable we may deem this faculty of mind, intrinsically considered, we must see how fatal to human destiny is the consequence, when the imagination tries to find out God.

There was in those days, a system of Philosophy. Its adherents were neither few nor weak. The greatest minds were engaged in its advocacy, and arguments of no vulgar character were ever urged in proof of the correctness of its theory. But did it ameliorate the condition of human life? There it stood for many generations, a massive structure, like the Pyramids of Egypt; but no healing was in its touch. The Stoic might *argue* that there was no pain; but did this ease the aching head and "bring joy to eyes that failed with wakefulness and tears?" Men of every age have learned by sad experience that this is a world of distress; and the advocate of Stoicism, argue as he would, knew full well what it was to writhe in agony. Plato

desired to separate mind from matter, and raise us above the objects of sense ; but did men find their wants fewer or less imperious ? It is too well known for Philosophy to dispute, that the wants and necessities of life are neither few nor easy to be satisfied. The philosopher might demonstrate in high toned *words*, that a state of barbarism was the happiest in which men dwelt in dens and caves of earth, clad in sheepskins and goatskins ; but the people too well appreciated the pleasure of a quiet home, and all the enjoyments and conveniencies which follow in the train of civilization, to be willing to try the experiment. For these reasons, the Philosophy of which we speak, effected nothing, and so far as it was concerned, society was neither better nor worse.

But when the mighty genius of Bacon appeared, a new *impulse* was given, and a new *era* commenced in the history of human progress ; for he had discovered the secret of *practical* Philosophy. We cannot too highly appreciate the mental efforts of the great English philosopher. If ever a light shone through the dark maze of superstition, dispelling the clouds from the human mind, mitigating human sorrow—nay, a Polar Star in the firmament of Truth, guiding life's care worn mariner, *that* light—*that* Star was Lord Bacon. A solution to the question, why did the Philosophy of Plato effect nothing for society, while that of Bacon has effected so much, is found in the nature of the systems themselves. The former was a Philosophy based upon imagination, the latter, upon real life. Recluse in some close retreat, the Spectator, in his chimerical brain, strange theories devised, which could have no application to the world around him. The ancient philosopher scorned to be useful. Any invention calculated to benefit mankind, was considered derogatory to his character. A life in abject poverty, amid discomfitures and sufferings well nigh beyond endurance, was his choice talisman of earthly existence. Far off in lofty flights of imagination he constructed a fabric of moral excellence and purity—conceived a character, worthy indeed, but of which there had been no exemplification in human history. Not so with Bacon. *He* communed with actual life. Things seemed to him what they were ; and he saw the theory to be, that every effort should be put forth for the promotion of whatsoever tends to the present and future welfare of man. From his own language, we learn that he thought no object trifling, or unworthy the attention of the wisest and the best, which tended to soften the asperities of life. Utility and progress, were the corner stones of his system. And therefore the

Baconian Philosophy was not, as was the ancient, like an idol God, beautiful in structure, yet lifeless; but a *living* thing, moving among men,—a sort of tutelary Deity, pregnant with blessings for mankind,—regulating the thoughts and actions of men, and guiding the vast tide of human affairs in a safe and steadily progressing reform.

If these views are correct, we see that imagination is not the province of the philosopher; and learn that the only system which, from the very nature of the case, benefits society, is such as originates from the actual condition of human life.

In conclusion, we are constrained to remark, as has before been intimated, that it is not the *faculty* itself we disapprove, but its *misapplication*. Imagination is one of the finest gems in the crowning intellect of man; and its benefits incalculable. Inspired with its transcendent power, Homer and Milton sung in everlasting verse. And who can tell how many have offered, and how many will yet offer a tribute of gratitude at the shrine of the Poets, whose names are synonymous with fame, and whose works will be read with delight, so long as men have heads to think and hearts to feel. Again, imagination enables us to conceive of exalted character, yet unseen around us, furnishing us a motive to strive for a higher excellence, and gives an earnest of a brighter day. Then let imagination be the Garner-house of literature—a beacon in the dark future; but let *reason* be the foundation of Theology—the *realities* of life the *basis*, the progress and welfare of humanity the *end* of Philosophy.

TOO LATE.

"Too soon, too soon—how oft that word
Comes o'er the spirit like a spell." MEM.
Sept. No. Ind. Vol. I.

'There is a time of weariness,
A sad and weary time,
When the youthful heart beats languidly
In the midst of its rosy prime,
When the blood that coursed in its fiery force
Thro' each tense and throbbing vein,

Grows faint and slow, and its sluggish flow,
Has a sense of listless pain ;
When life has naught to love or hate,
And longed—for joys come all too late.

There is a time of weariness,
In Manhood's proud career,
When the purpose of the noblest heart
Grows faint, as if thro' fear ;
When the fever-fire of the spirits ire,
That glowed in the contest strong,
Will fade and dim, while a dirge-like hymn
Gives place to the life-theme song—
'Tis when amid the drifts of fate
The dearest hope has come too late.

There is a time of weariness—
To the old and grey-haired man,
When life's sunset casts his shadow back
Till the Past seems but a span,
When the buoyant hope of a heart unbroke
Seems but the Farce of years,
And the rainbow-gleams of his dearest dreams
Have vanished long in tears—
And Life, to one so satiate,
Is garnered fully in—too late.

Thus, in the spring-time of young days,
In manhood's joyous prime,
In Age's wan decrepitude,
There comes a weary time ;
'Tis when the soul to its burning goal
Looks with a burning eye,
And the Will of God, with its chastening rod,
In the whirlwind passes by—
And the proud spirit owns the fate
Of Power it scorns—too late, too late.

JUST A LITTLE LATE !

THE DRUIDS OF ANCIENT BRITAIN.

Williston.

Few races of men can claim a history more singular, or an origin more eccentric, than the Anglo-Saxon; a history more singular, for of all others, none has exerted a mightier influence on the destinies of the world; an origin more eccentric, for never was a people sunk deeper in degradation and barbarism, than the wild tribes of men, who inhabited ancient Britain before the advent of the Roman conqueror. There, for aught the annals of the past can tell us, for many a century, secluded from every influence of civilization and refinement, lived in humble insignificance the great progenitors of our race. There, little better than the savage of the American forests, the fierce warrior exercised the arts of his inhuman warfare. There, the bard, worthy of a better age, chanted his rhythmical ballads, and from the strings of his rude lyre, called forth notes in harmonious unison with the responsive music of many a heart; and there too, the Druid, the priest and philosopher of his country, practised the superstitious rites of his religion, and beneath the shade of his sacred oak, piously sacrificed his fellow-man, and paid his idolatrous homage to the great Father of all. It is of the latter we would speak more particularly.

Druidism, at the time of Augustus and in the early part of the first century, was by no means confined to Britain, but prevailed extensively throughout the Celtic nations of Western Europe; of its existence here, as well as in Britain, we have proof in the writings of many ancient authors, especially Cæsar and Tacitus. Some have very fancifully imagined, that a Phaenician colony, which migrated from Greece several centuries anterior to the Christian Era, imported the first principles of learning and communicated them to the Gauls and other nations in the West of Europe; but for this hypothesis, there is little foundation. Others have conjectured, that Druidism was taught the latter nations by Pythagoras, who established his school of philosophy at Crotona in Italy; but this story is so improbable in itself, and so ill supported by evidence, that it may be dismissed as an idle speculation, founded on a slight coincidence in the belief of the Italic school with a prominent religious superstition of the Druids; indeed it would seem, that the latter with their human sacrifices and gloomy rites, could have but little sympathy with the for-

mer, who embraced in their creed, some of the most beautiful theories and sublime conceptions ever proclaimed by man. But after all conjectures on their origin, it must be allowed, that, though the Druids may have derived from foreign quarters some of the minor points of their barbarous system of religion, or borrowed some of the embellishments of their mysterious philosophy, the elements of both were their own.

It is asserted by several authors, that they were distinguished by various orders and dignities: some being more eminent than others, and all subject to one elective chief as their supreme head, styled the arch-druid or Pontifex Maximus. To him references were made as to a civil judge, and although clothed with no temporal power, yet from his oracular decision there was no appeal. His will was the will of Heaven, and to disobey his mandate was to spurn the decree of the Almighty Ruler of the world. He was regarded by the entire order, as well as the whole nation, with supreme veneration, as the representative of that power which created and presides over the Universe. Subordinate to this high authority, there were three distinct classes or ranks; the Bards, who were the historical poets of their country, and celebrated the praises of their heroes in songs, accompanied with rude musical instruments; the Eubages, who performed the offices of augury and divination; and the Druids proper, who presided over all the duties of religion, and had charge of the instruction of youth, who were sent to them for education. This was by far the most numerous class, and from them the whole order derived its name.

In the nature and extent of their learning, the Druids of Ancient Britain seem to coincide with the Magi of Persia, the Gymosophists of India, and the Chaldeans of the Assyrians. Like each of these, all their knowledge was made to subserve the purposes of religion; like them, they studied the mysterious mechanism of the celestial creation, to inspire an illiterate and credulous people with veneration for the mummeries of priestcraft; like them, they were skilled in all the artifices of magic and divination, and practised the rites of their heathenish incantations, to impress weak-minded superstition with a sense of their divine authority and their superior power over the destinies of individuals as of nations; and like them, voluntarily devoting themselves to the study of wisdom as revealed in the natural world or their more subtle system of philosophy and theology, they subjected themselves to the most rigorous discipline and the severest abstinence. It

was a fixed law of the Druids, studiously to conceal all their principles and opinions, with the exception of those by means of which they operated upon the minds of the uninitiated, and consequently, neither Greeks or Romans could gain a perfect knowledge of their system of philosophy of religion; thus, when their living teachers had passed away, all opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of their doctrines was irrevocably lost, and with it, the student may safely conjecture, has perished much, which might have been of the highest value in those barbaric ages, which succeeded their extinction; many a truth, which would have put to shame the arts of civilized Greece, or the refinements of luxurious Rome. It is all fancy to suppose, that among those hidden secrets of nature, which in wild forests and gloomy caverns, they imparted to their disciples, there may have been some law, which many centuries later, the giant mind of a Kepler or a Newton toiled to discover; some curious invention in mechanical science or art, which all the ingenuity of modern skill has failed to attain; some beautiful sublime conception, which even the genius of a Bacon could not surpass? Whatever speculations may be offered, certain it is, that the Druids were in possession of facts in science, which at this day are commonly regarded as the fruits of modern investigation and discovery.

Astronomy seems to have been the grand subject of study, not so much for its own sake, as from its close connection with astrology and divination, from which they derived their magic and prophetic powers. The sun and moon they worshiped with supreme veneration, at first as the most glorious works and lively emblems of one Deity, but subsequently paid to each its peculiar honors. No wonder then, that, while they bowed before these manifestations of divinity in idolatrous adoration, they sought to search into their mysterious phenomena, and find out the laws of their being. No wonder that, wrapt in darkness though they were, they accidentally discovered some of the primary truths of astronomical science. But their learning was not confined to astronomy alone. Indeed, they must have had some knowledge of the first principles of arithmetic and geometry, to enable them to reduce their observations to practical uses. We are told by an ancient author, that they sought the solution of some of the most difficult and complicated problems of modern science; they measured the dimensions of the earth, and strove to span even the limits of creation; but it does not seem probable, that they could have carried such calculations to a very great extent, without some written characters, the use of which, from their anxiety to confine among themselves all their

learning, was strictly forbidden. The thirst after a monopoly of knowledge has been the cause of its loss to us. But enough for the learning of the Druid. One can but see, beneath the garb of ignorance and superstition which he wore, the workings of an active and vigorous intellect ; or to borrow the lines of Wordsworth,

" He still retained
'Mid such abasement, what he had received
From nature, an intense and glowing mind."

The art of rhetoric seems at least to have been highly appreciated among them, and we are told, that they made themselves superior masters and teachers of eloquence. It was this, which enabled them to display their wisdom and learning, and contributed in no small degree to advance their reputation and influence among the simple Britons. Like the Greek, the Druid personified eloquence, and with pious devotion worshiped it, as the patron and god of oratory ; but the Greek was for once his inferior in appropriateness and beauty of conception. The deity was represented as a hoary headed old man, surrounded by a great multitude, with slender and almost invisible chains reaching from his tongue to every ear. Never did a master's pencil sketch a picture more truthful ; never did a poet's fancy draw an image more beautiful, simple, complete ! Dark-minded as they were, the lips of age,

" Where the mystic bee had dropped the honey of persuasion,"

spoke to them the wisest counsel, the truest eloquence. Stern and rough as they were, his magic power touched every heart-string, and bid it vibrate in sympathetic unison with his own. Thus the Druid, while he taught his mysteries in secret, or inculcated in public the practice of virtue and religion ; while he pleaded before the princes and rulers of his country, or argued in the great councils of the nation ; while he led his followers against the foreign invader, or quelled the turmoil and fury of battle, swayed by his uncouth yet impressive eloquence the minds, and animated the ardor of his countrymen.

It has already been stated, that they were an unlettered people ; and yet it is more than probable, that some species of letters and some method of writing was not unknown to them ; indeed the prohibition of their use seems to favor the supposition, that they were acquainted

with some other method of intercourse, than oral communication. It has been suggested, that the Druids made use of Greek letters in all their transactions, except those of religion and learning, and that they were forbidden to commit only the doctrines of their theology and philosophy to writing. This is not improbable, since a Greek colony had been planted at Marseilles, and thither the Britons flocked for trade, and thus maintained a constant and friendly intercourse. It is safe therefore, to conclude, that the use of Greek letters was known to the more learned, and formed their only alphabet previous to their invasion and subjugation by the Romans. By that conquest, Roman letters were introduced, with various other arts and refinements of the victorious nation, and from that era have ever continued in use.

The method which the Druids pursued in the education and instruction of their youth, was by no means simple. In the deepest recesses of forests,

" Whose gloomy boughs thick interwoven made,
A chilling, cheerless, everlasting shade,"

they established their schools, where in solemn secrecy, secluded from all contact with the world, and wrapt in profound meditation and study, dwelt the candidate for the sacred office. It was here, he imbibed the pious enthusiasm of his order; here he learned the lesson of veneration for the authority and will of heaven; here he was led through the whole circle of science and philosophy; here he was initiated into that mystic art, which gifted him with prophetic foresight; and here he studied the attributes, and held converse with the visible agents of Deity. Of these schools, the most prominent was situated upon the isle of Anglesey, near the residence of the arch-druid, under whose supervision all matters both of learning and religion were conducted. All instruction was here given in verse, and the whole course, embracing some twenty thousand verses, sometimes lasted twenty years. This may not seem so strange, when we remember that, all the knowledge they acquired, was stored up in the memory, since in the pursuit of their studies, they were expressly forbidden the use of written documents.

We next pass to the most prominent feature of the Druidical superstition; its religion. Here too, we are dependent on speculation to a great degree, since, apart from the writings of the ancients, we are destitute of all knowledge of their system of theology. The whole of their superstition bears the impress of the belief that there

was a God, who was the supreme governor of the universe, and to whom all else was subject. Some have even gone so far, as to suppose, that they derived this great doctrine by tradition from the instructions, which the sons of Noah imparted to their descendants; but whether they thus received it, or held it in common with other nations of antiquity, is of little importance, so long as we know that they entertained an idea of a supreme deity, the fountain of all other divinities, and the animating and ruling principle of the universe. They seem at first to have worshiped him under the name of Hesus, expressive of omnipotence; but subsequently, he was adored only as a particular divinity. Another name for the same deity, was that of Teutates, signifying "God the Father of all." Thus, while they bowed to one Supreme Being, they worshiped under different names, his several attributes. But, though they believed in the existence of one grand ruling power, yet like the Greeks and Romans, they deified illustrious heroes after their death; and like the Eastern nations, they paid the most devout worship to the sun, moon and stars. Thus they manifested the same idolatrous spirit with the latter; but they exhibited none of their grossness. The objects of their veneration were at least worthy of reverence, either as personifications of virtue and excellence, or as the noblest exhibitions of the skill of the Creator; while the Egyptian idolized vice in its meanest forms, and held sacred animals of the most hideous and monstrous shapes. Both were superstitious barbarians, but in the former, there was a spirituality we find no where else.

They also maintained the existence of the soul after death, but in what state they believed it to exist, is uncertain. Some represent them as teaching, that the soul after death ascended to some higher orb, and enjoyed a more sublime felicity, immortal in perpetual youth. This may have been their private doctrine, but the one they published was undoubtedly the same with that, which Pythagoras and his followers held, commonly styled the transmigration of souls. According to this, it was conceived that, the soul, after its freedom from the body, assumes an ethereal garb and passes to the world of spirits, where it remains, till sent back by the hand of deity to inhabit some other form; and that finally, after passing through successive states of being, returns to the eternal source from which it derived its origin, and dwells forever among the gods. Never was a theory better calculated to captivate and lead astray an ignorant and credulous people. With this belief they were inspired, and hence their supreme con-

tempt for death: for to them it was but a narrow passage, which separated two parallel stages of existence.

In the present rude sketch, we have merely glanced at the leading features of a class of men, whose antiquity and obscurity have in a great measure concealed them from the observation of the modern scholar. Monstrous and absurd as were many of their superstitions; foul and cruel as were their human sacrifices; dark as was the age in which they lived, and degraded and barbarous as was the nation to which they belonged; yet there is much in their character, much in their religion, their philosophy, and the customs to which they conformed, which cannot fail to call forth the deepest interest. We turn away with disgust from the low idolatry, the gross polytheism and beastly sensuality of the nations of the East, while we cannot but respect the deluded Druid of Britain, for the misguided efforts he made to raise himself and his nation from his benighted state; and, though aided only by his own reason, and the faint glimmerings of light which nature shed on his path, the achievements of his intellect, not merely in science, but in the invention of a system of theology, evinced natural endowments of no mean order. The modern traveler still loves to linger among the huge piles of stone and massive walls, he has left as the only monument, the only history of himself; and the modern student may find in the fragments, which a more careful hand has transmitted to him, much that will attract and enlist his sympathies. Never was there a superstition more terrible, never a conquest over human mind more complete, than that of the Druids of Ancient Britain.

HERBERT.

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SCIAGRAPHIA.

Gould.

No. I.

"He talks at random."

SHAKESPEARE.

There are hours in every one's mental history, when his ideas, though altogether weighty and tractable *per se*, are wont to discover a strange waywardness when forced into the mechanical gait of connected discourse. At such periods the mind seems to act mostly

through the medium of consciousness; having few *thoughts* but many impressions, fancies, intuitions, dreamy perceptions, which retain their vividness and reflex power over the mind, only while left free and separate—vanishing like the prismatic beauty of the soap-bubble when subjected to a tangible inspection; or like opposite electricities, terrible and mighty apart, but tame and insignificant in union. We opine some officious friend may be ready to explain the mental phenomena to which we allude, on the hypothesis of sheer indolence; or he may uncourtously hint at our too extensive acquaintance with the somniferous delights of the “weed,” so productive of German wisdom; or charge our inspiration upon an inefficient digestion, which gave Swedenborg such a masterly insight into the arcana of the Invisible. But such unphilosophical charges are easily met by referring to the lives of such men as Johnson, whose great intellect became at times so imbecile, as he himself records, that he could scarce command sufficient concentration to count the ticks of the clock; yet even in those seasons of depression, enlivened by social intercourse, his mind would break forth in occasional flashes of strong and practical thought, which the faithful Boswell has gleaned up for posterity. Coleridge too had his Cottle to gather up his “Table Talk,” which sparkles with some of the brightest scintillations of his brilliant genius.

The taste of the age is rather for desultory, detached thoughts, glimpses of life, running sketches on the myriad and multiform incidents and movements that engage and interest this growing people. Amid the whirl and din of business, the jostling and tumult of the eager throng that “haste to be rich,” and even within the groves of modern Academus infected with the universal desire for the stirring and practical—few find time or inclination to peruse the abstruser and more labored productions of Science and Art. Yielding to the current of the times, we force our humble pen into the popular track, and talk of things in general.

THE most casual observer of human character, cannot fail to notice that men universally possess a strong passion for notoriety. Among all classes and conditions, however obscure or abject, the same desire exists for the notice and applause of others. We will not stop to trace out the metaphysical properties of this element in human nature, nor moralize on its perverted use among men; we choose rather to notice a few of the phases, in which it manifests itself in college life. In no place within our limited sphere of observation, does this

passion rage with such undisputed sway. From the artless gait of Freshman innocence to the lofty tread of the majestic Senior, we detect the inward consciousness of personal importance. The first manifestation of this universal passion we shall notice, and that perhaps most commonly met, is technically styled *swelling*—a phenomenon of by no means rare occurrence in college history. This phase of self consequence, though slightly indicative of cerebral vacuity, is widely assumed by collegians, being strongly recommended by the freedom it allows the natural buoyancy of the mind, and the facility with which it enables the operator to astonish the public mind, and safely ensconce himself in the temple of fame. The Swell may be infallibly recognized by his extreme *gaseous* nature; and individuals may be assigned their relative position in this class, by reference to their *specific inflation*. My friend Oncodes, is evidently entitled to a rank in this class. The firm conviction of his own inherent greatness, and that Providence has raised him up for some mysterious end, has taken such fast hold of his mind, that he finds it utterly impossible to cramp his giant powers into the narrow limits Nature originally assigned them. He is therefore constantly endeavoring to lessen the painful discrepancy between his mind and body, by enlarging his corporeal capacities to the extent their elasticity will admit.

The advantages of swelling are by no means to be passed with a sneer. The great mass of men are but superficial observers, and unable to distinguish between the genuine and a close imitation. What more incontestable proof of folly than to toil and spend for the substance when men are equally satisfied with the shadow? Why labor for solid good when a bag of wind occupies equal space? My friend above mentioned takes a broad sweep and a bustling air as he passes down the sidewalk, and the world universally pronounce him a smart man. He mounts the stage with a commanding tread, bloats and bellows with windy fervor, saws the air like a frenzied Hercules, wreathes his visage in grim contortions, and the united exclamation is, a wonderful performance. He enters the social gathering, bows and scrapes with a condescending flourish, talks loudly of personal influence, quotes the classics to the ladies, and descants eloquently on the sublime conceptions of the human mind. Young women stand aghast at his brilliancy, and prudent mothers pronounce him a young man of large promise.

Somewhat kindred to the Swell, though differing in several particulars, is *The man of brass*. Of this class is my friend Chalco-barus.

Unlike the Swell he is not positively certain of any remarkable superiority in himself—full average—but determined by mere force of will to create a sensation in some way or other. He has come to the conclusion by looking abroad upon the world, that "some folks can do some things as well as others," and to sit down discouraged and frightened at the sneer of every idle passer, is a mark of the supremest folly. There is nothing in this world like trying, and a man does not know what is in him, until he has made the attempt to bring himself out. Reasoning thus, my friend Chalcoharus has arrived at a most astonishing degree of moral courage. He is determined to let his light shine at any cost, and the best way to do it is a mere matter of private opinion. If the world laugh what is the harm to him?—and then there are a great variety of tastes and opinions in matters of propriety, and if he should strive to adapt his course to the prejudices and whims of everybody, he would doubtless suit nobody, and miss his aim altogether. The best way is to go ahead, please himself, and let the rabble laugh. He has acted so long upon this policy, that he manifests the most entire fearlessness of public opinion and the face of man. He takes every occasion to thrust himself upon the public notice, however unsuitable to ordinary minds the time and the place may appear. Modesty and sensibility he discards entirely from the list of his crimes. Does he enter the presence of older and wiser men, where the established rules of courtesy would bid him listen, he cannot forego the rare opportunity afforded to strengthen his powers for the severest and most critical audience. Does he commit some glaring blunder in the exuberance of his speech?—a bold front will more than half correct it. Is he unexpectedly "called up" in the recitation room without a "ray" on the lesson?—It is quite too late to sigh over the accident; only one course remains, and that is to "rush it." He rises with the most perfect coolness, branches off into luminous metaphors and random technicalities, soars in moral reflections and sublime inferences, where the awe-stricken Prof. would shrink from venturing, and his fellow students are left gaping at his profundity. In short, the man of brass takes the citadel of fame by storm. The old route through established notions and modest advances is quite too circuitous, and he prefers to reach the goal by a shorter cut.

The third personification of this desire for notoriety, in college life, is the professed *Genius*—a specimen of humanity, quite unique in its general characteristics. Of all terms employed among students, and the literati generally, none is applied so indiscriminately, and with

such a vague notion of what it signifies, as the word *Genius*. It has almost come to be synonymous with oddity; hence, to differ in any way whatever, is evidence *prima facie*, of genius. Is a man awkward, stiff, unnatural?—a sure index of a remarkable mind. Is he coarse, rude, singular in his habits and dress?—an unfailing accompaniment of a refined taste. Does he outrage all ideas of common civility, adopt an indifference of gait and manner, assume an air of profound reflection?—nothing farther is needed to give him the reputation of being a mental prodigy. It is not at all strange that a method of gaining notoriety at once so simple and flattering to the indolence and oddity of human nature, should meet with such a general adoption. Anomiletus has chosen this way of attracting the notice of his fellows. Possessed of an ungainly person and roughness of manners, united with a natural love for seclusion, he has wisely taken the current of this popular idea to secure a reputation. Hence he affects a constant singularity in his conduct. Instead of endeavoring to remedy his natural defects, he rather aims to give them still more prominence. He strives to think differently, write differently, and act differently from everybody else. In dress, gait, tone and gesture, he is careful to be perfectly unique. Such a course has not failed of the desired effect. He has gained the reputation of profound originality and finds no lack of admiring and aping flatterers. Thus are men ever content to live in the breath of others, forgetting that applause is not greatness, but a subdued spirit and an honest heart.

“O place! O form!

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit  
Wrench awc from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming.”

THE Salutation, says a French writer, is the touch-stone of good breeding. Do you doubt it, reader? Suffer us to propound a very delicate question. Was you ever in a desperate fit of politeness beguiled into the attempt to doff your hat gracefully, in the street? If so, we call you to witness that it is a feat the most difficult of finished execution of anything you ever attempted? Whoever will go through the entire manipulations with perfect naturalness, without a break or misstep, we are ready to pronounce a man of finished breeding. We confess ourself strongly attached to this ancient way among students of showing respect to their betters. There is an air of modest deference about it, and pleasing delicacy in acknowledging superiority, that

pertains to no other mode of salutation ; but for some cause or other the custom for a number of years past has been in a great measure discarded. Whether it is thought to be incompatible with the republican independence of our community, or whether it savors too much of foppery, or whether to execute it gracefully is a feat so difficult of attainment as to discourage the hope of its universal practice, we are unable to decide. We more than half suspect, however, the latter to be the correct reason.

We hope our language may not be construed into ridicule of the custom, if we notice somewhat at length, the *modus operandi* of doffing the hat. It has afforded us a pleasing spectacle to witness the first attempts in some obsequious "green 'un," to play the agreeable to the Prof. The first obstacle that besets the unpracticed, is the difficulty of producing a simultaneousness of movement in the several appendages of his person called into play. This is noticeable by a slight inaction in the muscle *biceps flexor cruris*, amounting almost to a stumble, and usually accompanied by a projectile tendency of the thorax, quite adverse to all ideas of perpendicularity. A still more formidable difficulty is encountered in the disposition to elevate the hand prematurely, which should follow and not accompany the inclination of the head. A disregard of this fact produces much of the awkwardness of the beginner ; either causing a ludicrous concussion of hand and hat, or if such a catastrophe be avoided, the tenacious grasp upon the rim is wont to result in a most unseemly acceleration of the capital projection, apparently leaving this important organ entirely at the mercy of its rude visitor. A position so subversive of personal dignity may easily be avoided, by suffering the hand quietly to accompany the head in its return to an erect posture. Other points equally at variance with good taste and a graceful figure might be noticed—such as throwing back the head to an immoderate extent—speaking while the arm obstructs the face—dropping the lower jaw through suddenness of the return stroke—all of which mar the gracefulness of the operation, and conspire to render this method of salutation the severest test of natural grace and polished breeding.

Men of Genius often affect to despise these little marks of civility as mere hollow forms and beneath the dignity of a reflecting mind. It may be true that many of the outward forms of politeness aim at nothing deeper than the mere external show of kindly feeling. But we deny that a man can habitually assume the attitude of kindness and courtesy without catching something of its spirit. The mind is

so closely allied with the outward act, so susceptible of being moulded by visible forms, that good-will must surely be the effect, if not the cause, of habitual politeness. He that passes his friend with a cold and formal look, may flatter himself that a cordial recognition would be wholly superfluous to assure of his friendship; yet sooner or later he will find the current of sympathy drying up in his bosom, and the rigidity and coldness of his manners transferred to his heart. How pleasing is a kind word, a respectful look, a graceful deference to age and wisdom. How little cost to the giver—how gladdening to the receiver—yet how little importance do literary men attach to politeness.

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SOMETHING NEW. *Van Landt.*

"The Battle's fought, the vict'ry's won,  
I've made a *pun* upon a *pun*."

POPE'S BULL.

---

*News! News!* the little carrier cries,  
Two cents a piece. Who buys! who buys!  
*Noose! Noose!* the bride says at the altar,  
And puts her head in true-love's halter.  
*News! News!* bawls out our Alma Mater,  
And publishes an Indicator.  
*New sense! New sense!* the Poet sings,  
So nuisance from his writing springs,  
Musicians write long songs you see,  
And each one is a *new ditty*.  
A *nudity* because forsooth,  
It tells of naught but *naked* Truth,  
And truth, unless with robes you deck it,  
Is cold, and like mankind, *stiff neck-ed*;  
A *pun-gent* reason you'll acknowledge,  
Who like myself are most through College,  
For Colleges, like those who dye,  
Must always have some *alum-nigh*.  
My harp speaks truth with heav'nly fire,  
And if it don't I strike my *Liar*,  
Which like the man that tends the Mails,  
Gives forth its notes and never fails.  
These notes are beautiful to me,

Because they're always "*Postage Free*,"  
 I hate to give the *males* a *fee*,  
 For that makes 'em *Fee-males* you see.  
 When other folks their rhymes rehearse,  
 I'm to their *verses* oft *a-verse*,  
 No rules of meter ever planned,  
 Could make these stanzas truly *scanned*,  
 But they are *scant* I really fear  
 Of anything like an idea.  
 And they are read, yes, *red* in name,  
 When *ruddy* with the crackling flame,  
 And having a sufficient *pyre*,  
 Their *light* might set the world on fire.  
 But still 'twould place you in this plight,  
 That of these rhymes you'd made *too light*,  
 For though the story may seem *tough*,  
 Their arguments had *weight* enough.  
*News ! News !* I've sung my ditty through,  
 And still have told you nothing new.

Ego!

Thompson.

## EDITORS' CORNER.

It is necessary that upon the following pages, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inserted, to keep up that just balance betwixt wisdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a single year.

STERNE.

Again, kind reader, we appear before thee, and with our best bow, commend to thy notice another number of the Indicator. And as we extend to thee a friendly hand, we pray thee to accept its warm and *speaking* grasp, in place of words. We have not much to say from our *dark corner*. Dont ask for "a great thought to refresh thyself with." We have not thoughts wherewith to provide for our own household. Dont ask for wit and jokes which shall make thee "laugh and grow fat." Unless thou hast other resources than these pages, thou must inevitably be left to thy leanness.

We are thinking of vacation, and its anticipated pleasures. We are weary and longing for the blue hills, far away beyond the sound of the Chapel bell. Yet, for a few moments, would we recall our wandering thoughts, while we pleasantly and familiarly commune together.

The few weeks which have passed since last we met, have doubtless left behind the usual story of joy and sorrow. There have been moments of sunshine—moments which have brought gladness to thy heart, and the remembrance of which lingers still "a joy for memory." And thou hast been fortunate if no gathering clouds of darkness have brought sadness to thy heart. The tread-mill round of

College life is not often exempt from troubles and vexations. But whether in joy or sorrow, we have held thee in kind remembrance,—sharing thy joys and sympathizing in thy sorrows.

Among the few interesting events which have recently transpired, the occurrence of the fourth of July demands a passing notice. The exercises for the celebration of the day were commenced the previous evening, by an explosion in "Old South"—a running fire along the walk in front of the Chapel, and a general yell in the village. Many of our subscribers, we regret to learn, were greatly disturbed that night by divers strange sounds, "making night hideous;" but amid all the tumult without and around, we slept unconscious of "war's rude alarms."

"But in that sleep what dreams *did* come."

Amid the discharge of fire crackers—the shouts of patriotic youth, and the flashes of powder, your Editors were all dreaming of the salute from the booming cannon—the applause of admiring multitudes, and the radiance beaming from some bright particular eyes. But like all other things, dreams must have an end, and at length "Rosy-fingered Aurora" having unlocked the gates of morn, ten thousand rays of light came over the Eastern hill-tops, sparkling with life and beauty.

Touching the exploits upon that day, of the illustrious five who preside over the destinies of this magazine, we speak with hesitation, for those exploits are to a great degree shrouded in mystery. We are told that Winkle, irresistible as usual, made a deep impression upon the hearts of the young ladies of N——. We have forgotten at this moment, whether six or sixteen was the number of hearts broken upon the occasion. Boniface is said to have addressed the rising generation of P——, with the happiest effect. All travelers agree that a decided change is since observable in the moral character of the place. The Corporal is said to have been seen in a high state of excitement, listening to the drum and fife and gazing upon the bright uniforms and the waving plumes. We hear of him again, alike forgetful of his literary pursuits and his military character, engaged in more important enterprises in a neighboring town. Van Twiller, we know, because we read it in the newspaper, by his thrilling eloquence inspired the sons and daughters of S—— with a most astonishing amount of patriotism, while Obadiah took an oversight of affairs in general and the day in particular. Ye guardian divinities that haunt the walks of Northampton and rocks of Pelham,—that linger beneath the elms of Hatfield and upon the plains of Shutesbury, direct some goose-quill, while it shall relate the exploits you that day witnessed:

"for ye are heavenly and beheld

A scene, whereof the faint report alone

Hath reached our ears, remote and ill informed."

We leave the subject to some Homer and the Muses. The day passed off with the usual quantity of fire-crackers, orations and accidents. Obadiah was appointed committee to prepare for our readers a list of the interesting and affecting accidents. But Obadiah never does anything by halves, and in due time he appeared with some dozen pages, containing a most frightful list "of moving accidents by flood and field," compiled mostly from the oldest and best authorities, but including many entirely original. Hardly a bone in the human system escaped fracture; hardly a joint dislocation. Winkle fainted before reaching the third page, and Boniface, "albeit unused to the melting mood," was affected to tears. Van Twil-

ler—to his everlasting honor be it said—was so moved by the sufferings of one poor fellow, left in a most distressing condition, that he insisted that Obadiah should put an end to such sufferings by despatching the fellow at once. Obadiah refused to do any such thing, declaring that though he considered it perfectly right to break any quantity of bones, in order to round a period, deepen an impression, or teach a "moral lesson," he had many doubts as to the right to take life in any case, especially in a mere matter of taste. In consequence of this disagreement it was thought best to omit the article, and we must refer to our contemporaries for information upon this important subject.

Another class of hopeful youths are now being labeled, booked, and put aboard the "stage of life," for a journey to fame and immortality. We cannot forbear adding one, to the many parting words of the occasion, and wishing for them the success they so richly deserve. Those who are subscribers of the "Indicator," we would especially commend to the tenderest mercies of the public. And we ask our friends "out in the world," whenever they meet an educated man of the class of '49, not to ask if he had the Valedictory or Salutatory, but if he takes the Indicator. If the answer be in the affirmative, extend to him the hand of welcome—take him to your heart—cherish him as a brother.

Of the five who were the fathers of this publication, we cannot take leave without one word more. We know something of their difficulties in this enterprise, and no one can question the ability and fidelity with which that enterprise was carried forward. We thank them for leaving so bright an example for us, and we shall never be ashamed to follow wherever "they lead the way."

The community have expressed a strong desire that there should be some public ceremonies upon the parting of the two Boards of Editors. Although it seems hardly fitting that the world should look upon the scenes of that parting hour, we cheerfully yield personal feelings to public duty. The exercises will probably take place immediately after Commencement exercises, and will be nearly as follows:

The Ex-Editors will form in a line upon one side of the stage and the acting Editors upon the other, each one with an onion in his hand. Quilp will advance a few steps in front of his companions and address the new Board of Editors in a most solemn and impressive manner. The effect will be heightened by a judicious use of onions, and when at the close of his address, he presents a huge bunch of keys, it is confidently expected that there will not be a dry eye in the house. Winkle will receive the keys, raise an onion to his eyes, and reply in his usual felicitous manner. Fifteen minutes will be spent in taking leave, while onions will be passed about among the audience at the expense of the Editors. Samson Brass and Boniface will then sing a farewell hymn, interrupted by occasional sobs from the other Editors. As the Editors tear themselves from one another and pass off the stage, they will cast back one long agonizing look, and again applying the onions to their eyes, pour forth a fresh flood of tears.

The Yale Lit. has regularly arrived, and we have perused its pages with great pleasure. We are proud to find that we have fellow laborers so worthy the common cause in which we are engaged. We extend to them our best wishes.

# THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. II. NO. IV.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:  
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cowper.*

OCTOBER, 1849.

AMHERST.  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCXLIX.

NOV 7 1923

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# THE INDICATOR.

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VOL. II.

OCTOBER 1849.

No. 4.

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## THE FUTURE OF SONG.

*"Poeta nascitur ;"* not the one who shackles words with rhymes, and counts accurately his measures ; but he whose soul is thrilled with the bright and beautiful, who is the grand interpreter of nature, who lives and basks in her smiles, who revels in the deeply mysterious, and creates at pleasure in the vast ideal—he, and only he, is a poet. In the very infancy of time there were such men. The "youthful world's gray fathers" were poets, and some in each succeeding age have aspired to the vocation and the fame.

Only a few can be greatly distinguished in the galaxy of Song ; many shine, but only a few can attract continued notice and admiration. Limited, indeed, is the number who can survive the envy and prejudice of even their own generation. He, who shall calmly sit down to prepare a formal definition of poetry, will find the authority of great names, for the support of any formula which he may propose. Each man has, in his own mind, a well settled type of true poetry. To one it is the hoarse thunder, or the rough raging sea—the majestic or the terrible ;—to another it is the softness of evening, or the murmur of the zephyr,—the beautiful and the gentle ;—one has his type in the strange world without, while another finds it in the world, yet more strange, within himself. And yet many, the taste of whom is the most delicate, and whose enjoyment of the pure strains of song amounts to a full rapture, are unable to compose a single stanza.

It has been the fond hope of those, who, if they do not aspire to

the poetic mantle, yet love the harmony of numbers, and the "dance of words," that poetry would steadily advance in excellence, as the world grows aged. But critics and reviewers have lately decided differently: they tell us that the early periods of the world were the only ones passionate enough for poetry;—that Science is hostile to its further progress;—and, more strange than all, they say that the old machinery of the Gods having now been exploded, one of the most powerful elements of poetry is forever gone.

It is doubtless true, that, in the early ages of the world, cares were less in number, and the few wants of humanity were easily supplied; that then, man was brought into closer connection with nature. But is this the position, and are these the favored circumstances where imagination shall be the most free, the most sensitive to beauty, and the most lofty in its excursions?

We do not well, when we forget the eminence from which we look back upon those primitive times. It is with sentiments refined by civilization, that we estimate these pleasures. It is because the passion of our souls has been educated to love, and has been developed by communion with suitable objects of desire, that we have such a wealth of affection, for all that is beautiful and elevating.

The accidental circumstance, that some great poets have laid their plots in the first ages of the world, has been looked upon as favoring the idea, that the future will not produce poets whose fame shall equal those of the past. But take from their productions all allusions to circumstances which have transpired since the age when their heroes lived, and you have shorn them of half their beauty. Remove all references to intervening customs, inventions or discoveries, and you have left but a pitiful outline—a mere skeleton.

But where are the great poets of our day? Even if it could be shown that none now exist who write like those of old, still the argument for the future stands unimpaired. "One great man for an age," is as true in poetry as in philosophy. Besides, genius is never appreciated while its possessor lives; it is only after-generations that can look back upon the men of to-day, and, the mists of prejudice having been removed, can view the naked production, and assign the author his rank.

But "Science is hostile to Poetry." It is urged that the domains of fancy are curtailed by its progress, and that, no longer can fantastic forms revel where science has entered with her discoveries. If, indeed, Poetry cannot flourish except in the absence of science, then

may we with propriety set the death-seal to the former. But it is not so. Science is only the knowledge of the true; and the proper province of poetry is also the knowledge of the true. It must be true to nature—true to human passion—and true to itself. It may wander far into the ideal world, and select the choicest gems of that fairy land; but it must lay them all at the feet of truth. It may dive to the very bottom of the ocean of thought, and bring up the choicest pearls; but they can only serve as ornaments for the bridal dress of truth. Science has reduced to order the confusion in the stars above us. No more is the milky-way the path of angels. But is there less that is poetic in the discovery, that each of these stars is the centre of a system of worlds, and that thus, throughout immensity, series upon series are revolving around others, and all about that common centre—the throne of God!

It may be well to remember, that the discoveries in science are only stepping-stones back into the more deeply mysterious. The more we understand, the more we see to be understood; and we pause from our investigations, wearied with our exertions, and discouraged to find that there are yet vast secrets in the Universe, “far, far beyond the reach of mortal ken.” And sure here is scope enough for the imagination to revel.

The other argument deserves a fair consideration. The old machinery of the gods, is, it is said, now destroyed, and thus the element so suitable to introduce for ridding a hero of his difficulties, can no longer be employed. That the old poets believed in the existence of the gods of the multitude, is by no means certain. They found traditions embalmed in the popular belief, and they chose to use the superstition for inculcating the truth. But has Christianity exploded this element without producing a substitute? No. We believe that the essentially poetic idea is not only restored, but its power is greatly augmented in that conception of Christianity, which unites all excellence together with all wisdom and all power in him, whom its disciples own as their God. If such books, as those of the old poets, could be produced under the presence of a system that made even its divinities so puerile, so vengeful, so unworthy of imitation and of love, how much more magnificent shall be those of future bards, when the literature of modern nations shall be as thoroughly pervaded with the spirit of Christianity, as was that of the ancients, with the superstitions of Paganism!

Others may dream their darksome dreams, and wake to chant, in

solemn tones, the dirge of song. Yet we cannot but believe, that, when genius shall have been sanctified by religion and consecrated to truth, *then* there shall some mighty poet arise, who, combining every previous strain of harmony with the inspirations of his own soul, shall strike the first note in that

"Song which shall employ all nations and all cry.  
The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks  
Shout to each other; and the mountain tops  
From distant mountains catch the flying joy.  
Till, nation after nation taught the song,  
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

E.

---

## UNREST. Briggs.

### I

I'm weary of this longing,  
I'm weary of this pain,  
This yearning for neglected joys  
That ne'er may come again—  
This shrinking from the Future,  
This Present's lonely gloom:  
This weeping over withered flowers  
That may ne'er renew their bloom.

Oh! give my spirit quiet—  
Sweet vision of my dreams—  
Let memory fall like twilight  
Filled with soft and star-like beams;  
For hopes all bright and golden  
Once glowed within my breast,  
And lit, like stars in twilight  
The visions of my rest.

There are flowers as yet unopened  
In my heart's sequestered cell,  
Like buds that never blossom  
In some lone and sunless dell;

Oh ! wake them into being  
With the sunshine of thy look,  
And cheer me from this earnestness,  
That my spirit scarce can brook.

Yes ! I am sad and lonely—  
Too sad for my young years—  
A burning bitter restlessness  
Unquenched and free of tears—  
Oh grief without a murmur,  
When murmurs are in vain !  
Oh pride ! to bear in silence  
The gnawing tooth of pain.

Yet wherefore should we murmur  
When hope has left the Soul—  
Let the strong and mighty river  
In silence have control ;  
Let the streamlet o'er the pebbles  
Chafe in ripples loud and free,  
But the depth of true affliction  
Bears onward silently.

---

II

Oh ! teach to me submission—  
For I'm yearning like a child,  
To rest upon some bosom  
That may chide and yet be mild—  
Oh ! speak to me in kindness,  
Tho' it be a little word,  
For my very heart leaps forth to meet  
A tone I've seldom heard.

I have watched the loved and lovely  
As they answered smile for smile,  
But seldom was the sunny look  
That fell on me the while—

Oh! could they know how grateful  
Were the tears then in my eyes,  
They would ne'er have chilled them back again,  
With a glance of cold surprise.

For my features are not gentle,  
And my way is shy and sad,  
And uncouth is my laughter  
If ever I am glad—  
If ever—oh! if ever!  
But I ne'er shall be again—  
Go back—oh heart—from life and hope,  
And brood upon thy pain.

W. B.

---

### INNOVATION IN REFORM. *Witter.*

No wonder we pause with astonishment, as we review the checkered scene, which life's great drama exhibits. Human history is scarcely less than one series of changes from worse to better, and better to worse. As we trace it from the earliest age down to the present, we see dynasties rise and flourish, decay and fall, while upon their ruins dynasties again arise, whose policies, fraught with the wisdom and genius of the age, gave fair promise of glory "as enduring as the stars"; and anon they crumble to smoulder in the ruins of antiquity. Periods there have been, when intelligence lighted up the features of humanity, and thoughts came creeping forth to smile on sadness; but those lights soon grew dim and went out in a deeper darkness. Religion, too, has sometimes triumphed over the human heart, leading the thirsty soul to the fountain of life, and the enjoyment of God. But wicked men could not love the Creator and "sought out many inventions."

Melancholy and changing as has been the picture, "When went there by an age" but was flooded with reformers? Zealous laborers there have ever been in the noble work of reformation; but for various reasons, many efforts have proved futile, nay more,—the sure parentage of misery. One of these causes we believe to be, rash innovation.

It is not uncommon to find a class of men who, possessed of an aspiring mind, consider present usages and opinions worthless, and always desire a change. They believe all who have gone before them, have wandered in a mist of error, and all the doctrines entertained by their forefathers as fundamental truths, are mere sophistry in the bright illumination of their own genius. Such men have, perhaps, never examined the foundation of the theory they wish to subvert. They cannot stop to investigate, but take it for granted that all is wrong, and rush on in enthusiastic hostility against the current doctrines of their day. Doubtless it is true that many of the customs of society are evil in their tendency, and much error has crept into the popular belief. But the result of rash innovation, when carried out, is to break up the strong holds of society, and in wild disorder men find the opposite extreme—a condition, it may be, two-fold worse than before.

We do not wish to advocate a bigoted conservatism. There is a class of men diametrically opposed to the class we have been describing. They are equally jealous of all innovation, regarding with reverence every thing ancestral, and clinging with filial affection to antiquated institutions. They would even call up the spirits of the mighty dead to sanctify their principles of action, while they look down the dim vista of the past, endeavoring to pierce the cobwebs with which the hand of Time has shrouded the relics of old. It is in vain to look to either of these extreme influences for a reform. They are two vortices, situated upon the opposite sides of the great thoroughfare of progress, and the wreck of that bark upon which is freighted the destinies of man, is scarcely less deplorable in one than in the other. Happy has it been for the world in those critical moments, "big with the destinies of nations," when, in the hurricane of fanaticism, the great leaders of the political and religious world have rushed on heedlessly in innovation, that they have been obliged to meet and contend with the coercive influence of conservatism: for it needs but a hasty glance to discover, that, oftentimes, these two contrary currents of feeling have averted the evil attendant upon the entire ascendancy of either over the popular mind.

The term reformation, implies a *change* in a certain sense. But every great reform which has given a new impulse to the progress of society, and lighted up the darkness which has brooded over the heritage of humanity, has grown out of the wrongs and necessities of the times, as surely and as naturally as the germ grows from the seed.

Thus it was in the great reformation, when the magic eloquence of Luther touched a chord that vibrated through all Christendom, and shook the nations of Europe to their centers. Many centuries anterior, Rome had stood forth the pride of the earth; but luxury had corrupted her morals, and her political glory was fast waning under the blighting influence of sensuality. The decline of Rome gave birth to the Roman Hierarchy. The sublime and glorious doctrines of Christianity were perverted. As the Church lost its spiritual power it began to strive for temporal rule; and, although Christ had plainly taught, that His Kingdom was not of this world, the Romish Church became, in the process of time, one of the most powerful despotisms, and pressed her iron heel heavily upon all over whom she exercised her control. Dark, indeed, was that era, when religion lost its vitality and power, and knowledge fled away before the ghastly forms of superstition! During a long period mankind lived on in sorrow and gloom, till the time was fully come, when intelligence should again dispel the darkness, Christianity subdue the passions and reason once more be enthroned in her kingdom—the human mind.

The *first great reason* why the Reformation was brought about at just that time in which it appeared, and in just that way in which it was accomplished, can be found only in the power and will of the Omnipotent. But the philosophic eye needs only a single glance to discover very many *second* causes, which had been a long time at work, before they produced any remarkable changes. It is not our intention to point them out or discuss their separate bearings. Be they what they may, we are very sure that it was no remarkable discovery of one mind, no strange enthusiasm or change which had possessed itself of a few minds, that gave birth to the reformation of which we speak. The world had been ripening for a change. Influences had been at work of which the Reformation was the inevitable result. It was the mighty strugglings of truth which had been buried for a time, it may be, in order that with renewed energy, it might achieve a more glorious victory in the demolition of error.

Luther was not the first mover in the innovations made upon the superstitious doctrines of the age in which he lived. He saw that all was wrong; but he only saw that of which many had been, for a long time, convinced. As Moses was raised up to be a guide to the children of Israel, in their journey from Egyptian bondage to the promised land, so Luther was born at that peculiar age, endowed with such

mental power and inspired with such religious faith as would well fit him to guide the nations in their journey from darkness to light, for which journey they were a long time being prepared, and now were desirous to attempt. His it was to point out the path for them to tread, and to hold up to the full blaze of truth, the erroneous doctrines whose deformity they already partially discerned. His it was to set forth in a clearer light the great truths upon which hang the destinies of man, to combine and regulate all the various influences which has been separately at work, and make them all subserve one important end. How different his position from many who, impelled by an unholy ambition have rushed madly on, kindling the fires of destruction !

The English revolution in 1688, is another example illustrating our proposition. The arrogance of James had been for a long time encroaching on the rights of the English people, and the measures which had been taken were in direct opposition to the great principles of the English Constitution. It seems hardly possible that he should fail to foresee the consequences which would follow his illegal proceedings. But he was left in his madness to work out his own ruin, and to be the author of one of the most fatal blows that fell upon the Romish Church. At first, if a proposition had been made to dethrone the king, much as they were aggrieved, it would have been repulsed by the popular feeling. But the people were determined to claim the rights guaranteed to them by their constitution, and unflinchingly to resist the aggressions of the king. At first they admonished, and did all in their power to prevent the unhappy reign of James. But his course grew more and more alarming, till it became evident that a revolution must grow out of the existing affairs of state. Actually compelled, they prepared their minds for the result ; and when the popular feeling was ready for a change in the royal succession, William, the prince of Orange, lands an army on the shores of England to redeem the rights of Englishmen wrested from them by usurpation. The people gladly receive him, James flees his country, and the crown is placed on the heads of William and Mary, almost without a struggle.

Far different was the issue of the Western Rebellion a few years previous. A spirit of resistance against the ruling sovereign had possessed itself of the mind of a few, and real or imaginary wrongs drove them on in their mad enthusiasm, fully persuaded that it would be no difficult task to place the crown on the head of their favorite

duke. No doubt selfish motives urged on the leader of the campaign. A few enthusiasts gathered around him, but as he marched to the Capitol, the people did not sustain him, one short contest scattered the army, and the unhappy, beloved Monmouth, atoned for his rashness with his life. The history of England will ever relate the story of cruelty, of terror, and of bloodshed, which followed this unhappy event as a warning against all premature attempts to resist "the powers that be." The popular mind was not prepared for a change so important. The wants or wrongs of the people, did not make a revolution necessary, and less than prophetic tongue would have foretold the result as it happened.

This and other parallel instances show that a hasty spirit of innovation should be watched with jealous care.

It was a grand idea in ancient Philosophy, that we obtain our notions in moral rectitude in observing the harmony of nature : and the great English philosopher applies the same, when he teaches that in reform we should imitate nature's laws. Change is one of the fixed laws in the physical world. But the changes occur in slow and sure progression ; so they are hardly felt, and never disturb the harmony of the natural creation. How disastrous, for example, would be the consequence, if the intense heat of summer should be instantly succeeded by the chilling breath of winter. But no less fatal is the shock when sudden innovations are made in the organized condition of social life. No supporting pillar in any fabric should be hastily removed, even if it be of an inferior nature, lest whatever be valuable perish in the general ruin ; but should be crowded out by the actual in-growing of a better. This doctrine may be contemned by certain persons, who argue that every evil should be removed at the hazard of consequences. Yet it seems to us in perfect harmony with the instructions of that Divine Teacher, of whom it was said, "never spake man like this man." The tares and the wheat must grow together for a time, lest in plucking up the *tares*, the *wheat* also be uprooted.

This view of the subject rebukes the schismatic spirit of our day. The birth of many strange theories in politics and religion, is a peculiar feature of the present age. The first class we notice are aiming a death blow at our political institutions. Because of one uncomely branch they will lay the axe at the root of the tree, so dearly planted, and watered in the blood of the Patriot ancestry. That slavery is an evil no one will deny. But those only will be successful in reform

who, by careful attention have discovered the secret spring of support; and are able to direct every influence which may sap the current of life, ensuring the final death of slavery by a slow, it may be, but sure decline.

Besides this class of political innovators, there is another who are devising strange theories in Theology. They claim to be *scientific* men, and in their *scientific* researches to have solved the "enigmas of the universe." Never was there greater proof that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Sipping occasionally at the fountain of scientific knowledge, they become intoxicated with the shallow draughts, and substitute the most absurd and wild speculations for the plain and simple doctrines of Christianity. So much ado about science conflicting with the doctrines of revelation, originates with those who have only a smattering of knowledge, and are ignorant of truths which a thorough investigation reveals. Or if a *really* scientific man is found of advocating a theory contrary to the Bible, you will find that man drinking deep at the murky pool of skepticism. We venture to affirm that no man who has examined, with a desire to *know* the truth, has ever found aught but harmony between the principles of science and the doctrines of revelation. It is true, that by the aid of science a different interpretation has been given to some passages of Scripture. Instead of science subverting, it has thrown a light on many dark mysteries, and presented those truths of the Bible in a clearer view, of which men before had only a vague idea.

We are very far from supposing that perfection has been attained in knowledge. We would encourage a spirit of inquiry. Doubtless much truth lies yet concealed, as precious metal in a hidden mine. But we would caution all to guard a passionate love for something new; and to examine the foundation of a new theory before its adoption; lest the fire-flies of imagination be mistaken for the stars of heaven. Nor do we believe it is too late to make improvement in the condition of social life. Much yet remains to be done in elevating the condition of society, even in its most refined state, before man shall assume the true dignity, meet for the station he occupies in the chain of universal life. But a rash empiricism, as manifested in our day is not the propelling power that moves the car of improvement. Wouldst thou be the discoverer of truth? Go away by thyself, and in the deep communings of thought learn to trace

out of the law of being, springing from the bosom of God, and whose voice is heard in nature's harmonies! Wouldst thou be a reformer? Free from the excitements which stir up the passions of men, observe the wants and woes of humanity, and carefully, noting every circumstance you may call to your aid, through all the avenues of society diffuse the healing influences which will soften the asperities of life. It is not every age which has the elements necessary for gendering one of those remarkable reformations which form a separate link in the chain of history, reflecting lasting honor on the great minds which guided in the storm, and which so distinctly exhibit the peculiar features of the era that gave them birth. But every patient, earnest laborer may be the author of improvements which shall bless mankind: and future generations, as they review the beaten track of the Past, beholding these imperishable statues along the highway of reform, will proudly inquire—"Who builded these?"

FRANK.

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LOVE. *Briggs-*

There's a secret that lurks in the flower-bell's breast,  
 When ope'd by the lips of the Bee,  
 And woke from the dreams of its dewy rest,  
 By the brush of his wings on her silken vest,  
 And the tone of his minstrelsy:  
 And that secret unfolds its honey-dew bliss  
 To the Lover-like touch of his passionate kiss.

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There's a secret that dwells in the maiden's heart  
 In the flush of her innocent Youth—  
 And like beautiful petals thrust apart,  
 The dew-drops of passion thrill and start,  
 At the touch of love and truth—  
 And He who that secret would feel and prove,  
 Must bow to the shrine of Love—*young Love.*

W. B.

THE POETRY OF GEOLOGY. *E. Hitchcock, Jr.*

The poetry of Mathematics, the poetry of Philosophy, and the poetry of Astronomy! How often do we hear these expressions from the real lovers of these sciences, as well as from those who love them only for the sake of their poetry. In fact, we believe that poetry is so closely connected with whatever is grand and beautiful, that there is hardly a science or an art which does not possess more or less of it. Perhaps we ought to say that there is no existence of *anything* in the whole universe without poetry, especially when we use it in its highest sense, and apply it to the divine mind, who created everything with the nicest regard to harmony and order.

And although we may assert with good reason, that poetry is an essential element of all knowledge, yet our perceptions are so feeble, that we are only able to discover it in the most striking examples. Hence, we shall be able to see poetry most readily in the more grand and impressive works of nature, and find those the best Poets, who have the most vivid imaginations, and appreciate every beauty and wonder to its fullest extent.

If those thoughts be true, why may we not add Geology to the list of poetical sciences? Why shall not that science, which is the second science in eras and magnitudes, and the first, in affording scope for the imagination, be brought into favor with the Muses, and afford themes for the Poet?

Does he ask for something grand and awful? Then I would refer him to those great and powerful changes, which have so essentially altered the appearance of the surface of the globe. Some of these have occurred almost instantaneously; as when a continent or island has, in a very short time, sunk beneath the ocean, or where territory enough for a kingdom, has suddenly arisen into being, from its fathomless depths.

If we wish to employ our imagination in works of Geology, we have but to picture to ourselves a wide fissure in the earth's crust, some hundred miles in length. From its dark depths there suddenly arises and spreads over the surface an amount of melted rock, sufficient to form some of our highest mountains. If we will imagine

still farther, let us call up the shades of the "*mighty dead*," the Iguanodons, Megatheria, and Dinornithes, and hear them tell their story concerning their former habitations; of the gigantic vegetation and flowers, and of the innumerable variety of animals which swarmed upon the earth in primeval ages, and in their original strength, and then let us see if we have not enough of the wonderful and the marvellous to grace a Poet's lay.

And if we turn our attention to more minute objects, we shall find things even yet more strange. Take the smallest particle of dust that is visible to the naked eye. Here are the remains of animals of the most perfect organization and structure, hundreds of which would find their *world* in a drop of water. Nor are these confined to a single species, but are as infinitely varied as any other class of the animal kingdom.

As poets are ever fond of that which is changeful and varied, let me entreat them to walk with me through some one or more geological periods. Perhaps at our starting point we shall see but little that betokens life, save some pale wrecks or degenerated insects which seem out of their native element, so long have they lived beyond their proper period of existence. Next we come to a lake, or to a river, where we find animal life in the greatest profusion, but of an entirely different character, so that we seem to be in a new country. Passing on through this section, we come upon a vast plain, extending as far as the eye can reach. It is a dreary journey that we have in prospect. The only things to break the monotony, are, now and then, a vestige of some animal which has strayed thus far only to die, or some stalk or leaf, which the winds in their careless sport have brought hither, or, perchance, some *track* of a wandering animal, which time had not completely obliterated.

Now let us suppose our travelers to have become weary of their journey, and to have lain down and slept for *only a few thousand years*, then to have awoke on some bright summer's morn. And what would greet their vision? Instead of the dry and waste sands, they would find themselves in the midst of a rich and luxuriant garden. Above their heads would wave the splendid Magnolias and Tree Ferns, while under their feet would be the softest mosses, and the rarest, richest flowers. Around them the feathered songsters would tune their sweet and melodious lays, and everything would bespeak life, joy, and happiness.

Such fields of wonder and novelty does the Geologist continually travel. And can any one doubt but that they excite the most pleasurable and poetical emotions, in the minds of the contemplators? Can they fail to rouse the imagination in those who are the plainest "matter of fact" men?

Will not, then, some son of the Muses attempt this task which we have proposed; and plucking a fresh feather from the bird of Jove transcribe for mortal eyes and ears, the story of the past, as well as that of the present.

M \* \* \* \* s.

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## REPUBLICANISM.

It might, perhaps, be difficult to prove, at least to the mind of an American, that the genuine elements of permanency are not embodied in the republican form of government. Still, even if it should not be admitted to rest on a basis, which is uncertain compared with the monarchies of Europe, yet, that the task which it proposes to itself is a delicate and dangerous one, must be evident to every individual who has a just apprehension of its object.

A republican government, like ours, promises to maintain itself independent and impartial in all its operations, and, at the same time, be subject to the will of the people—a people divided up into as many factions as it has different opinions and interests to be respected and cared for.

By legislators of former times all such arrangements were regarded as nothing more than the vague, impracticable dreams of enthusiasts. They conceived it would not be possible for government to continue "independent and impartial in all its operations," unless entirely disconnected with the people. Having seized upon this idea as a fundamental principle in all government, they reduced it to a sort of metaphysical dogma, from which have grown up the despotisms of the Old World. They did not trouble themselves to inquire how well their theories would suit the general disposition of mankind; the haughty legislator scorned to stoop and compromise with the people. Upon such an abstract and illiberal view of what they deemed an

essential principle in the science of government, they built their thrones and established their aristocracies; that justice might be secured to all, they formed the ruler and the ruled into two distinct communities; that sectional interest might not corrupt the civil head, they fixed a broad and impassible gulf between the subject and his sovereign.

The founders of our American republic had learned the utter inefficiency of all such arrangements. They had seen them defeating their own ends: first the civil authority, free from all popular restraint, becoming corrupt and oppressive; and then the masses, degraded to that level where instinct wakes the spirit of resistance, rising up against their rulers, sweeping off the nobility and consuming every vestige of royalty, only to make room for the reign of anarchy, the rise of some new dynasty, and the establishment of a despotism more galling than that just shaken off. It was natural, therefore, for them to conceive the idea of uniting these two hostile powers, in such a manner that each might act as a restraint on the other, and thus both be confined within their proper limits. No one can fail to perceive and appreciate the noble spirit of benevolence in which that plan was devised. It was nothing less than the sacred and august form of Civil Authority, coming down from her high seat, to receive at the hands of the people the sword of justice and the robe of office, and then swearing, in the presence of the Supreme Judge, to preserve them forever unsullied by sympathy with sectional interest to the detriment of the general good.

Who is so blind as not to perceive the extreme delicacy of this arrangement? They saw it themselves, and with most anxious and commendable forethought did they strive to secure it against future violence and abuse; they saw that it was the weighing of one power against another, with a precision so nice that the smallest increment in either scale, would be sufficient to destroy the equilibrium and turn the beam. Happy were it for us, and pleasant would it have been to the anticipations of our fathers, as they contemplated their new and beautiful structure, if the movements of human society and government like those of the natural world, could be subjected to fixed and unalterable laws, wholly independent of speculative theorizing. Here an empirical philosophy can produce no confusion or discord. The astronomer may bend his eye to the optic glass, and lay all exact science under tribute to the establishment of some favorite theory; the chemist may toil, in his unwholesome cell, to discover the

invisible elements of matter, and the metaphysician may speculate upon the nature of human life and the essence of mind, and yet those silent orbs will roll on, undisturbed, in their eternal circles; the hidden powers of nature will remain, moving to their destiny with an unvarying and resistless energy; and man will be the same mysterious heir of immortality and death. Not so in human governments. Though they may seem to have a sort of foundation in the nature of man, still they rest immediately upon *theory*, and therefore, can be modified to any extent, either for good, or for evil. This susceptibility of government to change and innovation, becomes ten-fold more dangerous in connection with the delicate machinery of republicanism, which we have just been considering. Surely, if there be a wretch who would willingly jeopardize this sacred, though subtle, compact between the ruler and the ruled, he deserves the eternal reprobation of all good men. But aside from the danger of innovation, to which all popular governments must, from their very nature, be exposed, there is another greater and entirely different evil, arising, not from the speculations of the mind, but from the depravity of the heart; which, when prevalent in a republic, never fails to work results, at the bare mention of which the patriot's ears may well tingle. We refer to the spirit of *selfishness*; not selfishness in that mild and chastened form, which leads one to exercise a proper regard for his own interests, but that cold, malignant selfishness, which would not scruple to draw its nourishment from the heart's blood of the body politic. We do not affirm that such a spirit is the legitimate offspring of republicanism; yet all must admit that it is fostered and developed in such a government more than in those of a monarchical nature.

Every man possesses to some extent the spirit of tyranny, which needs only an object, real or feigned, to appear in its most hateful form. A state of liberty is intoxicating. He who is free himself, soon desires to make a slave of every one else; and the blinder he be to the limited extent of his freedom, the more highly does he seem to prize it, the more loudly to boast of it, and the more anxiously to strive to make it an instrument of oppression to others. There is something strange and perplexing in the eagerness with which men will pursue an object whose nature they do not even pretend to understand. Not more fondly does the wretched miser love his gold, than the victim of foul passions his liberty. There is, in the *idea* of freedom, a powerful and mysterious charm to every ear. It points forward to the ever receding "isle of the blest," and paints a sort of

Utopia in which some little self shall reign supreme. Dazzled by these indistinct prospects of bliss and power, which repose in the dim distance like some fairy realm, men will pursue the unknown good with an eagerness stronger than life. The freeman yields to an unbounded desire of power, and the man is merged in the tyrant. Then it is that the frequenters of the bar-room turn legislators, that the cobbler's shop is the place for patching up rotten constitutions, and that the threat of the mob strikes a terror to the ruler's heart. When such abuse of freedom prevails in a republic, every man will look upon his possession as a kingdom, his house will be to him a palace, and in it he will reign, an exacting and iron-hearted despot. He will watch, with a jealous eye, the least apparent encroachment of his neighbor, and snuff the spirit of opposition in the breeze which blows from an adjacent field. Of all despotisms, the most relentless and terrible is that which springs from excess of liberty. Alas for a republic when individuals, not satisfied with the rights delegated to them by their constitution, set up their particular interests in opposition to those of the citizens in general—when, recreant to the sacred compact into which he has entered, each man strives to make the government a servile instrument of accomplishing his own selfish purposes. No people is fit to be a free people which has not learned to exercise a spirit of mutual forbearance, and to respect that government which, in the unswerving spirit of candor and honesty, aims at the general good. When freemen do not possess this spirit; when, as a body, they do not understand the nature and worth of liberty; when they do not respect and encourage that independence and devotion to justice in their rulers, which, while it forgets not the individual, aims ultimately at the interest of all, they are guilty of violating most shamefully the rights delegated to them by their constitution; a fatal disease is gathering slowly about the heart of their body politic, which will live, a loathesome and unsightly thing, to spread and corrupt and consume, long after the breath of life shall have departed from it.

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### LIFE.

I never had a dream,  
But that I woke in sorrow;  
I never had a joy,  
That was not of to-morrow;  
I never had a hope,  
But that it was ideal,  
I never had a care,  
That was not all too real.

W. B.

## EMBODIED ELOQUENCE. *20b 2rlh.*

It is great to think ; to feel is human ; action is divine. Eloquence is not thought ; it is not feeling ; it is not action ;—it is thought, feeling, action combined. The avalanche, thundering down Alpine heights, strikes terror through the soul ; the ocean lifts up its everlasting voice, and it is sublime ; the waterfall gives forth its ceaseless roar, and man is mute ;—all these are grand and terrible ; but they have not intellect and soul. They may lead up the meditative thought to God, but they are perishing, while the heart of man shall beat eternally. Hence it is, that we attach so much deeper significance to the movements of mind, than we do to those of blind and evanescent matter. If the goodness or the truth which man realizes never dies ; if it lies and works through endless changes ; if the living Present is the sum-total of the whole Past of man ; if the soul, once moved by feeling and thought, shall wear eternal traces of the master-spirit's stroke ; then it were wisdom to toil heroically in the cause of virtue and of man.

The great Orator wields a power almost omnipotent,—of such a man we speak.

### 1. He is a man of *thought*.

He is not a mere dramatist, amusing a gaping multitude by his florid harangue ; nor is he forever seeking pearls in the turbid waters of metaphysica. And yet, it is a lamentable fact, that the deep reasoner is very seldom an Orator. This need not be. Bossuet, Burke, Webster—are not names like these, sufficient testimony that reason and eloquence are not inseparable ? There is something in the very nature of deep study which would seem to rouse up every power of the mind, and guide it to the manifestation of rich and wonderful forms of truth. Hence it is, that we sometimes behold the golden-mouthed man, who resolves to stand up and sway, like the god of the sea with his trident, the boiling and surging waves of human passion, not turning his energies to trifles of an hour, but rousing up all the divine powers of his soul for a momentous effort. He seeks not so much for eloquence of expression ; words sink into insignificance, compared with things ; and yet, you would go nowhere

else to find, not only "thoughts that breathe," but "words that burn" with resistless energy to the very heart. He would scatter darkness by the light of his own blazing intellect; he would pour his own soul into his audience. To give them information, rectify errors, root out wide-spread and destructive prejudices—this requires deep and patient investigation. Patrick Henry may rise up with his heart on fire, and stir a continent; but Demosthenes must yet toil many a midnight hour in his cave. There is no doctrine more absurd, than that, which, while it proclaims, "*poeta nascitur, non fit*," would make the poet and the orator, in this respect, the same. Effort, constant and untiring effort makes our greatest orators. It is almost too late for this assertion to be made. Genius may be inspired by the god, yet many may carry the thyrsus, and even *these* can do something towards becoming eloquent. Not every man can be a successful orator; but he, of whom we speak, is not one who scorns to labor on a speech. The morning dawn, the evening twilight finds him at his work. Like Burke, he searches through the whole domain of thought, gathers materials from the far-off Indies, climbs the Alps and Andes; in fine, leaves no foot of earth unexplored; he beholds and is refreshed by the blossoms of the human mind, and comes forth to throw into his speeches a beauty a grandeur, and a commencing power which shall wake up a slumbering multitude to thought and action. He acquires that faculty by which he is able to gather up all the fragments of the past, to adapt them to the impending future; he lives as well in the distant and the unusual, as in the common element of men. It is the result of earnest toil with the mind open. He is at the same time a statesman and a philosopher, a patriot and an orator. Possessing good sense and a cool judgment, he does not choose dark abstractions, wild visions, the mere reflections of thought,—meteors of the mind,—his element is common life,—his path the highway of the race. Still, power is his, for his knowledge becomes power, as he works it up for his divine use. Like Luther, at the Diet of Worms, he shakes the world. Alexander's declamatory fire dies out, while that of the Great Reformer burns on, and on, and burns forever. It is the light, the blazing essence of truth. While such an orator does not neglect the graces of delivery, he has not affectation in pronunciation and gesture. Intent on securing the great end he has in view, he throws his whole energies into exercise, fearless of transcending the limits of reason or right, for patient discipline has given him entire command over every excited faculty of his being.

He is not showy and diffuse, but solid and to the point. His reasoning has strength and cogency. Like Lysias, he possesses that power of oratory which forces time to disappear, and makes the things which are not seem like things which are. Unlike those who have so many of other men's thoughts as to suppress their own, his ideas are a part of his own nature. He may read other men's works; study the old orators till they are as familiar as his alphabet, yet their thoughts are *his*, for they are the common property of man, and he has digested and made them a part of his own broad intellect. As he lifts his head before the world, men gaze on him, not as a statue of clay, lifeless and spiritless, but as on the Clay of Kentucky, all animate with life, and radiant with undying glory.

Such is the high, the irresistible, commanding eloquence of *thought*.

II. Again, he is a man of *feeling*.

It is the trembling hand, the throbbing heart, the burning soul of the orator, which strikes that chord of sympathy that runs through the hearts of an audience, and which, once struck, vibrates to his will, as if controlled by some enchanting spirit from the sky. Passion alone agitates and fires the mind, and all high eloquence must come forth from a soul of flame. Let the whole man—the eye, the cheek, the limb—declare that deep feeling is shaking the bosom, as the sea, lashed into fury, stirs up the broad foundations of its bed, and the multitude are listening, as if he were a god! Like the great orator of Greece, whose very existence may well be called “an era,”—who stands the emblem of perfection in his art,—he rolls on his sentences in long, but still, rapid and glowing undulation,—he feels that his appeal must be to human passion, and strikes that mysterious chord which binds together all humanity, and chains them, as the offspring of our God, to a pillar of His throne,—usurps complete authority over the will,—throws himself into the very bosoms of those whom he wishes to command, and makes every hearer feel as if he were abstracted from self, and exerting only in and through the god-like orator. He strips men of their independence, and makes their will his own. The lightning spark of thought shot forth from his mind, awakens its exact likeness in ten thousand other minds, and “all blaze up together in combined fire!” A thousand eyes are flashing on him, a thousand hearts beat high and warm,—his words are life, and sparks of immortality. Horace has no truer thought, than that expressed in his *si vis me flere*: it is feeling which melts the soul. And hence, the true orator is never an ice-berg, but rather

a summer's sun. The profound intellect of Chalmers was of no more service to him, as a speaker, than his ardent heart. If his lips did send forth flames and fire, they were first kindled on the altar of his mighty soul. A man may deliver his thoughts with a monotony which shall make us sleep, but let another utter the same words, and he shall seem a shell, bursting amid the audience, moving the hearers and the earth, and leaving his listeners crushed and shattered by his booming eloquence. Or he may move gradually toward the heart, till that soul which seemed like an unruffled sea is stirred by the tempest and mounts aloft amid the lightnings. Not only the surface, but the depths of the abyss are moved—all is feeling, sympathy, life. While the great orator has his intellect fired with passion, *this* is but an auxiliary. Thought—order, progress—predominates and rules. His eloquence may be like that of Chatham—a storm-cloud of passion, dazzling with the “electric flash of thought,” or, like that of Burke, a vernal Sun—rising mild and gentle, increasing, as it progresses, to a bright light and intense heat, till flowers begin to unfold, and fruits to grow in the richest luxuriance beneath its meridian beams. He may be, glorious at his dawning, dimming the radiance of the constellations through which he rises, till his mid-day fire scorches every thing which comes under his path, and lays it prostrate, withered, or consumed. The effects of such eloquence are not transient, for it is thought bursting forth from a human soul, and not wild passion, which, like the maelstrom, swallows and destroys. Such a man has an aim, he marches on with order, regularity, and energy, to meet the foe; he comes, he sees, he conquers!

III. But further, he is a man of *action*.

He is wise enough to see the truth of that old proverb, “the end of man is an Action, not a Thought.” He is not a visionary or a theorist, but one who would stand at the summit of the race, and unfold the law which slumbers in the masses; he would move, a god-like spirit, over the track of men; and to do this he must not only think and feel, but *act*. He mingles among men, studies their habits of thought, their peculiarities of feeling, and acquires that knowledge from his active labor among working, hard-handed men, which enables him to touch the secret springs of the human heart, and wake up slumbering men to duty and an earnest life. The anchorite may see the wheels of society roll on and know well how to grieve, yet he lives forever a torpid life—a fossil in the everlasting rocks. The true orator, it is said, must be a good man; and such an one does not

more praise virtue than show it in his deeds. With his life and precepts in strictest unison, he speaks no less loud, when he walks, like Adams, the floor of Congress, than when, Webster-like, he sends forth the winged word, "winged as the thunderbolt," into the heaven's palpitating heart. His mind is awake. No truths, awful and mysterious, which by the multitude,

"Have been so long remember'd they're forgot,"

sleep inactive, in his bosom. He knows that he does not contend with spectres, but real, human beings. He may not choose his audience, nor send forth his voice to shadows, or beings of the air, but he must move the mass before him. He must make them forget themselves, and turn the beatings of their hearts, till there is one spontaneous out-burst of approbation, or one general and deafening cry for vengeance. *Hoc opus, hic labor est.*

If there are words which are themselves deeds, the genius of whom we speak gives them forth as with the whirlwind's throat till they shake the very citadel of the soul. Then it is he fights with weapons, sharp, massive, and refulgent, which, like the artillery of Heaven, dazzle as they strike, and subdue, at once, the vision and the heart.\* Action to enable him to prepare his speech; action in its delivery—action, feeling, thought, these are the qualities which make him almost omnipotent. Possessed of such a soul, we may not wonder, that his speech reminds those hanging upon his lips, as if for life, of the shepherd's pipe made of an eagle's wing. He needs not the fabled herb of Mercury which gives all the persuasion of the deity of Eloquence, but seems that deity himself. Let a nation rise up, and swear eternal hatred to oppression, and he will be the pole-star for the nation's hope. Let down-trodden rights call out for justice, and he rises in their defence. His voice is heard above the nation's shouts,—the strains of his eloquence are listened to amid its anarchy and confusion. Let it not be said, the world has never been blessed with the existence and agency of such controlling minds. They rise up, here and there, along the path of History; and loud still, is the voice of these mighty dead. Theirs is an enduring memorial; for it is written in the hearts of men.

The power of the orator is, like the wind, mysterious. He sends forth peals of eloquence which show that his extensive learning is not an inert and cumbrous load. It is the rattling quiver of Apollo, from

\*Campbell's Philos. of Rhet. pp. 16.

which he draws many a feathered shaft, or a battle-axe which, in his hands, can cleave the toughest skull. Thus it is, the orator is a man of thought, of feeling, and of action,—a star whose radiance and glory, even the ages of midnight fail to obscure. Still it shines, and with a beauty and lustre which no cloud of envy or malice can ever dim.

In our country the orator has something more to do, than to excite the passions of men. He must not send up his false fires amid the lightnings of heaven, that men may not see the warning flash; nor fill the air with “festal explosions,” that they may not hear the muttering thunder,—he must speak with the voice of reason, and in the language of truth. As a lover of freedom and republican principles, his duties demand of him the greatest effort, the strongest and widest exercise of his power. Not a restless mob, but a nation, awake and thinking, are his audience. He wields the power of a monarch, and his character, his vices and his virtues, are a torch held up before men’s minds, to which they shall look and receive its cheering or soul-blighting beams. His existence becomes a blessing or a curse, an honor or a disgrace. Succeeding generations will turn to him, who spoke valiantly for “God and Liberty,” as an embodiment of all that is illustrious. In danger they will point to him as the glorious exhibition of all that is grand and good, and when in the very jaws of despair, his words that come booming along the track of time, shall stir the spirit like a trumpet call. Thus it has been, and the spontaneous exclamation of the people is,

“Great men have been among us; Hands that penned,  
And Tongues that utter’d Wisdom—*better, none.*”

The revolution of our fathers has passed, and the bright galaxy of orators, which then extended across the firmament, has vanished from the sky. Fisher Ames no longer exists a light in that firmament. These stars have gone, but yet a halo gathers round their memory, and it is a halo of glory. Others must arise, as suns to dispel the darkness which gathers over our land. The land of hope, of freedom for a coming, crowding world, yet needs such heroes to maintain her blood-bought but sullied dignity. And they arise! Let not Freedom despair of a home, when patriotism, philanthropy and eloquence have a life together. The truly great orator will give us works not born to die. His voice may be still, his arm lay palsied by his side, his eye be cased in the glassiness of death; yet he is a can-

didate for immortality. He has gone,—his light was no meteor, and still it shines.

“The blaze of eloquence  
Set with its sun, but still it felt behind  
The enduring produce of immortal mind.”

\* \* JR.

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SCIAGRAPHIA.

Gould.

NO II.

“He talks at random.”

Shakspeare.

“Never,” says Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, “so much cause of laughter as now; never so many fools and mad-men. ’Tis not one Democritus will serve turn to laugh in these days: we have now need of a Democritus to laugh at Democritus, one jester to flout at another, one fool to fear at another, for now the whole world plays the fool.”

Burton was a queer genius, and were it not for his horrible *blues*, would have been a right funny fellow;—indeed, before he was seized with this *lues mentis*, he was called one of the most facetious chaps of all Oxford. There seems to be a natural link in the mental organization, between that phase of mind susceptible to mirth, and that which inclines to melancholy—both mirth and melancholy doubtless having their origin in a peculiar delicacy of temperament, affording an unusual sensibility to outward relations, both pleasing and sorrowful.

But we have introduced this quotation from Burton, to serve as a sort of text for a few random thoughts on *humor*. This quality of mind seems to have been given man to lighten, in some measure, the grievous burden of ills imposed on poor human nature—a burden which otherwise were intolerable. How indicative of goodness that many of those very occasions in human life, where sober fact would make us weep, creative Benevolence has converted into mere pleasing incongruities. “The subject of humor,” says Campbell, “is always character; its foibles, caprices, little extravagances, weak anxieties, jealousies, childish fondness, pertness, vanity, and self-con-

ceit."—Hobbes calls it "a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly." But fudge on the metaphysics of humor! we like its poetry better.—'Tis the play of the Soul, reeking in its own fatness.—'Tis the smile of the heart gazing in the face of Intellect.—'Tis the gush of exuberant Life, bursting the barriers of unpoetic Fact, and coursing its genial flow amid arid world-wastes and flowers spring up, and rills are murmuring, and Beauty lights her censer at the very altar of Death.

O who could bear up against the ills and aches of life's weary pilgrimage were there no fun! In mercy to our suffering nature, has the Author of all goodness bestowed this needed antidote to the sorrow and sadness of earth. Genius of old searched long and late for that hidden stone, whose mysterious properties should turn the dross of Nature into glittering gold; but the man of humor carries in the chambers of his fantastic spirit, a more potent agency. Before its magic energy, wasted Melancholy is waked into the joyousness of youth.—Misfortune is dressed in the garb of pleasing awkwardness; and the follies and frailties of men are made to sparkle at every point with the comic, the whimsical and the grotesque.

But while we have a strong love for humor, we confess a very indifferent liking for *wit*. It may be our estrangement springs from a conscious weakness of our own personal organization in that particular branch of mental tactics. For our life we never could be witty; and all our attempts in that line have been most execrably perpetrated.

Three things are essential to a good *joke*.—First, there must be a fool in the company—a condition not remarkably pleasing to a sensitive circle, while the precise individuality of that desideratum remains undetermined.—Second, there is need of a jovial, well-fed audience, who care more for gratifying their own risible propensities, than the feelings of their neighbors—and third, the joker himself must have an easy conscience, and a perfect indifference to the good will of his species. Lord Chesterfield has said that "genuine wit never made any man laugh since the creation of the world." Although this may be carrying the definition to an unwarrantable extreme, yet there is so much of envy and personal attack in the very elements of a good joke, as well nigh to counteract the idea of ludicrousness which would otherwise attach to it. For our own part we are altogether too benevolent to be a wit; but in the matter of a good hearty *laugh*, we yield our prerogative to no man. Well did the

poet say, "Lanġh and grow fat"—'tis the very marrow of life,—a sovereign remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and above all, the surest way to be agreeable and popular.

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Speaking of popularity, leads us upon a very interesting topic. Two grand aims should engross the heart of every freshman entering College: to be popular, and get the valedictory. This important advice we deem it our duty to impart (though we wish it to be regarded as perfectly confidential), that our unsophisticated friends at the very outset of their collegiate life, may take an enlightened and comprehensive view of the great objects to be attained, in a course of liberal instruction.

But lest our injunction may seem to cover too much ground for a single enforcement, we will treat at present only of the first head; viz., *popularity*. There is something in the very sound of the term *popular*, which has a most seductive charm over the universal heart of man; but nowhere is the phrase employed with such fearful significance as among College students.

To be popular must be the end and aim of every successful aspirant for College distinction. One may be learned, eloquent, profound; versed in all the graces and elegances of art and letters, and yet, if by some woeful misconstruction of his physical temperament, Nature has unfitted him to yield and close with all the humors and fancies of the sovereign vulgus, there is no escape for him from the terrible decree—*unpopular*. In the world's broad domain, the unfortunate victim of popular displeasure, can ride upon the changing moods of distant and conflicting parties, or if rejected by all, can seek protection and quiet in the recesses of private life. But no such asylum awaits him whose wanton independence has called forth the anathemas of his fellow students. They regard it their pious duty to aid in filling up the measure of his sufferings. He can have neither friends, nor smiles, nor votes, nor justice, till by some lucky effort he manage to clear his skirts of this odious epithet.

But lest our view is becoming too circumscribed, we will return a little and take a general view of the whole subject, by arranging all the possible phenomena under three heads—the *would be* popular—the *can't be* popular—and the *must be* popular. The first class which we have named, the would-be popular, are by far the most numerous, and by far the most unlucky dogs of all. They are those who of all men

most desire to be popular, and in fact make it their great end of living, yet by a singular law of cause and effect, and altogether in refutation of the saying of the wise man "where there is a will there is a way," they are unable, and just in proportion as they desire it, to gain popularity. This class may be readily distinguished by their strong propensity to crouch, and fawn, and flatter, and cast their soft glances in reckless profusion over innocent freshmen, and nod in graceful deference at tutorial dignity, and by dint of cunning and craft and a generous appliance of "soft soap," to arrive at a complete mastery over all the masses of gullibility that swarm in college halls. For a time all may work smoothly and bid fair for a rich and glorious success; but ere long some untimely hitch will displace the well-set lion-skin, and disclose the long ears of their lawful physiognomy.

By the *can't be* popular we have reference to a class more deserving of our commiseration. In Nature's wild freaks, she has formed some minds of such anomalous shape; so inwrought with jarring nervousness, and capricious obstinacy, and sensitive pride, as fully to baffle all attempts at harmonious action with the myriad whims and foibles of an exacting populace. Such men *cannot be* popular in the college usage of the term. Their character is too full of points, and angles, and sharp sinuosities, to pass smoothly among men. They cannot brook the fickle dictation, blind favoritism, the unblushing arrogance and ever-changing and fitful attachments of that merciless and self-commissioned arbiter of human actions—the sovereign people. Speedy vengeance follows their temerity, and a torrent of maledictions soon sweeps them beyond the reach of popular mercy.

But we are happy to approach a more pleasing division of our subject—the *must be* popular. Help ye powers! while our awkward pen would trace the eye-feasting visage of a hale fellow. Straightway crowd upon our confused brain dim visions of corporeal sleekness, laughter-stretching physiognomies, eyes beaming with Pickwickian benevolence, iron-digesting stomachs and elastic consciences, flexile wills and hearts overflowing with the milk of human kindness. In short, reader, the prime element of a right popular student is *cleverness*. Do your ears burn for universal adulation and indiscriminate praise? Strive to enter in at this only avenue to the popular heart. Throw aside all your whims and cross-grained notions of private rights and personal consequence—Strain every nerve to make yourself most profoundly agreeable to every unseasonable visitor that chooses to while an idle hour at your expense—Close your

eyes to all the faults and frailties of your neighbors—Be careful and form no opinions of your own upon any subject, but modestly coincide with what appears to be the general view of the company—Follow out these simple directions, and our word for it, you *must* be a popular man. 'Tis not in human nature, much less in human self-complacency, to be at variance with such an amiable specimen of moral cleverness. But we are becoming quite too garrulous for the iron decree of the printer, and for the present we bring our rambling to a close.

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EDITORS' CORNER.

*Faunce.*

"O! most lame and impotent conclusion."

Dear Reader, we are out of texts, entirely so! Just before the issue of No. 1 of Vol. II., we had selected a "choice lot," and vowed, to ourself, that they could not possibly be beat. We dared not express them out of doors, lest they should become too common before we could use them. Only once did we divulge them, and that was at the first meeting of the *Board of Editors*. Judge, then, of our consternation when three of them made such a magnificent appearance in No. 1. We solaced ourselves, however, with the reflection, that there were a "few more left of the same sort."

No. 2 came to hand; with eager haste and trembling heart did we open it.—There they were.—Three more! "*O Jew peter!*"—We have searched Locke and Brown, and every other unintelligible author, under the head of "association of ideas," for a demonstration of the cause of this singular fact—but they are all silent.

"Who steals my purse steals trash—  
But he who filches from me my good texts,  
Robs me of that which, not enriches him,  
But makes me poor indeed."

A minister without a text, and an editor without a subject are in a similar fix; yet the one must preach, and the other answer the call for "copy."

We were never witty, in the popular sense of that wiry adjective. It was the grand defect of our youth that we could not, like other flaxen-haired school-boys, say smart things. And what is more, the remedy—by reading whatever was spicy and mirth-provoking—was worse than the cure, since we saw what splendid sayings gifted men can scatter about them. Yet we love a good joke. Hood, the prince of wits, we have perused as often as a Freshman his first lesson. And monthly do we have "the sombre" taken out of our countenance by the appearance of the "Knickerbocker," with its racy, inimitable Editor's Table.

Once at a stiff country party we ventured to "get off" a preparation of what we called wit and humor; it was only a single sentence, and for a week before we had pronounced it over, and even decided at what time, in the evening, it would "come in" the best. We perpetrated it successfully,—at least we thought so,—for every body laughed. But after the party was over, a kind friend informed us that they were not laughing at the *wit*, but at *ourselves*. He furthermore advised to abstain from all future attempts of the kind, especially when he was present, *since he alone was a witty man*. Never again did we venture any thing of the kind until we found ourselves numbered among the Editors of the Indicator. It was with caution that we attempted it then.

There lay Winkle, head and heels upon the arms of the sofa, his massive shoulders supported by three several pillows. Near by sat Van Twiller upon two chairs, puffing hard at the "latter end" of a prime cigar; while the rosy countenance of Boniface was benevolently turned, with a sort of fatherly care, towards "the documents." The very first pause in the conversation we stood up and recited our witticism. The effect was tremendous: Boniface absolutely roared,—he will do such things,—Van Twiller dropped his cigar, and was so much expanded by his laughter as to be obliged to order a larger vest the very next day. The Corporal vowed it equalled any thing he had ever heard at a military muster, and with a little alteration he thought it would make a capital *toast* for some great occasion. Only Winkle dissented; he drew his locomotive members within the sphere of his personal influence, whirled over *the wrong way*, and thus precipitated himself upon the floor, causing a young earthquake in the plastering of the room beneath;—amid the confusion he was heard muttering something about "*stale jokes*."

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What an important item in a student's life is a vacation—especially a summer one. How delightful to go forth and renew our friendship with nature.—Each tree in the favorite nook seems an old acquaintance, and throws out its arms joyfully as if to welcome one back. Happy hours are those of the summer vacation. Then nature, in the gay girlhood of her beauty, wins the love and homage of a thousand hearts. Then the long day, filled up with varied enjoyment, is succeeded by the calmness of an evening yet more delightful, with its joyous stroll and its happy song.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, they over—we have spoken to "each of one's dear thousand friends," that

"Sweet old word—Good-by,"

and are off again for College—not one of the compositions or declamations prepared, which were so fondly projected.

Talk about the "friendships of literary men" as you will,—if you will take your stand upon the terrace a day or two before the term commences, and hear the hearty words of welcome—the inquiry after health and happiness—no more will you deny that whatever those in the busy world may say, *students*, at least, have strong attachments each to the other.

Winkle—we have dubbed him the great-toe of our editorial *corps*—has given

us a lengthened account of his adventures, which we hope he will transcribe for our next number. His habits of early rising have followed him—though at a respectful distance—through the whole vacation. His mornings have, we understand, been occupied in composing one of those amphibious orations which will answer for almost any public occasion: if the word “Anti-Slavery” be used in certain vacant places of the manuscript, it may do for a “Free Soil” speech, at the next election. The word “Peace” substituted, and it will go far to allay the war spirit—except that the comparisons, like those of most other peace orations, are drawn entirely from the battle-field. For an address upon the “glorious Fourth” it would be grand, and absolutely magnificent.

Boniface has, we believe, spent most of his time in and about Amherst,—toiling up and down this “hill of science”—lounging in the Bookstore—nibbling peaches at Holland’s, “two for a cent a piece,” and busying himself with “the exchanges.” What sort of a vacation that can be, which is spent in sight of these piles of brick and mortar, we cannot conceive.

The Corporal is increasing in rotundity. During vacation he has made it his rule to visit every military muster held in the State. He has long stories to tell about the bright uniforms and the soul stirring music. He was not, however, a match for the “blacklegs” at Neponset, who lightened him of that leathern purse, in which he was accustomed to put the subscriptions for the Indicator, when paid “in advance.” The organization of the military company in the village has been attended, in his case, with serious danger. Whenever the drum and fife are heard from the common, Stewart and Brown are thrown at his chum, and away he goes, cane—we strongly suspect it is a sword cane—in hand, to view the “pomp and circumstance of war.”

Van Twiller is sick. He has our warmest desires for his restoration, and a speedy return to our midst.

Last in our description cometh Obadiah. He plead guilty to spending a cozy little time in one of our seaport towns, just upon the nose of Cape Cod. He was lately overheard muttering something about bathing adventures—nice walks upon sandy beaches—excellent “clam bakes,” and all the other thousand luxuries of a hot month by the sea side. Yet he has been rather silent about such subjects when fully awake, and has retailed his adventures in small quantities, being somewhat averse to speaking egotistically.

\* \* \* \* \*

The College hopper has been, we are happy to say, again filled with a precious grist. They are “the best looking set of fellows that have entered for some years past,” *as usual*. Many of them have already evinced their public spirit by subscribing for the Indicator. Those are the men who begin aright.

There is not much else that is changed in the little circle of College life; we have only noticed a perpendicular extension in the “beavers” of many, who never were suspected of aspiring to such an elevation. We have not ventured to expose the doings of our little Board; and this, for several reasons, some of which, dear reader, if you’re a patient man, we will try to relate. In the first place, we find it difficult to have any meeting at all. We did hold them exactly at midnight, but Boniface could not be kept awake; and what was more, the Corporal was sadly afraid of being caught out of his room at that hour. It was therefore resolved unanimously, Obadiah only excepted—he contending

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"The dead of midnight is the noon of thought"—

that we meet by daylight. Meet we did the very next day, and a merry time we were having. Winkle of course presided, and was in perfect raptures over a communication commencing,

"The pensive watch-dog's mellow bark ;

—Boniface was sawing away at a broken fiddle by way of interlude, and trying, almost in vain, to keep time with the Corporal, who was pacing the room as usual : Obadiah was saying something about "confusion worse confounded," when in the very midst of the hubbub the door opened, and in marched a worthy functionary, with uncovered "dome of thought—he instantly begged pardon—he had heard the noise—made a mistake—had got into the wrong room,—*thought it his own!* Truly, then,—

"Silence like a poultice came,  
To heal the blows of sound."

But the crowning reason is that an old lady, whose fair daughters are readers of the Indicator, has requested to be informed "whether those men that write that tract really act as they say they do. in their meetings?"

Well, reader, have we rambled about enough for you? If not, we are sorry, and would proceed were it not that the printer piously says, "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther,"—so FAREWELL.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"S. T. V." is respectfully declined.

"Zostor," and "Via Testator" are under consideration.

"Discontent" is reserved for the next number.

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\*.\* Will correspondents please send in their communications for the next No. immediately.

# THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. II. NO. V.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:  
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cooper.*

NOVEMBER, 1849.

AMHERST:  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCLXIX.

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# THE INDICATOR.

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VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1849.

No. 5.

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## ARISTOCRACY FOUNDED IN NATURE. *Latell.*

NATURE is not God, as some would have it, but the outward expression of attributes, Infinite and Divine. The spangled canopy and the dropping pebble prove a gravitating law. Belief is irresistible on evidence; memory is proportionate to attention; such facts demonstrate a government in mind. All material and mental phenomena may be resolved under a few comprehensive laws. There is a type to which all created objects must conform. This is the Aristocracy of Nature. It illustrates a principle in human government and life—a *few rule the world.*

We learn the cry of universal man, "LIBERTY, DEMOCRACY FOREVER!" It is ominous of a struggle in the soul. The tide of freedom is swelling to its flood; its waters even now are rolling in the Mediterranean and the Baltic, and mingling in the rushing torrent of the Danube and the billows of the majestic Amazon. The world is awake, yet dreaming. Fogs are in the sky, portentous and illusive; the Sun of Truth struggles in vain to dispel them. The nations shall soon see that perfect freedom dwells in some other universe than ours. The sand-grain and the mountain, the tinselled insect and the loftiest seraph, are alike dependent for existence and for life. Divinity is little freer than humanity. Law may learn its source in God, but the stream shall not cease to follow those channels which have been forever fixed in the counsels of a past eternity. And yet there is a freedom decreed to man.

—“A freedom such as angels use,  
And kindred to the liberty of God.”

Law sets its imperative power on the chafing ocean, and its noise is hushed. It bids the star, gleaming from the depths of infinity, to roll on in harmony with the other dust which Deity scatters behind his chariot, and it wheels on its everlasting course. The rain-drop, sailing in the beams of the sinking sun, gives out its rich-lined bow of promise by the force of law. Not a phenomenon of the universe—not a leaf, nor a flower, nor a sunbeam—not even a stirring of the evening zephyr, which has not an end, a final cause, that implies the existence and agency of some controlling mind, and is the commanded expression of intelligence and love. A miracle *may* be the working of an eternal law.

What, then, is the liberty for *man*? It is a freedom in which there is conscious freeness—perfect liberty—under the control of absolute and everlasting law. It is not yet found in human governments; it is the essence, the glory of the Divine.

Nothing is vainer than the attempts of some to banish heroes from the globe. There ever will be some human god before whom the rest of men will fall and yield a reverence. It were well if this truth was understood; seas of patriotic blood shall be spilt ere it is fully recognized. There can be no government, human or Divine, which shall not uphold an Aristocracy of Birth, or Wealth, or Worth. The thunderbolt, sweeping down the heavens, holds a mightier power than the lipping rivulet, as it bubbles by; it speaks louder of supremacy to man. The oak which lifts up its giant head after the lightnings of centuries have battled in vain to rend it, becomes the almost conscious guardian of the vine which seeks its support, or the brute that drops its wearied form beneath its everlasting shade. The lion which prowls in the jungles of the East, was named the "king," because he was born to rule. Human life were an interminable Sahara, all a dead sand-level, were there no places of power. Strike down every sceptre of authority, and the world were soon one vast Golgotha, a ghastly heap of brainless skulls. It is in the very constitution of man and society, that some shall be awake to sit above the dreaming multitude as they sail over life's tumultuous ocean, ready to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm. Tear away this truth from human thought, and the nations shall soon lie down in the deep, long silence of the dead. Man was made to unfold his divine powers by the stimulus of hope; and Hope's rosy wings were forever folded, could he see no resting-grounds in the ladder by which to scale the eminence of power. Emu-

lation is the life of humanity ;—the ocean undisturbed would generate a universal death.

The graduated scale of being is a graduated *fact* ; and a universe of matter and intelligence built up on any other principle than that of gradation, would fall by its own inert weight. The present physical and spiritual laws would require an entire change, or there could be, in such a mechanism, no harmonious action ; it were a body that could exhibit no true activity, no earnest and significant life.

We plead not for more Alexanders and Cæsars to deluge the world in tears, and make broad day hideous with groans ; we ask not the right for a privileged few to put on those badges of nobility which are but the signs of sloth and arrogance ; we want no stripling, titled before his birth, to crush out the heart's blood of the laboring poor ; we advocate an Aristocracy of Worth and Merit. Let men lift their hat and bow quite low when Plato and Newton and Howard pass along ; and let them be as dignified as an emperor, when Napoleon and Metternich and Nicholas stride by. There is yet in the world an aristocracy as independent of talents or of virtue, as is the fly of the elephant on which he rides. They would glory in the dust which clouds the vision of the beasts who bear them.

The world have too long acted as if guilt and greatness were synonymous terms.

"Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,  
From Macedonian madman to the Swede."

Awake ! ye sleeping nations and banish such a government of meanness, if it be not one of villainy and blood. Let the chains clank no longer, let the soul be free. And yet, let not man hope to abolish all aristocracy—this were to annihilate the present constitution of the universe. Heroes there must be—there *will* be ; and he who would banish them from the globe is either an ignoramus, or a traitor to the government of God.

"T is phrase absurd to call a villain great ;"

And merit alone shall soon be recognized as the standard of the people's reverence and love. Intellect and soul shall soon weigh down the coffer and the throne. He is the divine man who sees and supplies the wants of a famishing world. To such we yield our homage, and wish devoutly for an Aristocracy like this. Let Worth alone command respect and admiration, and "the divinity within us" shall soon

rise up, conscious of its divine dignity and power. Gold mountains and thrones shall crush down and bury no more spiritual giants; Genius shall no longer feel the heavy-pressing hand of want; the great heart of humanity shall keep time with the music of heaven.

\* \* Jr.

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*John Thompson.*

### THE GLORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"Ours is often called the 'time-honored Commonwealth.' It hardly deserves the appellation. But it is a man-honored Commonwealth."—*Geo. S. Hillard.*

Two hundred and thirty years have nearly passed, since, amid dashing spray and breaking waves and howling tempests, the Mayflower cast anchor upon the shore of Massachusetts. Along that shore the spray still flies, but higher flutters the white sail of the Massachusetts mariner, whose canvass is now whitening every sea, and wafting treasures to every land. The waves still roll and the storm still rages, but over the mountain wave and before the tempest blast the "white-winged messenger" now flies, and now

"Against the wind, against the tide,  
Still steadies with an upright keel.

The forest, then unbroken, has given place to green fields and waving harvests. The proud river that for ages had held on its way to the ocean, has been stayed in its course and compelled to enter the service of man. Mountains have been levelled and valleys filled up. Crowded cities and a thousand thriving villages have grown up, the monuments of industry and enterprise; and on every hill-side and in every valley the school-house and the church-spire remind the traveler that the sons of the Puritans have there found a home.

Pointing to these witnesses, before and around her, and pointing back to an honorable career of more than two hundred years, Massachusetts might reasonably lay claim to some glory. But it is to her sons that Massachusetts points as her proudest boast, as her most precious jewels. She points to them wherever in the wide world they have wandered, still bearing the marks of their origin and their education. She points to them on the field of battle, where, in the thick-

est of the fight, they rally around her proud banner while their heart's blood flows freely in a common country's cause. She points to them in the varied pursuits of peace; in the field and in the workshop; in the halls of science and in the marts of business, adorning and dignifying every honorable pursuit. She points to them at the bar and in the pulpit, pleading with matchless eloquence the cause of truth and justice. She points to them in the councils of the nation, when the strong are yielding and the brave are faltering, standing unmoved amid the storm, and guarding, with a strong hand and a stout heart, the ship of state through surrounding breakers. Well may she feel that her true glory lies in those sons whose arms have been her country's defence, and whose intellects and hearts have ever been consecrated to that country's cause.

But among the throng of her scholars and jurists, her orators and statesmen, there is one towering above the rest, whose name Massachusetts will ever cherish with special honor. It is in no narrow spirit of state pride that Massachusetts claims the name of Daniel Webster. In the service of his country he has labored, and his fame is a part of a nation's treasures. And it is because he has been faithful to the country, that Massachusetts is proud to claim him as her son. She recognizes among her sons no one who does not seek to promote her own interests by laboring to promote the common interests of the Union. Adopted by her in the outset of his illustrious career, living amidst the most hallowed scenes of her history, breathing the noble spirit of her institutions and laws, ever faithful to her own and her country's interests, he has well earned the rank which Massachusetts is proud to give him, of first among her many noble sons.

It would be a vain attempt, were we disposed to make it, to endeavor to sketch, in a manner worthy the subject, the character of Mr. Webster. We propose, however, to glance at two or three points which aid in making up the harmonious whole, of a character we cannot too highly admire or too zealously seek to imitate.

The merit of Mr. Webster as a scholar, an American scholar, is too often overlooked in forming our estimate of his attainments. His writings and speeches afford incontestible proof that, amid the calls of a profession and the demands which are made upon the time of every public man, he has found time to pursue those studies which add grace to professional reputation, and are indispensable to the harmonious development of a truly great mind. It could only be by a

communion with the spirits of the past, who yet live in their undying thoughts, that those powers of mind were cultivated which have done such service in the cause of American literature. Regarded in a literary point of view, there are few finer models of writing in the English language, than are afforded by the speeches of Webster. The power of those speeches consists, indeed, in the elegance of thought, but it is thought expressed as it should be expressed. It is thought not decked out with gaudy and unmeaning words, loaded with cumbersome and useless weapons, but arrayed in its own resistless strength, armed with those weapons and those only which add to its power. No one can read the Speeches of Webster without feeling that there is a power in the English language which he has never felt before. It is not the "pomp of declamation," it is not "the marshalling of words and phrases." As you study one of his Speeches, there is a feeling of awe in the presence of its massive strength. Everything is brought to bear upon the single point in view with a power at which we stand amazed. There is in every sentence a terseness and a condensed energy which give strength and firmness to the united whole. Every Speech is made of materials subjected to the fire of a mind which melts every thing to its purpose, and every word is moulded into its proper place. It seems, amid the literature of the day, like one of those mountains, which amid terrible convulsions, was thrown up into a mass of sand and rubbish; and like that mountain, too, those Speeches shall remain, in their massive strength, when the dissoluble materials, into which they have been thrown, have been swept away forever.

It was at the bar that Mr. Webster commenced his illustrious career, and with laborious research and unwearied labor, laid the firm foundations of his fame. It was in the school in which many of the finest minds in England and America have been trained that his mind acquired those powers which have characterised his every effort. The study and practice of law too often give only a sort of low cunning and shrewdness, which justly subject their possessors to contempt. But it is only when pursued by a little and mean mind, a mind incapable of grasping anything but points and technicalities, a mind which, even when conducted into the temple of the past, though the living spirit is before it in unvailed splendor, yet turns from the dazzling radiance, and, groping amid the dark vaults, gathers up the dry and mouldering bones;—it is when pursued by such a mind and practised for low ends, prostituted for low and selfish purposes

to knavish trickery and cowardly villainy,—it is then only that the study of Law makes mean men. Those men, who have given to the bar an unfading glory, have been men of honest hearts and of high and manly purposes. They have not been contented with dead, unmeaning forms. They have communed with the living spirit, listened to the voice of the gathered wisdom of the past, and pondered deeply over those laws written on man's heart "by God's own hand." The quickness of apprehension, the power of detecting error, the habits of patient research and careful analysis, acquired by early practice at the bar, they have carried to the study of the great fundamental principles of law, and in that great study the mightiest intellects have won their enduring laurels.

It was to a profession adorned by the toils and triumphs of such men that Daniel Webster devoted himself; and the laurels he has there won will not be the first to fade in the chaplet that adorns his brow. In the practice of his profession we recognize the characteristics of the same great mind. In the petty and intricate questions which are continually arising amid conflicting and uncertain evidence, his mind surveys the different points, and gives to each one its just prominence. Questions which little lawyers would approach as a General approaches a fortified city, skirmishing here and cutting off supplies there; planting in one place a battery of law books, half of which go off in the wrong direction; and in another place attempting to storm an out-work; and finally drawing off his forces with the satisfaction of feeling that he has performed some masterly maneuvers,—such questions in the hands of Mr. Webster seem free from every difficulty. He holds them up in the clear light of his own great mind, and his plain and simple statements carry with them the irresistible conviction of truth. We are apt to underrate the power displayed in the discussion of these little questions. The question seems so plain, and the language with which it was discussed was so simple and unpretending, that we see no room for power. We forget that all truth seems simple when once clearly set forth, and that it is no uncertain proof of a great mind, that it makes a question so clear that we cannot conceive of its ever having been involved in doubt. But it is in the discussion of great Constitutional questions that his power is most felt. Rising above forms and technicalities, and grasping the great and universal principles of truth and justice, his mind displays its real greatness. His mind seems to expand with the subject, and in the same manner in which he removes the rubbish

from the petty questions which were almost concealed from sight, he divests these great national questions of all the irrelevant questions with which time and prejudice and ignorance has connected them, and holds them up to view in their true relations.

But his discussions of these great Constitutional questions are connected more closely with his career as a statesman. The cultivated and refined taste acquired by study and by an acquaintance with the best writers, and the powerful intellect rendered strong and vigorous by the conflicts at the bar, have been devoted to the cause of his country, and are most clearly displayed in the defence of the principles to which they have ever been consecrated. And in the study of the great subjects connected with his public life, his mind acquired the highest qualities of a statesman. Here, as elsewhere, he displays the same giant strength; now stooping to crush the reptile that had assailed him; now breasting the tide of popular prejudice in defence of cherished principles; now raising his arm against a powerful administration, and striking blow after blow, until the firm foundations trembled; and now extending that great arm over the Constitution, to shield it from the assaults of its enemies. His blows fall with the same unerring certainty and the same resistless effect.

But it is not massive strength, that deserves our highest admiration. The public life of Mr. Webster has other and higher claims to our regard. Few public men have left behind them a career marked by fewer errors, or displaying in a higher degree the best qualities of a statesman and a man. Men who follow but never lead, who carefully watch the current of popular opinion and take the tide "at the ebb," by the aid of ordinary sagacity, often succeed in pursuing a course which, by their own party at least, is considered honorable. But there have been few men, even among those of superior sagacity and unimpeachable integrity, who have not sometimes erred in their decisions upon the many questions constantly coming before public men. They see but a part of the many bearings and relations of the question, and led by this partial view, or by their sympathies, they make a decision which upon farther reflection and with clearer light, they would be glad to reverse.

The career of Mr. Webster has hardly a parallel in the history of statesmen. Occupying a prominent position for more than thirty years, with the eyes of the nation upon him, watching every word and questioning every sentiment, he has never shrunk from expressing his opinions boldly; and with hardly an exception those opinions

have been ultimately adopted by the people. His opinions have often differed from those of the party with which his name has been identified, and more than once have there arisen murmurs that he was untrue to the party; but the result has invariably proved that upon those questions, he was right and the party wrong. This is owing in part to the comprehensiveness and breadth of his mind, enabling him to view the question in all its relations. It is owing more perhaps to his power of grasping principles, and of divesting whatever is permanent and lasting of questions of local and temporary interest. But it would be most unjust to ascribe to mere intellect, the wisdom displayed in such a career. The keenest human sagacity will sometimes fail, and it is only when controlled by upright principles and an honest heart that it is a safe guide. It is when we regard his great intellect equalled by his great heart, his far-seeing sagacity controlled by pure principle, that we look upon Webster with the highest degree of reverence. The consistency and wisdom displayed in his public career is to be ascribed in part to a far-seeing and sagacious intellect; but mostly to the fact that he has ever acted in obedience to the dictates of established principle, and the impulses of a great and noble heart. His public life, the history of which is a part of the history of his country, displays nothing of the low cunning and contemptible trickery of the time-serving politicians.

Where he might have advanced his own interests, by yielding to the current of popular opinion, he has fearlessly and manfully withstood that current. When the Constitution was assailed, instead of leaving an administration, to which he was opposed, to contend with the difficulties by which it was surrounded, he hastened at once to the defence of that Constitution. It was enough for him that the Constitution was in danger, and he forgot every personal or party consideration.

Men may differ in regard to the measures he has advocated and opposed, but one who reads his speeches with candor and fairness can hardly doubt that he has ever acted from pure motives and upright principles. It has been with no selfish or unworthy aim, that he has stood up to defend the Constitution, and has watched with such wakeful vigilance, over the principles of

“A watchful form of glorious government.”

We have endeavored to speak of Webster in this brief sketch with

the feelings with which we would speak of any great and true man of any party or of any state. We have not yet learned to judge of a man by the party name he bears on the "state lines" by which he is surrounded. We would cheerfully give to any one who deserved it the honor we give to Webster for his massive intellectual strength, his noble and statesman-like career, and his purity of heart and principle. Neither do we intend to speak in the spirit of party feeling, when we say that few events could happen at which we should more heartily rejoice than at the election of Daniel Webster to the highest office in the gift of this people. It could indeed add little to the splendor of a name which shall diffuse through the dark depth, of Time its vivid flame. But it would give honor and dignity to our government. It would vindicate our country from the reproaches which have been cast upon it. It would show to the world that the people of the country can appreciate and will reward faithful public services and lofty patriotism. It would show to the youth of our land, that to intriguing demagogues and blood-stained heroes, the highest honors shall not be always given. And at this time, when many seem to cherish with pleasure the hope of seeing one election arrayed against another, there are some to whom it would be a gladder sight to see a great nation rallying for the support of their tried and faithful champion.

His own lasting fame is secure. No hand can pluck the laurels from his brow, and time will not soon blot a life record "deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind." While the fabric of our government remains—while patriotism and integrity are regarded—while greatness and goodness find admirers, the name of Webster will be honored.

"Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven;  
No monuments set off his memory  
But the eternal substance of his greatness."

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#### A SENTIMENT. *Triggs.*

A man must have more power than human,  
To always please a wayward woman;  
Though Love may for a moment catch her,  
The Deil himself can never match her!

W. B.

## THE FOREST LAKE.

FAR in a forest's silent shade,  
Where Spring's first beams awake  
The beauties of the woodland glade,  
There sleeps a quiet lake.  
Deep in the valley is its bed,  
Where storms heave not its breast,  
And rising hills with groves o'erspread  
Are guardians of its rest.

The changing seasons come and go,  
Leaving their traces there;  
When vernal suns dissolve the snow  
And warm the wintry air,  
Then spring the flow'rets coyly gay,  
To yield their fragrant store,  
And every boon of smiling May  
Bedecks the sloping shore.

When Summer comes with fervent ray,  
The joyful year to greet,  
She bids a gentle zephyr stay  
To fan this lone retreat.  
And while the garden treasures fade,  
Or droop their wilting stems,  
Here spring beneath the gen'rous shade  
A thousand blooming gems.

At evening, when the sun has gone  
Behind the hills afar,  
And shades of twilight hasting on  
Disclose the earliest star,  
The banks around with woody crest,  
And azure vaulted sky,  
Reflected on the lake's calm breast,  
In mirror'd beauty lie.

This forest lake I often sought,  
 When youthful sadness came,  
 Before my childish vision caught  
 A glimpse of transient fame.  
 If hope look'd dark, or fortune frown'd,  
 And forced the bitter tear,  
 My troubled bosom always found  
 A gentle solace here.

And now that stronger surges flow  
 In life's uncertain stream,  
 A selfish world shall never know  
 How hard my fortunes seem.  
 May I but rest beside this lake,  
 Forgetful of my care;  
 My throbbing heart will cease to ache,  
 And drown its sorrows there.

A.

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### RAMBLING THOUGHTS. *Contd.*

"There may be wisdom in stray words; knowledge may be spoken unthinkingly, and a moral lesson may sometimes be learned from thoughts expressed by the careless pen of an unbridled fancy."

LAZINESS and ambition—these two principles, it would seem, hold alternate sway in the human mind; the former now alluring to heedlessness and ease, the latter now pointing ahead to greatness and a lasting name. In some cases one appears to gain a complete ascendancy over the other; frequently one is made the means of the other's ends; and occasionally they dwell harmoniously together within the same breast. To look at these principles a little more in detail, let us consider first the *lazy man*. Of him—his habits, his way of doing (or rather *not* doing) things, and his appearance in general, we

would attempt no facetious description. That is a task which we are fain to leave for the pens of such writers as Dickens—writers whom Nature seems to have designed especially for detecting little peculiarities of character and manner in their fellows, and exhibiting these peculiarities so faithfully, and yet humorously, as to make every man a laughing-stock unto himself. The advantages of being utterly lazy are manifold and apparent. Laziness renders a man insensible to the jostling interests and petty vexations of the noisy world. Though the laws of the universe should fail, and disorder reign throughout the material world; though the bonds of society should give way, and anarchy threaten mankind; yet, wrapped up in his stupidity as securely as an oyster in his shell, the lazy man can contemplate, with a serene indifference, the warring of the elements and the convulsions of states and kingdoms. In the words of the Roman lyric poet, himself professedly a votary of ease,

“ Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinae.”

Such a man is above (though some might say *beneath*) “the world’s dread laugh.” *Odi profanum vulgus* is a favorite maxim with him, and he smiles at the lifted scourge of popular displeasure. True philosophy never engendered a calmer spirit, the principles of stoicism never removed one farther from the ills of human life. The past with all its guilt is gone, and he cares not; the future with its dread penalties has yet to come, and he trembles not; the joyous present is here, and it is the part of true wisdom to enjoy it. If he happens to be a student, the fear of *marks* is not before his eyes; no elaborate argumentation can prove to his mind that a “*flunk*” is not perfectly compatible with true genius. No rude alarms from the Chapel tower can awake him to the claims of the morning recitation. If he be disturbed at all, it is only enough to say with Horace,

“ ————— impium  
Lenite clamorem, sodales,  
Et cubito remanete presso.”

It is Solomon, if we mistake not, who speaks of the *woes* of the slug-gard; and the opinion of an author so high in the public esteem, we would not affect to despise. What he says may be true of the restless spirit which mistakes its calling and tries to be what Providence designed in others. It is not at all unnatural that one thus playing

truant with his Maker should experience an occasional twinge of remorse. But no such stings of conscience should be imputed to the man with whom laziness is a deep-rooted and innate principle of his being. In his case we should more naturally expect *activity* to be followed by the smittings of the silent monitor. For him to act would seem a sin. In so doing he is false to his destiny, and he deserves to feel the bitterness of transgression.

But if genuine laziness be a source of peace within, it is no less a surety of favor abroad, possessing all the secret charms which Oriental fancy ascribed to the wonderful ring of Badoura. It spreads a calmness and dignity over the countenance which rebuke impertinence and attract esteem. It imparts to the eye that pensive, drooping look which bespeaks a thoughtful soul retired in solemn converse with itself. Silence and abstraction—these two draw a veil of mystery around the man, and all admire what no one understands. So true is that saying of Tacitus, *omne ignotum pro magnifico est*. Not far behind the sage is he who understands the true philosophy of “keeping dark.” But, would you see its magic power instinctively exercised, watch carefully the man whose noblest achievements consist in doing nothing in an imposing manner. Laziness corrects the quick, elastic step, by which we mark the blustering shallow-pate, and teaches one to move deliberately among the hurrying crowd with an air of importance and command. The lazy man is seldom communicative, and hence his opinions, when expressed, fall on the ear of the multitude like the responses of an oracle; he generally has the reputation of an extensive acquaintance with books, and an exhaustless fund of general information; he has never done a great thing, for the want of a great occasion; and only awaits some suitable opportunity to enforce that homage which is due to vigor and grasp of mind. He is, withal, a very religious man; never disbelieves the Bible that he may escape vexatious discussion; goes to church because it is disagreeable staying at home, and, rather than criticise the preacher, kindly goes to sleep; he is a firm believer in the “golden rule,” and loves his enemies because it is too much trouble to hate them.

Hitherto, we have usually conformed to the general custom of regarding the lazy man as an object of contempt. But from this time, we shall feel disposed to view him with a more lenient eye. Of others, it may truly be said, that life is a struggle; but of him, as truly, that is to vegetate; its end, to die. The potter hath power over the

clay ; then why should we chide the vessel ? Why strive to arouse his dormant energies by a golden prospect of honor, with all its good things, if he already possess the boon which it is supposed to confer ? When a man has all he wants, there is no motive to seek for more. And yet, we grudge him not his peace of mind ; being of a restless temperament, we view his quiet as the sluggishness of a spirit which stirs not till the prize of action has sped its flight. His sleep may be peaceful, but it is the slumber of a soul which wakes not to the hard struggles of the present—startled by no premonition of a retributive future !

And now for a few words on the opposite principle, *ambition*. But here, if not before, we may be met with the charge of confounding original principles with what may be regarded as nothing more than the result of a peculiar physical constitution or certain general laws of mind. To this charge we plead guilty, urging, however, in extenuation of a philosophical blunder, that metaphysical distinctions form no part of our present object. It is sufficient for us to know that we are engaged in an analysis of well-known *facts*, the nature of which is still unchanged, call them what we will. Nor may it be thought strictly correct to consider ambition as the opposite of sluggishness, since in many instances they are found to be perfectly compatible ; but, availing ourselves of the prerogative of all writers to call things by what names they please, provided they define such names, we shall proceed, regardless of exposure to criticism.

Leaving, then, the dormant and contented spirit, we will speak of the ever-wakeful and restless. And what is it to have a *restless spirit* ? Come around, ye shades of the mighty, and deem us not impious if in your lives we seek a solution of the question. With the Poet, to task one's intellect in solitude, sigh along the path of the wild wind, muse amid the fury of storms, to woo the mild stars, seeking mystery in their cold, silent orbs, recording with tremulous hand the new-born thought, to writhe beneath the critic's scourge or loathe the base adulation of the multitude, and then to die alone and forgotten in some crumbling tenement, leaving behind, as the sum of all these toils, that

" Life is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing ;"—

with the Statesman, to toil, going down into the human heart to discover the elements of human government, seeking to remould society,

thereby hoping to incorporate personal history with that of nations, and then going to seek in the grave that repose which the world denied, with the bitter reflection from experience that "monarchies are cruel and republics ungrateful;"—with the Philosopher, to make life the scene of vexatious experiment, trying to unravel the subtle web of light, boldly bidding the stars give up their long kept secrets, burrowing to the earth's molten centre; to trace all the nice affinities of mind and matter, analyze human passions and thoughts, and then leave, as the only lesson learned, that it is the sum of earthly wisdom

"To teach how little man can know;"—

this it is to have a restless spirit—this is ambition. There have been artists, who lived to body forth in graceful forms the creations of fancy, and who died of grief that the marble could not be made animate and vocal; there have been reformers, who smoothed the rough road of human progress, and who longed to sleep peacefully beneath the noisy tread of an ungrateful world; there have been chieftains, who wore the honors of heroism, and who shrank from the thought that their dirge would be the wail of the bereaved—all were men who, from the cup of human praise,

"——— drank draughts

Which common millions might have quenched; then died  
Of thirst because there was no more to drink."

And this, too, is it to have a restless spirit—this is the harvest of ambition. Seeking rest and finding none—on this inspired sentiment how touching a commentary is much of human life!

But is it true that this insatiable thirst after new acquisitions has no sympathy with happiness and peace of mind? Must genius feel that every fresh contribution to human knowledge and improvement is to be made at the expense of personal weal? Not so, if we have read aright the emotions of him who pursues his investigations with a chastened and subdued spirit. But why should we stop to enumerate the familiar names of great and good men, whose most arduous labors have been ministers of delight to the tenderest passions of their hearts? There may be no pleasure in the tedious and difficult processes of mathematical inquiry for him who seeks, not truth, but a name; the refined speculations of the abstract thinker only confound and vex us if we fail to trace them through with a patient and lowly

mind ; no one can derive enjoyment from the almost endless classifications and details of the naturalist, until he has learned the secret, so seldom learned, of perceiving beauty and harmony in the driest assemblages of facts. How different the prospect which these departments of study and research unfold to him who goes forth in the true spirit of philosophy to work out the great problem of his destiny ! He can bear the sword of action with no peril to himself, for he is " clothed and in his right mind." The two extremes of his nature are reconciled—happiness walks hand-in-hand with ambition. Such is our *ideal* of a student ;—one who has found out the art of making every exertion a minister to enlargement and generosity of soul.

Cease then, taunting Skepticism, to lift thy cruel boast above the hopeless sighs of the dying Alchymist, for his fondest dreams have been realized in degree, if not in kind. In the secret laboratory of the human spirit, the great and good have detected an element which can transmute all the toils and drudgeries of life into golden feasts of soul, and make the intensest intellectual exertion more than a substitute for all the pleasures of sense. Tell me not, wild Fiction, of thy talismanic gems which could thwart the purposes of malignant Genii ; nor of thy Acanthus fly, which bore within itself an antidote to the poison of its sting, for here is an art more wonderful than all these, which reduces discord to harmony, conciliates enmity, and from restlessness itself extracts serene quietude. Sluggishness may prey on a negative good, consisting in the absence of sensibility to pain ; activity, chastened and properly directed, revels in the untold delights of actual possession. Mindful of the past, and awake to the present, but chiefly anxious for the future, it sows, with an unsparing benevolence, the seeds of truth, which

" Shall deck its grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield it fruits divine in Heaven's immortal bowers."

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We have just been spending a leisure hour in glancing at a collection of poetry by American authors, chiefly of New England origin ; and, while thus engaged, we became somewhat interested in a single

fact suggested by their perusal, which may have occurred to our readers before, but which we do not remember to have previously noticed. We refer to the influence of Autumnal scenery on the poetry of our country. Where, in English poetry, can anything be found to compare with the exquisite little pieces of Bryant and some others on the pensive beauties of the dying year? Brainard, Wilcox, Allston, Peabody and Longfellow, also, not to mention others, have written some of their finest pieces amid the moaning winds, falling leaves and fading flowers of Autumn. Willis is almost the only exception of any note. And this we should naturally expect from one of his gay and mirthful make. Nature has no power to tame his roving, bird-like fancy, and bring it into sympathy with her solemn and pensive hours. He is too fond of looking at the ludicrous side of life; amid his most thoughtful reveries there is an occasional wantonness, delicately couched in some artful metaphor, which does great dishonor to the solemnity of his subject. We have only to read his *Sacred Poems* in order to see how ridiculous the rake will sometimes appear in trying to pass himself off for a saint. Yet we must confess that Willis seldom drops the mask while playing his deceptive part. These poems contain many passages of extreme delicacy, quite in keeping with our purest and holiest thoughts; but in almost every page we can detect some frivolous expression, some lascivious idea, figuring among more pious thoughts like a harlequin at the communion table, which does violence to our most liberal views of sacred poetry. When he attempts to give us a picture of vernal beauty, it is the "delicate footed May," the breeze

"—— wantoning with the rose,  
And stooping to kiss the violet."

or something else equally offensive to strict Puritanical taste. Even in the grave and pathetic "*Absalom*" he cannot give us a minute description of the ghastly corse, straightened for the grave, without noticing the silken locks falling in rich clusters about the pale brow,

"As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing  
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls."

He can write the sweetest of devotional pieces, but is evidently laughing in his sleeve while he writes, as we may suppose the crafty Deceiver to have done while talking so piously to the unsuspecting Eve. To keep us from forgetting, however, that he is not at all punctillious

in sacred affairs, he contrives now and then to give an audible chuckle, yet all so very genteelly that it requires a scrupulousness approaching bigotry to censure his impiety. With such a wild and susceptible spirit, we say, it is not at all wonderful that he should have so little disposition to commune with Nature in her sadder aspects. If we mistake not, he has made a criticism on himself, as just to this boyish phase in his character as any one else could give him ; when he speaks of religious thoughts as

“ Things that come o'er me with a thrill,  
And leave me silent, sad, and still,  
And throw upon my brow  
A holier and a gentler cast,  
That is *too innocent to last.*”

But we are not writing a criticism on Willis. Enough of these have appeared already, both in this country and in England, to satisfy his own vanity as well as the fastidiousness of the religious public. We only wished to call the attention of our readers to the fact, that we are indebted to our Autumnal scenery for some of the finest specimens of American poetry ; not suppressing the hope that others may yet arise who shall do full justice to this crowning charm of Nature in New England. It would be pleasant to transfer some of these, entire, to our pages ; but we must forbear, presuming that all are sufficiently well acquainted with them to make selections for themselves, much more agreeable to their own tastes than any we might suggest. We crave indulgence, however, to make a single quotation from Peabody, inasmuch as he is a favorite of ours in this kind of poetical composition, possessing an exquisitely chaste and delicate imagination, combined with a deep religious pathos, which, in every varying form of nature, sees some touching emblem of life or death to the Christian.

“ The wind breathes low ; the withering leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
So gently flows the parting breath  
When good men cease to be. .

“ On many a tree the Autumn throws  
Its brilliant robes of red ;  
As sickness lights the cheeks of those  
It hastens to the dead.”

Who would doubt that Bryant's celebrated "Thanatopsis" was composed amid the fading glories of Autumn? There is a deep and solemn grandeur throughout the poem wholly unbecoming a gayer season of the year. We seem to hear its manly pathos, like a low funeral dirge, breathed gently forth amid the crumbling monuments of loveliness and majesty. We can fancy the poet standing alone in some ancient church-yard; the aged and defaced tomb-stones leaning pensively over their charge of sleeping dust; the flowers, spoiled of beauty and fragrance, bowed gently on their blighted stalks; the wind sighing sadly among the naked and drooping boughs of mourning trees; the chime of vespers and the hum of distant life blending sweetly with its soft and gentle mean; the weary sun retiring through the golden gates of the West, casting far back across fading landscapes the lengthened shadows of mountain peaks and towering pines, and smiting with his beams the sluggish waters, till they became, as of old, like blood; and as he gazed, and listened, and mused, fancy opened to his vision the solemn past, bidding him look down through its long dim vistas, and behold the ancient forms of patriarchs and holy seers and kings of the infant world moving in stately silence along the realm of shades. At such an hour he could look Death calmly and fearlessly in the face, and give utterance to his full heart in that noble and manly appeal which closes the poem. But, notwithstanding all Bryant's efforts to make Death an agreeable and lovely companion, the grim guest ever approaches, when in earnest, with a gloomy and forbidding countenance; and, although in our musing hours we may think differently, still it will generally prove true:

" In vain the flattering verse may breathe,  
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife;  
There is a sacred fear of death  
Inwoven with the strings of life."

---

The dreams of sleep are but the hopes of life,  
Extremest joys are the soul's bitterest strife,  
And he who fits for Heaven should have a scolding Wife.

W. B.

SELF REVERENCE. *Poland.*

SOME twenty-four centuries ago, Pythagoras who heard music among the heavenly spheres, Pythagoras the profound scholar, the illustrious sage, the solemn and majestic man, uttered a great truth in the court of the temple of Wisdom. It echoed through the dim aisles and cathedral arches of the Middle Ages; pealed its warning note along the strange and shadowy corridors of German Metaphysics; rung through the stately halls of the Schools of Scotland; and now, in the very Sanctuary of the temple, bursts upon us—"Of all things reverence thyself most."\*

The lips which thus spoke, have long been silent. The disciples who so implicitly obeyed his precepts that any mandate became oracular if they could but say of it *αυτος εφη*, are nameless and forgotten. The tenets of his great philosophic school are now so vague and mystic as to be almost unintelligible. But this proud thought has survived the ravages of Time; has escaped the Vandalism of the Dark Ages; and, stamped with the signet of Immortality, speaks to us to-day and bids us to attend to its great teachings.

Self-Reverence—in what does it consist? We revere that which is great and wonderful and magnificent, towering above us like some eternal pyramid,—profound below the reach of human ken. We revere that which is majestic and glorious and grand. At that which is strange and incomprehensible, we stand in awe; but if we comprehend partly and find it good, we must revere. Reverence is homage. It is the unconsciously bowing down before greatness, not in idolatrous adoration, but in the worship which is always due to it—the worship of honor, of respect, and of awe.

Considering then the nature of this feeling, and the qualities which necessarily excite it, let us inquire what there is in man which should call forth his own reverence.

And first, I answer, man should reverence himself in view of his origin. Of this physical frame I do not now speak. It is indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made," but the earth-dust was its parent, and the earth-worm is waiting to riot on its beauty and its majesty. It is the soul which constitutes the man, and in its origin it is worthy of rev-

\* "Παντων δε μαλιστα προσκυνηο σαι τον."†

erence. No highest archangel formed the human spirit. No glowing seraph warmed it into life and bade it be forever. It was too nice a work to be left to so bungling an artificer. *God is the Infinite Sire of the human soul!* Divinity made man in his own image, and the image of God should be revered.

I reply secondly, man should reverence himself in view of his wonderful and mysterious nature. Man is wonderful in the faculties of his intellect. In the power of abstract conceptions; in the creative energy of his mind by which new thoughts are made; by the potency of his reason and the fervor of his persuasion wherewith he constrains men, by the magic wand of memory, recreating that which has been, but is no longer; by the love and hate which he bears, *and must bear*, to things around him; by that expansiveness and flexibility of intellect which 'dares to number the stars' and presses hard after God among those glorious orbs, and which, in the silence of reflective thought, interrogates the intangible spirit and boldly asks its nature. There is no knowledge which it has not striven after. Time does not restrain it; space does not compass it. It has proudly grasped with the mightiest truths—has affirmed all things—has denied all things, and has even *impiously dared ask God if he exists!*

Man is mysterious. That he intuitively believes some things and disbelieves others is a mystery. That he is ever changing, yet ever identically the same, is a strange mystery. The night-dreams of his slumber and the day-dreams of his imagination are deeply mysterious. The iron Destiny which seems to encircle him, and the struggles of his free spirit against it—are not these strange things? But why allude to such matters? His *very existence* is a "mystery of mysteries," and he has never been able to solve it. The simplest question of his own being baffles him. I have seen the philosopher in the trance of thought; I have gazed on his troubled brow and marked the restless flashing of his eye; and when he cried in a wild and nervous tone "*What is Life?*" there was a startling silence, and echo whispered—"Life!" *It was the only answer!* As a wonder and a mystery then, man is worthy of his own reverence.

Once more, in view of his destiny man should be self-reverent. Man's destiny—what shall I say of it? It is enough to say that the soul can never die. That man should be self-reverent is demonstrated when I say that his destiny is immortality. In the longings of his heart, in the teachings of his nature, and in the promise of God he may rest secure of immortality. In that word there is an

awful grandeur of existence forever! When the "Star-Galaxies" shall reel dizzily through space, and go crushing down into eternal darkness, then the young immortal shall plume its wings for its higher, its broader destiny. In it is disclosed an infinite development of ever expanding capacities. Behold that Immortality looking down serenely upon us. It is crowded full of mighty thoughts and glorious deeds. It broods solemnly upon the soul, and its awful fruition is a greatness of that soul at which imagination staggers. Proud destiny of man that he is immortal!

If man should be self-reverent in view of his origin, his powers and his destiny, how ought we to act in life! The precepts of morality here come up and demand enforcement. The claims of Religion plead mightily for utterance. But even in view of intellectual culture, if God made the mind, it should be cultivated. If it is wonderful and mysterious in its nature, the mystery should be unfolded and the wonder apparent. If Eternity is to be its duration, the Universe its dwelling place, and Immortality its destiny, there is a training which is due to it—a preparation which all should make.

Now, as that immortality is fronting you, as it is looking down with its calm everlasting eye, let your warrior-souls be trained to confront it, and your spirits purified for its awful scrutiny!

RALPH.

---

OLD BOOKS.

*France.*

NO. II.

"They are the  
Registers, the chronicles of the age  
They were made in, and speak the truth of history  
Better than a hundred of your printed  
Communications."—*Antiquary.*

AN old book in a modern binding, looks as bewildered as an old lady decked in the bright regalia of a maiden age. It seems contrary to the intention of the venerable author, who doubtless meant that the gold should be in the thoughts, and not on the cover. It is a sort of sacrilege, not essentially different from that of pulling down an old tomb-stone all mossy and scarified by time, with its quaint

inscription almost effaced, and substituting in its stead, a tall monument of graceful form, with a patent French epigram upon its face.

There is no inspiration in your old books put up in gilt and muslin—nothing to dream over and send the thoughts rushing back on their fond errand to the venerable past. That certainly is a perverted taste, which binds up our standard works so elegantly that one dares not open them, lest he should soil the delicate cover, or injure the polished edges. No, let us have our favorites in their old garb, and let us feel when we read them that the author was conscious he was writing for the lower shelf of an antiquarian library.

Some of our venerable black-letter acquaintances were once subjected to a sort of literary martyrdom, which must have been quite affecting. They have been really and literally "cut up," but not by the critics. Will you listen to their story. They belonged to the library of a convent in Italy which was plundered by an invading soldiery. The general being somewhat desirous of other distinctions than those of arms, and having also the acquaintance of many who devoted themselves to literary pursuits, gave orders that the books should be stowed away in boxes, for the more convenient transportation of them. The boxes were not of exactly the requisite size; and the soldiers being ignorant of the nature of the spoils, performed their work by sawing one diagonally, dividing another horizontally, and clipping each of the corners of the third! This was doing literary labor with a vengeance; yet these martyred remains were carefully collected, and have been "gotten up" in modern style by enterprising publishers with a *fancy-piece* portrait of their author!

Yet there are some advantages in reading an old author in a new dress. One of these is the superior finish or despatch which can be attained. This is surely an object; for unless something of the kind be employed, how is one to figure successfully in company, when asked for a criticism upon every author from Moses down to the "last new novel." But seriously, these reprints, with the usual improvements, are preventing a vast amount of intemperance in the articles of eye-sight and patience. The whiteness of the paper, and the clear, firm impression are certainly more adapted for convenience than an older form. Still further, readers are more numerous, and reprints are necessary; and we rejoice in the fact; for, attached as we are to anything like a book with antique covers and dingy yellow paper, or massive type, yet we are pleased to know that the public taste demands the issue of the works of the older authors.

We have lately welcomed one of this sort to our table, and some rich hours we have had in its company. It is "*The Works of Montaigne*," edited by William Hazlitt,—a regular London edition of some 640 pages. Here we have a volume of essays upwards of three hundred years old, which, save their style, are as fresh and warm with the tokens of our common humanity as if they had been written but yesterday. To read Montaigne with pleasure, it is needful to call to mind the circumstances in which he wrote. He was the originator of that style of writing called the Essay, which has been so much used and so much honored since his time. He writes apparently without effort—he had expended his strength upon the thoughts, and the pomp of fully rounded periods was unknown to him. His essays are a transcript of himself—of one who had mingled enough with the world to be a practical man; and yet they have the full air and spirit of a philosopher. They have the stamp of being written not for the public eye, but for the private review of his own reflections upon any subject that had arrested his thoughtful mind. Hence he is always simple, always unostentatious. In proof of this let me transcribe a portion of his preface, which is, on many accounts, a fair representation of the author.

"This, reader, is a book without guile. It tells thee, at the very outset, that I had no other end in putting it together but what was domestic and private. I had no regard therein either to thy service or my glory; my powers are equal to no such design. It was intended for the particular use of my relations and friends, in order that, when they have lost me, which they must soon do, they may here find some traces of my quality and humor, and may thereby nourish a more entire and lively recollection of me. Had I proposed to court the favor of the world, I had set myself out in borrowed beauties; but 't was my wish to be seen in my simple, natural, and ordinary garb, without study or artifice, for 't was myself I had to paint. My defects will appear to the life, in all their native form, as far as consists with respect to the public. Had I been born among those nations who, 't is said, still live in the pleasant liberty of the law of nature, I assure thee I should readily have depicted myself at full length and quite naked. Thus, reader, thou perceivest I am myself the subject of my book; 't is not worth thy while to take up thy time longer with such a frivolous matter; so fare thee well."

There are different ways of reading a book. Some commence at the close of the volume, and read over the notices of the work by the press and the reviewers. Some leap from the title page to chapter first. Some—and myself among the number—believing that an

author who cannot furnish a good preface cannot write a good book, devour as thoroughly as possible the former, together with the index, before attacking the latter. But whatever the reading habits, let no one attempt Montaigne before he has studied carefully the preface. If he does not admire this, he will not be at all pleased with the volume itself.

We have said that he has evidently written for his own pleasure and not for the public eye. And this brings us to the most serious charge preferred against him—that of egotism. This appears to us not so grave a fault in Montaigne. All men are egotists. They are born so; or, if it be not natural, it is the earliest acquirement. Nor is there much difference in the *quantum* with which men are endowed; some having the wit to conceal it, while others have not. He who is his own trumpeter disgusts us. He who parades his defects to provoke praise from flatterers is despicable. But he, who, like Montaigne, assumes that the operations of his own mind are similar to those of others, and thus records them, is far from outraging our sense of propriety. Indeed, nothing is more pleasing than to see a man of broad intellect and capacious soul occasionally descend from the stilts which conventional rules have prescribed for an author, and mingle among his fellow-men. This is precisely the style of egotism possessed by Montaigne. It is a kind of familiarity which conciliates while it instructs. To condemn this familiarity implies somewhat more egotism in the one who makes the charge, than in him against whom it is preferred.

There is one prominent feature in our author that cannot fail to attract the notice of every reader. It is the full and clear statement of the sentiment. He does not keep it in store, page after page, continually hinting at his design, until all patience is exhausted. He does not tear piecemeal the sentiment, and scatter the *disjecta membra* over chapter and section; but the whole of his truth is developed in a single sentence. The thought is a crystal, and that, too, of a primary form.

No writer, if we except Voltaire, has done more to influence the minds of his countrymen than Montaigne. Nor has this influence been confined to France; but he has been regarded as a model in that kind of writing, which seeks to combine pleasure with instruction, and introduce to the mind the most weighty reflections clad in the garb of a free, and we had almost said, a conversational style.

Yes, we repeat it; we love the productions of the old authors.

They are a sort of literary daguerreotype, wherein one sees not the features of the writer only, but the full lineaments of our common nature. It is strange that many a reflection which we had thought to belong to ourselves alone, was venerable with age before our birth, and that, after all, we are but imitators. There is nothing which will more effectually check the pride of a prating originality, than to find that its choicest themes had, long ago, been the subject of reflection and remark by the scholars and writers of those olden times.

E.

---

 EDITORS' CORNER.

Gould.

"THERE is a certain relief in change, even though it be from bad to worse. As I have found, in travelling in a stage-coach, that it is often a comfort to shift one's position and be bruised in a new place.—*Irving*.

"O what a happy thing it is  
And joyful for to see,  
Brethren to dwell together in  
Friendship and unity.

*One of the Psalms.*

"Allow me, Sir, the honor of grasping your hand--permit me, Sir, to shake it."  
*Grave man in Pickwick Papers.*

"Halloo, Winkle, where in the name of literature and our subscribers is that next number of the Indicator? here it is going on—"

"Confound your warm feelings, Obadiah," was our somewhat cooling rebuff to the fore-written remembrancer, uttered by that editorial limb as he came running alongside from prayers the other evening, and enforced his fraternal hint with a smart whack upon our shoulders. "What is the use in forever punching that Indicator into a man's sensibilities? But how are the documents? Any poetry handed in yet?"

"Not a whit—alarming state o' things!"

"Meet at my room at eight o'clock—speak to Boniface—some decisive measures must be taken."

"And now, dear reader, before we raise the curtain from the grave deliberations of that illustrious trio, we have a word for thine own private ear. Didst ever covet the lot of an editor? If so, Heaven spare thee the proof of thy folly! Covet the joys of the bankrupt striving to appease his hungry creditors with six per cent.; envy the poor Fresh as his pleasant dreams are chased away by a horde of cater-wauling Sophs; change conditions with the disconsolate lever as he commends

himself to the "tender mercies" of hemp; but never covet the office or honors of an editor in these degenerate times of literary stagnation and poetical debility on this Muse-forsaken hill of Learning, (It may be worth while to remark, that "college hill" was formerly supposed to be the effect of the "drift-agency;" but more recent geological investigations have rendered it highly probable that "river action" has played an important part in shaping its physiognomy.) where the poor brain heated knight of the quill must turn aside to breast, single-handed, the clamors and criticisms of some dozen score subscribers. Now we might submit to all this could we take our own time; but this *periodical* grinding out of ideas "to order at the shortest notice" is quite subversive of our favorite notions of personal independence. For our own part we are a strong stickler for "favored moments." One may be able to presume with a tolerable degree of certainty on his comparative efficiency, at some future period, in the way of demolishing a wood-pile, or cleaning a given quantum of shells, or even in unravelling the abstrusities of Brown and Stewart; but to serve up for a fastidious public a "feast of reason," spiced liberally with wit, logic, and good nature; to be at once racy and profound, instructive and humorous; to melt with pathos and charm with poetry,

"Untwisting all the chains  
That tie the hidden soul of harmony,"

Demands the "white-chalk days" of a student's life.

There are hours when the blood courses sluggishly around the heart, and clouds and darkness gather over the spirit; when life seems like one long unbroken waste of doubt and sadness and disappointed hope; when the mind shrinks exhausted at the very sight of toil, magnifying mole-hills into mountains, and panting for rest as the hart for the water-brooks. And then again a change comes over the spirit, and life leaps through the veins with the vigor and freshness of childhood; the eye reads hope and beauty in every sun-beam, and the ear catches music in every breeze; every face seems to lighten with friendship at our approach, and every heart to throb in sympathy with our own; the severest toil becomes mere pastime, and the mind seems

"To stoop to touch the loftest thought."

Such are the happy moments we would gladly seize upon, dear reader, wherewith to commune with thee in this our chosen corner; but Fate and the printer's diabolus regard not time and seasons, and we must drive our quill for better or worse.

We were sitting in our sanctum on the evening referred to above, quietly lodged in the arm-chair of editorial life, and musing idly on the joys and ills thereunto pertaining, when a loud thumping at the door, followed by a nasal witticism from Boniface, and a suppressed giggle from Obadiah, announced the arrival of those two very important attachments of the editorial *corps*.

"Come in" was the somewhat imperative response within doors, uttered with a sort of guttural twang, and in rushed Boniface with a bacchanalian shout, and Obadiah's dexter hand firmly grasped in his skirts.

"Gentlemen," interposed Winkle emphatically, and rising from his seat to the full extent of his corporeal longitude, "such conduct does violence to the sanctity of the place and the more refined and chastened emotions of the human heart.

You are aware of the occasion which has brought us together at this hour, in this most interesting of all relations, nay, I may say, this most endearing of all connections which can bind together kindred minds. It is to take into consideration the alarming retardation and unprecedented decline of the poetical talent in this college; and to devise, if possible, some effective measures whereby we can resuscitate and breathe new life into this sinking department of literary effort; or at least clear our own skirts of guilt as the appointed guardians and protectors of this periodical." Winkle having delivered himself at a breath of this luminous exposition of the nature and object of the meeting, resumed his seat with more than usual momentum, as if to give an additional force to his remarks; while Boniface and Obadiah, suddenly impressed with the responsibilities of the hour, brought themselves with all possible speed into a deliberative attitude, the former stowing himself away as usual in the rocking-chair, and the latter suspending his bodily appurtenances in graceful convolutions between our flag-bottomed and study table.

"Well, fellers, what's to be done in view of matters and things? Can't we scare up some poetry somewhere?" remarked Boniface by way of introducing the topic.

"I fear it will be a desperate attempt," rejoined Obadiah. "Not a single poetical correspondent;" and thereupon he wiped his spectacles.

"You will recollect, gentlemen," observed Winkle in his official capacity, "that at our last meeting, Obadiah was requested to embody a few concise and pleasing reflections on the subject of poetry,—particularly in reference to its indefinable essence and causes of decline; and present the result of his lucubrations before the editorial board. Is the gentleman prepared to lay before us any reflections upon the subject?" A modest blush suffused the countenance of Obadiah as he drew from his pocket a small manuscript and approached the light.

"The magnitude of the task," he observed by way of prelude, "you have imposed upon me, gentlemen, I trust will bespeak your indulgence for its imperfect execution."

#### THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

"Man is by nature a poetical animal. There is an expansive principle within him ever stretching forth after the awful, the sublime, and the tremendous. His breast at one time may be likened to a fountain bubbling with emotion and pathos; at another, to the illimitable ocean boiling and heaving with a storm of conflicting passions; or to this earth shaken with internal throes by the powerful agency of mundane caloric. Who does not delight to stand upon the shore of the vast ocean and feel his bosom swell out with the overwhelming infinitude of the scene? Who, I say, has a heart of such inhuman impenetrability, as not to stand entranced with sensations of intellectual delectation and moral sublimity? Who does not delight to walk abroad in the fields and gaze upon the beauties of nature, and the fat cattle, and all those other objects that are calculated to awaken pleasing and intense emotions.

Poetry is an inward heaving of the unutterable. It is a mysterious link between the invisible and infinite. Indeed I may say it holds a most important

rank in the estimation of all mankind. I trust I shall not be charged with egotism if I say that poetry is my delight. It comes to the heart in the still night with a kind of soothing influence, and we feel as though the world was a sham. It meets us in the stern duties of daylight, and we swell with feelings of remarkable intensity. It is with deep regret I have witnessed the gradual decline of poetry in this institution. It has seemed to me in view of this approaching disaster, as though the sunlight of genius was about to melt away in the thick haze of intellectual moonshine. But while the current of sublimity courses through my own bosom, I shall not fail to sacrifice my own humble talents upon the altar of poetry and song. I have accidentally met with one or two effusions, which I am emboldened to hope will touch a chord in your own refined and delicate natures. [Here Obadiah's eyes glared wildly with poetic fervor, perceptible even through his spectacles, as he commenced the following beautiful and stirring lines.]

#### MUSINGS BY TWILIGHT.

It is very pleasant to walk out alone  
And have a gentle sadness greet us,  
As we think over ten thousand things,  
And listen to the hum of mosquitoes.

A tender feeling heaves my bosom  
As I look up to a little star,  
And think what a tremendous great way off  
It is up there——O very far!

I love to look round all about me,  
And see every thing I can see,  
And think what a world we live in!  
How extensive it has got to be!

The following lines, in imitation of the ancient Sapphic metre, I regard as more exquisitely tender. They were suggested to the mind on meeting with a dead kitten.

#### LINES TO A DEAD KITTEN.

Say, little innocent all stiffened and dead,  
What was the cause of bruising your head;  
Alas! with a brickbat must it be said  
You was hit  
Murdered kit?

Or seized with distress when no one was nigh,  
When skipping and playing and feeling very high,  
All at once dropping ill on the ground, did you die  
In a fit  
Wretched kit?

Alas ! little one all covered with fur,  
No more shall we hear your soft little purr,  
No more shall we see your little limbs stir,  
Not a bit  
Lifeless kit!

These hasty thoughts which I have thrown out upon the general subject of poetry, and these few specimens of great ability and fervor in this divinest of all arts, I now submit, gentlemen, to your respectful consideration; and shall feel myself amply rewarded if they shall become subservient in some humble degree to the advancement of poetry in this College.

Obadiah took his seat. A murmur of approval escaped the lips of Boniface and Winkle simultaneously.

"I move," said Boniface, "that a vote of thanks be presented to Obadiah for this very powerful and luminous production which he has just got off."

"The silent workings of suppressed emotion," observed Winkle, "are often more grateful to a sensitive spirit than the boisterous approval of parliamentary vociferations. The vote is unnecessary."

"Well, fellows," said Boniface, drawing the whole subject to a focus, "something has got to be done for poetry, or the Indicator is a gone case. It's no use to talk and write essays; and the other duties of the Editors are too numerous to afford time for supplying the lack of poetic contribution. I would move that we take measures to procure a *poetic machine* to aid us hereafter in supplying the demand for this species of literature."

"I think the suggestion a most happy one," said Obadiah, "such an auxiliary would greatly alleviate our editorial labors. I second the motion."

Winkle put the vote which was carried unanimously; so the lovers of poetry among our readers may take courage, as we hope hereafter to be able to grace the columns of the Indicator with a species of poetry, which we doubt not will far surpass in mechanical execution, anything our subscribers have hitherto been favored with. Thus we drop the curtain over the "official doings" of the editorial trio.

---

We would hold thee by the button-hole a moment longer, dear reader, in this our own loved "corner" ere we part for a long vacation. A sensation of loneliness has crept over us at times during the last term in our editorial conclave, as we have missed the merry laugh of the Corporal, and the philosophic profundity of Van Twiller. The Corporal has been shooting ideas with considerable dexterity in a neighboring vicinity; in which honorable vocation his corporeal rotundity has not materially suffered. Van Twiller, we are happy to learn, is rapidly convalescing under the cheering influences of home and kind friends. We of the Indicator shall give him a hearty welcome to our midst another term.

We would gladly linger with thee, courteous reader, in our quiet sanctum, and whisper in thy sympathizing ear of joys, and ills, and hopes, that blend in strange mixture of light and shade on the pathway of Editorial life. We would gaze with thee from our window on the far-stretching landscape that engirts old classics

Amherst, with its varied beauty of meadow, and grove, and mountain ridge and winding river, and muse on the lesson they would teach us of life's fleeting pageantry. Nature has exchanged her gorgeous drapery of many colors for a dingy brown, and old Holyoke begins to bristle bleakly against the southern sky. Feelings of sadness creep over the heart as we behold

——— "Decay's effacing fingers  
Sweep the lines where beauty lingers "

but 'tis a sadness linked with sweet memories. The eye seems to rest even more fondly on decaying Nature, as though to catch the last ray of Summer glory as it melts away before approaching Winter. We mourn, but it is a dreamy delicious grief we *delight* to feel; for its very food is the brightest hours of the past, which are bathed in the retrospect with such glorious tints, that we are half reconciled to their loss to be convinced we were *once* so happy. A thousand scenes of the departing year crowd upon the mind with their pleasing reminiscences—the ride, the walk, the friendly chat with arm in arm, the morning ramble to commune with Nature in her freshness and beauty, the contemplative stroll by moonlight when the world was wrapt in solemn stillness, and the distant landscape seemed like the abode of spirits; as the moonbeams played fantastically among the foliage and the silver fog reclined in wanton dalliance on the bosom of yonder Queen river.

But we cannot tarry longer to muse upon the glad memories of the past, for vacation, and home, and Thanksgiving are close upon us, and we shall soon drop our pen and Stewart, and hie for the hills. Thanksgiving! what glorious memories spring up at that hallowed word! What gorgeous visions of roast turkey, and pumpkin pies, and happy greetings, cluster about that good old fashioned festival! Thanks to the Fathers of New England for this Time-oasis of grateful piety and social joy. It is almost enough to atone for the hanging of a witch. Our parting benison be with thee, reader, and till we meet again—FAREWELL.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Fade Brightly" and "The Wanderer in England" are reserved for our next.

"The Study of Nature" is under consideration.

"The World we live in" displays too violent attempts at facetiousness to be safe for our types.

"Lo. L." had better try again. With more thought and less fancy he would make an acceptable writer.

"Idealism" and "The Last Conflict" are respectfully declined.

✉ Communications can be left in the "Editors' box" at the Bookstore, or addressed to either of the Editors, through the Post Office.

# THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

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VOL. II. NO. VI.

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"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:  
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Couper.*

JANUARY, 1850.

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AMHERST.  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCCLXIX.

NOV 7 1923

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# THE INDICATOR.

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JANUARY, 1850.

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## THOUGHTS ON NOVEL READING. *J. M. Emerson.*

**T**HE triteness of a subject proves its importance. We shall not, therefore, apologize for presenting a few thoughts on a subject trite enough indeed, but we believe not yet quite worn out.

It appears to be one of Nature's laws, that good is seldom found in this world unmixed with evil. Thus, the advancing and victorious march of civilization has brought in its train, some evils which the dark ages knew nothing about. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that the press is doing more than all other causes combined, to elevate into civilization and christianity, the human race. But the press has also created a class of evils, against which the world's elder reformers were certainly not called to strive. No man, till within a few generations, ever thought it his duty to preach a crusade against the universal diffusion of bad books.

Those will be disappointed who are expecting from us the usual tirade against that unfortunate class of books, yclept the "yellow covered." Although we yield to no one in our contempt for it, yet, we have always thought it rather small game, and are apprehensive that there are many books rejoicing in covers of quite a different color, that are, to say the least, quite as contemptible. The fashion is, among many well meaning men, men too whose position in the literary world, however acquired, would lead us to expect better things, to decry works of fiction entirely. They would have a thorough expurgation, and would see every novel burnt by the common hangman.

We are willing to admit, nay, we would urge upon the consideration of all, the truth, that by far the greater portion of modern novels are worse than worthless. And it is precisely because we believe thus, and would fain do something to arrest a great and growing evil, that we protest against this indiscriminate and senseless condemnation of all the good and bad together. What, because the "Mysteries of Paris" is a book unfit for the child to read, will you deprive him of his "Arabian Nights?" The same reasoning would banish Shakespeare from your library, along with "Mr. Robert Montgomery." We wish to be distinctly understood here, as aiming at a remedy for the great evils which result undeniably from excessive novel reading; and we maintain that total starvation can never correct a depraved appetite." How is it that we may acquire a healthy taste in the "fine arts? Is it by resolutely shutting our eyes to the beauties of Grecian sculpture or the glories of Italian architecture? Or is it by studying the works of the few great masters.

It is very possible that we may be regarded by some, as holding heretical opinions, but we hope never to let the fear of incurring such a charge, hinder us from taking common sense views of things.

The imagination ought surely to receive its share of culture. We grant that in the young it has more vigor, and therefore requires less stimulus than the other faculties, but this is the very reason why it ought to receive a *careful training*. The vine dresser does not cut off his plants at the root, nor yet does he suffer them to grow in unrestrained luxuriance. He knows that it is a judicious pruning alone which secures an abundant vintage.

A good cause is often hurt by having bad arguments urged in its support. Thus many in their very commendable zeal against the masses of fictitious trash that the press is all the time vomiting forth, rest their objections to fictitious works on wrong grounds. An objection frequently urged is, that the novel treats about scenes and characters which never had any real existence. This is no objection at all. The question is not whether they *have* existed, but whether they *might have* existed; just as in judging of a painting, we ask not whether it be a representation of some actual event, but whether the laws of perspective have been observed, and the proper lights and shades secured. The pictures which we sometimes see on china tea-cups, where a young mandarin is handing tea to a lady from a salver two miles off, or where a little fairy boat is gently moored in the top of a

very blue tree, are bad pictures not merely because such events *do not* take place, but because they *cannot* take place even in China. As a general rule then, the good novel will represent *possibilities*. Yet there are some kinds of fiction, especially dramatic fiction, where a rigid application of this rule will not answer. Some of Shakespeare's best characters are such as never can have an actual existence. We should be very sorry to think that this earth can ever be cursed by the presence of an incarnate devil like Iago. Such characters are not to be considered men and women. They are mere abstractions. They are like the personages in Mythology, allegorical representations of the vices and the virtues. And yet, even these have their laws of propriety. They must preserve consistency. If they are impossible, they must not be absurd. The character of Iago is throughout terribly congruous.

Desdemona is perhaps an embodiment of unattainable virtue and excellence, but there is a grace and symmetry about her character which cheats the eye and almost makes it appear *not* unattainable. On the other hand, the lackadaisical heroes and heroines of the Laura Matilda school are both impossible and incongruous, inconceivable and absurd.

But it is idle to talk about rules and tests. We cannot always tell why a book is good, except that it has made us forget ourselves and everything around us, and that its scenes and events have become a part of our own personal recollections. If you would listen aright to

"Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child  
Warbling his native wood notes wild,"

if you would know how it feels to let your soul thrill to his great thoughts, you must forget all rules, you must be no longer a critic, cavilling about the dramatic unities. With an implicit faith even in the existence of Bohemian seaports, you must be for the time as simple-hearted and credulous as a little child.

What we have been saying and what we would say on the subject of fictitious books, may be summed up in a few words. Select a few, a *very few*, of unquestioned excellence, and make them an object of *careful and repeated study*. We venture to assert that if this course were generally inculcated, we should hear much less complaint about the evils of novel-reading. We recollect reading in some religious

newspaper, of a too susceptible youth, who had, as he thought, received great injury from reading Walter Scott's greatest novel. If the man ever had a single particle of salt in his composition, which we doubt, we may be very sure that it had lost its savor long before he opened the covers of "Ivanhoe."

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FADE BRIGHTLY. *Briggs-*

"There are many phases to Death,—and *some* are beautiful."

THE BEN HUNTER.

I

Fade brightly—as the sunset fades  
 From out the western sky;  
 When gorgeous clouds like palaces  
 Are pillared up on high;  
 Fade brightly as thy great career  
 Shone in thy noonday pride—  
 So let thy liveried shroud of Death  
 In splendid hues be dyed—  
 As was thy course—a glorious race—  
 So be the dying lustre of thy face.

II

Fade dimly—as the twilight fades  
 Throughout the golden heaven,  
 Ere yet one faint and trembling star  
 Unto the eve is given;  
 While yet the tender light remains,  
 A radiance hushed and calm,  
 As memories of thy gentle deeds  
 Shall those sweet deeds embalm,  
 And leave in the beclouded mind  
 A holy radiance glowing still behind.

## III

Fade sadly—as the tears that fall  
From eyes that Love makes dim—  
Fade sad and sweetly as the chant  
Of some religious hymn,  
Some melody that haunts the heart  
And will not keep away—  
Some dream that we would fain forget  
Yet could not help but stay—  
Fade sweetly—brightly—amid tears  
That keep thy memory green thro' life-long years.

## IV

Fade not in darkness—let the stars  
Come crowding up in Heaven,  
While thro' the chrystal-ambered West  
A promised Dawn is given ;  
For Death is calm and beautiful—  
And Love is pure and high—  
And Life is like a written scroll  
When the last hours draw nigh :  
And Love and Faith can read the scroll  
That tells the Future glory of the Soul.

W. B.

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“Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood  
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.  
We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.”

## DISCONTENT WITH THE PRESENT.

SOME there are, in every country, who perpetually declaim against their own times, in comparison with those of their fathers ; some who are mourning that the *good old days* have passed away forever ;— who are seriously questioning whether the world is growing better ;— whether the sage is really happier than the savage ;—whether the rude comforts of the wigwam are not, after all, preferable to the artificial enjoyments of civilized life !

A plain statement of the position would seem to be its best refutation ; nor would we attempt even this, were it not that the essential idea, under a somewhat modified representation, is boldly put forth, and thought, by some, to be capable of support by historic fact.

At first thought, the savage may appear to be a happy man on account of the simplicity of his wants. The labor of a few hours will construct his rude habitation ; the chase, while it yields him his pleasure, provides at the same time his necessary food. But is the fewness of wants the measure of happiness ? Is it not the rather true that, the greater and more numerous the wants, the greater the amount of enjoyment, if these can be fully met and supplied ; provided that the gratification be not such, as is injurious to our physical intellectual and moral natures. Civilization does, indeed, increase our wants—but it is only the more thoroughly to relieve them. It renders life more artificial—but its inventions are held as useless, if they contribute not to ease or comfort, to prosperity or happiness.

There are two stages of inventions, discoveries and arts. The first is their youth—the second, their manhood. In the one stage, the discovery is siezed upon by the devotees of pleasure or ambition, and made to pamper appetite and satisfy questionable desires. In the other it is carried further, and devoted to the interests of a suffering race.

Is it too much to say that this first stage, in relation to many arts, has already passed, and the second is present with us ? The knowledge of plants and fruits no longer merely gratifies the palate or the vision, but is applied in the science of Medicine, to the ill of the

body. A conspiracy of circumstances, the modification, if not the existence of which, was dependent upon arts and discoveries, has in former centuries, contributed to the brevity of life. The minimum has been reached and there is now an advance, slowly but surely, in the average length of human life.

But it is, chiefly, as furnishing opportunities for bringing out the fullest sympathies and affections of humanity, that we would prize it. We are happy only when we have something to love,—something upon which to expend our care. And even though the cherished object of our ambition is not gained, yet there is pleasure in the very struggle. Remove the man to a desert, afar from human sympathy; let him see but one little shrub, be it ever so deformed, and, if he have these passions of his soul developed, he will then love that; he will care for it, and watch over it, and almost believe that it reciprocates his kindness.

The feelings which prompt to acts like these are among the noblest in our nature, and, when directed towards our fellow-men, they create that gentle atmosphere of love and kindness, so grateful to a sensitive and delicate spirit. It is that for the mind, which religion is for the heart, and, when united in one perfect nature, they attach the man to "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, and pure, and of good report."

Notice has been frequently directed to the fact that, in the history of Europe *vice has kept pace with civilization*.

Here there are two historic facts. But it does not follow that the one is the effect of the other. To say that the prevalence of crime was the cause of extended refinement, would be absurd. To say that civilization was the cause of crime, would be to say that a great natural fact was dependent upon a single circumstance—a position equally absurd. But the statement really proves nothing to the point. It only shows that the exterior man may be cultivated without much real benefit—that the education of the mind may be separated, for a time, from the religion of the heart, and that then its influence is disastrous.

There is another light in which the subject may be viewed. History has been but little more than a sketch of the principal characters and events of the period recorded. In a landscape that which is the most prominent, attracts especial notice. The mountains obstruct our view of the plain which we know lies beyond. The hills overshadow

the fertile valleys. Precisely so is it with history. The prominent actions of distinguished men constitute by far the greater portion; while a single remark upon the comparative condition of the masses, is all the space allowed to the history of millions. Public life can hardly be said to be favorable to virtue, yet political men have figured most conspicuously in history. So it has been, but it will be so no longer. Private virtues are already beginning to stamp the character of an age, rather than public defaulters. The calendar of crime may still be conspicuous, when seen alone; but the record of splendid virtues will, when brought into comparison, completely outnumber its lists.

Doubtless there are evils yet clinging to society; but declaiming against them and exalting the past, to lessen our estimation of the present, will do but little towards eradicating them.

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That the same regret for the past should obtain in the religious world, is surely a matter of surprise. Even in the ages of Christianity when Catholicism was dominant, the religious element was making progress. Says Macaulay, "From the time when the barbarians overran the Western Empire to the time of the revival of letters, the influence of the Church of Rome has been generally favorable to science, to civilization, and to good government." In another portion of his History, he says, "Her doctrines respecting the sacerdotal character, however erroneous they may be, have repeatedly mitigated some of the worst evils which can afflict society."

So long as the conflict was confined to a few great principles, she was successful. Yet, rich as she was in ceremony, and imposing in outward observance, she found herself utterly wanting, when called upon to supply that morality which is the foundation of all true religion. She could incite men to love; but it was the love of form and pageant—not the love of God. She could make men zealous; but it was the zeal of bigots.

Her very corruptions were the cause of a purer faith and a holier religion. From the bosom of that same Church, arose those who kindled the few sparks of vitality to a flame so bright, that its light extends across the separating centuries to our own day. Religion is no longer a huge ceremony. It has become a principle so subtle as to enter into every action, and yet, so conspicuous as to transform

every institution; it has moulded individual character, and established anew, upon a firmer throne, the "majesty of law."

To be so discontented with the present, as to determine that the future of our lives shall be better, is a noble discontent. It is right to be desirous of profiting by the past. But to be perpetually lamenting for its customs and observances, is too much like aping a pitiful dotage.

L.

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### FRONTENAC.\* Thompson.

SEVERAL circumstances seem to have conspired to unfit the Indian for the hero of Romance. Unable to discuss at length the past, present, and future phenomena relating to the weather; having few words to offer upon any subject, responding to the most touching and sentimental expressions only by an occasional and somewhat unsatisfactory "Humph," seldom known to indite sonnets to his lady-love, he would make a poor appearance in a modern drawing-room, and an equally poor hero of a novel for the perusal of sentimental boarding-school girls and love-sick maidens. The charitable theory, which ascribes the silence of the Indian to an excess, rather than to a deficiency of feeling, and to profound reflection rather than to ignorance, has been well nigh overthrown, and it must be confessed that such claims to wisdom and feeling, very closely resemble the now generally contested claims of his forest companion—the owl.

The days too are but just past, in which a deadly hostility separated the Indian and the white man, and left the latter little disposed to discern any good qualities in his copper colored brother of the forest. The hardy settler, whose wife and children had been murdered, and whose own life was preserved, from day to day, only by the most untiring watchfulness, came to regard his merciless foe as he regarded the panther.

Long after the Indian had ceased to be an object of dread, the bloody story of his frightful atrocities remained, and he stood before

\* Frontenac, or the Atotarho of the Iroquois. A Metrical Romance by Alfred B. Street, New York, Baker and Scribner.

us with the spirit of a demon, destitute of everything, save an outward form, on which he might ground the slightest claim to a membership of the human family. There are, indeed, some few undoubtedly most veracious accounts of "good Indians," who have saved the lives of their friends, and performed various other "offices of charity." But we must confess the hero of these stories seldom awakens a deep interest in our minds. He is not often the true Indian warrior, who hears the spirit bidding his soul "for battle thirst," who is the foremost in the pursuit and the most terrible in the battle. Usually we find him a personage of quiet and indolent habits, whose benevolent acts seem not unfrequently connected with, if not the result of, a violent affection conceived for his neighbor's cider barrel or whiskey bottle.

Yet it would be strange, if a deep interest was not felt in these rude children of the forest—once the proud possessors of these beautiful vallies—now wasting away,

"Ay! like April snow  
In the warm noon."

The "few feeble remnants," yet left, afford objects of curiosity and compassion, but the mind turns from those pitiful creatures—sunken and degraded by vices introduced by *civilized Europeans*—to contemplate the powerful tribes, which once extended themselves over this continent. And notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances which we have mentioned, it would seem that from the traditions handed down among the Indians, from the circumstances connected with their history, their situation and their fate, and from their character, shown not only in their bloody and revengeful deeds, but also in the spirit which mocks at the restraints of civilized life, which loves the pathless wilderness, the unbroken solitude, and the pure blue sky, and which listens with reverence to the voice of the "Great Spirit," speaking to them in every passing change—it would seem that from these and similar sources, the poet and the novelist might draw rich materials.

But whatever doubts may arise in regard to the adaptedness of Indian character and Indian scenes to the purposes of the poet, there can be no doubt as to the skill and ability with which they have been used by the author of the beautiful work before us. The work is a well executed reprint from a London Edition, the copy-right having been purchased by an English publisher. Accompanying the volume is a fine

portrait of the Author, a resident of Albany, and a young man with a high intellectual forehead and the look of a student. His poems heretofore published, though by no means faultless, have attracted very general attention, and with the present work can hardly fail to establish his reputation as one among the first of American poets. The romance is founded upon a most interesting chapter of the history of the French settlers and the "Five Nations."

About the year 1696 the Iroquois, embracing the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, and Senecas, occupied a territory extending from the Hudson River to Lake Erie. At some period, "supposed to have been ages before the white man appeared amongst them," these five nations had banded themselves into a League, and when Champlain came to Quebec they were at war with the warlike and powerful Hurons and Adirondacks. Joining the latter by means of his fire-arms, till then, unknown to the Indians, Champlain defeated the Iroquois who, ever afterwards, cherished towards the French the hatred

"Kindled against Champlain when first  
His lightning death on their sires had burst,  
Years had not quenched it, for never depart  
Thoughts of revenge from the Indian heart."

Count Frontenac, the Governor-General of Canada, sought in vain to gain their friendship. They scorned all his offers, and when he attempted to awe them into submission, by a sudden foray,

"Everywhere up the wild warriors stood  
And rushed with fierce joy to their banquet of blood."

Firmly banded together, they extended their sway on every side. Years passed on and they reached the summit of their power.

"The fierce Adirondacks had fled from their wrath,  
The Hurons been swept from their merciless path;  
Around, the Ottawas, like leaves had been strown;  
And the lake of the Eries struck silent and lone.  
The Lenape, lords once of valley and hill,  
Made women, bent low at their conquerors' will,  
By the far Mississippi, the Illini shrank  
When the trail of the Tortoise\* was seen on the bank;  
On the hills of New England the Pequod turned pale,

When the howl of the Wolf\* swelled at night on the gale;  
And the Cherokee shook in his green smiling bowers,  
When the foot of the Bear\* stamped his carpet of flowers."

The French forts were surrounded; their outposts were burned. The stern Frontenac, chafing like a lion in his toils, from the very walls of Quebec, gazed upon the wide spread desolation. The fierce warriors follow the trail of the hunters and slay them around their camp fires. The whoop of the Iroquois wakes the peaceful village from the midnight slumber to death and destruction. The Brigantine sleeps on the peaceful lake, but the canoes of the Iroquois glide silently, "like barks from the spirit land, spectral and dim," and the poor seamen are swept from the bloody deck—the bark is wrapt in flames—while the war song rings out,

"Hoo! hoo! how the angry fire  
Has wrapt the French in its leaping ire!  
Hoo! whoop! like the torrent's flood,  
The On-on-dah-gahs have rushed in blood!"

Amid such scenes the author leads us, and did we not believe that our readers will peruse the book for themselves, we should be tempted to give an outline of the story. Any such outline, however, could not fail to do great injustice to the work. No general description could give a just idea of the manner in which the author has entered into the spirit of the scenes and the characters. In the song and in the council, the warrior stands before us, revealing his true character, displaying the passions of his fierce spirit. We cannot forbear quoting a few closing lines of the defiance of Thurenserah—the terrible Atotarho—the once fair Lucille, when a wounded captive, soon to be bound to the stake, and standing before Frontenac, the Yon-non-de-yoh of the Indian.

"But yet, though Yon-non-de-yoh's knife  
Points at the Atotarho's life,  
Though Hah-wen-ne-yo's smiles depart,  
Though storms upon his head have burst,  
Up Thurenserah lifts his heart,  
And proud and lofty as when first  
He braved the White man's power and art,  
Dares Yon-non-de-yoh do his worst."

\* The Arms or Emblems of the different tribes.

But the finest parts of the work are the descriptions of natural scenery. The bloody deeds to which we have alluded are interwoven with the most beautiful descriptions. These pictures seem so truthful and life-like, that the mind never fails to recognize them, and is never wearied of dwelling upon their beauties. A few words and expressions have struck us as ill chosen and indicative of haste in composition. They are exceptions to almost uniform fitness and are hardly noticed amid the many excellencies.

In the perusal of this work no one can fail to be struck with the beauty of these descriptions of Natural Scenery. The author has evidently a heart keenly alive to beauty, in the ever varying forms in which it presents itself to the observant eye. These are not the descriptions of one who describes scenes upon which his eye has never rested, and which may or may not have had an existence. There is a truthfulness in the descriptions, which assures us that the author was familiar with the scenes which he describes. He must have wandered in the pathless wilderness, with an eye that noticed the fall of every leaf; with an ear that caught every murmur, and with a heart that listened to the low, yet earnest whispers of Nature's voices. He must have stood upon the shore of that "Sweet Sylvan lake," when

"Harsh sights and sounds with melting day  
Had from the lovely scene been driven,  
Nature seemed kneeling down to pray  
In praise and gratitude to Heaven."

With a few lines as a specimen of the author's descriptions of forest scenery, we close this hasty sketch of a book which has afforded us much pleasure. The whole work is well worthy a perusal, and gives us assurance of rich additions to the treasures of American literature, from the pen of the yet youthful Poet.

"Trees, trees, a verdant world were round,  
Straight, crooked, slant, each seeking light;  
With some all splintered, bare and white,  
Telling the lightning's blasting bound.  
And now and then was seen a path  
Of prostrate trunks in chaos cast,  
With upturned roots, dark circles vast,  
Signs of the fierce tornado's wrath."

"Pines met the eye, all tasselled o'er;  
Hemlocks that fringy cones upbore;  
Oaks with their scalloped verdure; beeches  
Whose moss the northward pathway teaches;  
Maples their red-stemmed foliage flickering  
To downiest winds like streamlets bickering;  
Striped dog-woods, birches sweet, that stood  
The incense bearers of the wood;  
Grim, lurching firs and laurels green,  
Showing the swamp's wet, clustered scene."

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### THE WANDERER IN ENGLAND. *Briggs.*

New England! Best New England! Thou  
Hast been the cradle of my birth;  
My fondest hopes before thee bow—  
My passion kindles at thy worth—  
A wanderer on a foreign shore,  
My soul still burns with wild devotion  
And my vain heart would idly pour  
Its song to thee across the ocean.

And thou! Old England! Many an hour  
I've spent amid thy scenes of might,  
And witnessed all the pomp and power  
That gives an English heart delight;  
But oh! my soul grows sick with pain,  
To see thy laborer viewed with scorn,  
As if each heart must bear a stain,  
Unless that heart were nobly born.

I walk upon thy desolate shore,  
When the full tide is rough and high,  
I hear the angry billows roar,  
And shiver 'neath thy cold grey sky;

And then my thoughts like wing'd birds,  
Sweep o'er the wild and shining foam,  
And all around unseen—unheard—  
Is lost in memories of Home.

The sun is out—the breezes fair—  
The shallop's sail has caught the wind,  
And the bright waters flash and glare  
In the broad track she leaves behind;  
And softly stealing o'er the main,  
The creaking cord—the merry cheer—  
The echo of some foreign strain—  
Salutes my aching senseless ear.

I come—I come once more; Oh loved  
With fondest passion of my heart!  
Oh why so long my footsteps roved,  
When other scenes no joys impart;  
No longer from a distant Land  
My soul shall waft its yearnings home;  
I come—and on my native strand  
Will live and love—no more to roam.

W. B.

*September, 1846.*

DESDEMONA. *Karr.*

BENEATH the very summit of Vesuvius, the Campagna, that Eden of Italy stretches away; and in tropic isles, where the tornado sweeps at times, and the Earthquake buries thousands, the softest breeze of evening will play, and the mildest moonbeams sleep. Just so, strange elements seem to mingle in the social world. The Poets

of old married Vulcan and Venus, and the closest of all observers of human nature has given us Othello and Desdemona. What could be stranger, if we look only at outward circumstances, than that a maiden of beauty and fortune and high birth in Venice, in the days of Venice's glory; who had looked with disdain upon the noblest youth of her native city, should cherish so ardent a passion for the dark-browed Moor? The case is well set forth by the indignant father—

“A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blushed at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, everything,—  
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!  
It is a judgment maimed, and most imperfect,  
That will confess—perfection so could err.”

Yet to our mind, her affection is one of Shakspeare's best conceptions of earthly love, and is brought out by that skillful painter of life in his liveliest coloring. For he makes us feel that the source of her affection is the esteem of true excellence; and he does it as it has been so well done since in “Jane Eyre,” by denying to Othello all exterior attractions. A great mind lives, and a large heart beats beneath the tawny skin and rough exterior of the Moor. If our business were with the character of Othello, it were easy to show this, even from the intensity of his jealousy and the agony of his remorse. And the Poet has not given us a boarding-school Miss for the heroine of his tragedy. We have something more here than an imagination excited by the story of an adventurer. Curiosity indeed prompts her at first to listen, but it is soon succeeded by admiration of the man, and a Woman's pity for his sorrows; and all are blended at the conclusion in a deep and earnest love. She tells us herself, in her decision to accompany him to Cyprus:—

“I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
And to his honors, and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.”

She cannot mean that high alliance was her object. It is, indeed, a pleasure to know that the great qualities of one we love are appreciated by others; and if any pride be pardonable, it is a wife's pride in the renown of a loved husband. But had the source of Desdemona's

affection been ambition, it could not have out lived the loss of Othello's fame, and been warmer than ever on the very eve of his return to Venice in disgrace.

And while the love of Desdemona is so far from the sensual on the one hand, it is equally far from the Platonic on the other. It is pure, but it is warm. It is a love of greatness and goodness; but it is of *personal* greatness and *personal* goodness. It is no abstract love of bravery and generosity and truth as illustrated in Othello; but a sincere, absorbing affection for Othello himself.

It may be inferred from his position in the state and the glimpses of his life which we have, that Othello was of an age much disproportioned to the maiden's. It is true that, generally, Youth is the time of ardent affection. But we cannot admit the oft-repeated sentiment of that licentious poet of our own age:—

“O *what* without our youth  
Would love be? What would youth be without love?”  
Youth lends it joy and sweetness, vigor, truth,  
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above;  
But languishing with years it grows uncouth,  
One of few things, experience don't improve.”

Such love may do for the masses,—the great masses, to whom life is valuable principally as a means of personal and animal enjoyment. For if the sentiment be stripped of its beautiful verbiage, it amounts to nothing but this. Such is the affection which our Poet has created in Romeo and Juliet. The love smothered in the tomb of the Capulets would have died away with the lapse of years in the palace of Montague. But no lapse of youth could change the love of Desdemona, for such affection knows no old age. The frame may totter in life's autumn, but the great qualities that make the man never lose the bloom or the charm of spring. The world, indeed, ever accounts such unions unnatural; and sympathizing friends speak sadly of the sacrifice. In the vineyards of the South, the experienced Peasants wisely join the tender vine to the green young plane tree; and both grow old together; but does the union seem unnatural, where the tendrils creep, untaught, round some storm-beaten monarch of the forest, and hide their blushing clusters in his rough old arms?

If the beating heart of youth finds oftenest its response in the breast of one who looks on life from the same point, and with the

same bright hopes, yet Nature and Nature's God alike approve the union of those who truly love, although years intervene between their starting points in life. For why should a few brief summers separate *immortal* beings, when theirs are kindred souls? Ah! those are in truth, the unnatural unions, and they are many, whence mutual sympathy has fled, and neither can appreciate the other; though they be formed in Youth's high bloom, and blest with every outward seeming. So, two fair rivers of the West, that sparkle in the same glad sunshine, and roll through the same bright land, join their swift floods, and side by side flow on, but their waters mingle not. And if instances of true affection between those whose only sympathies flow from the great and good in each other's characters are rare, it is only because the qualities necessary to such affection are rare.

Such is our Desdemona's love in its source; pure, yet glowing;—kindled by graces only visible to the mental eye, only tangible to the throbbing heart; we shall find it in its progress, unshaken by misfortune; uninterrupted by coldness,—a love stronger than death.

Under cruel taunts she utters no word of complaint. She never tells Othello of the happy home she had left for him, nor of the broken-hearted father now cold in death. His strangeness and waywardness but make her love to plead in his extenuation and find excuses for his altered bearing.

“O good Iago,  
What shall I do to win my lord again?  
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him.  
Unkindness may do much;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love.”

And in that death-scene, everywhere so marked with Shakspeare's genius, the last words of Desdemona are still like herself. To the question:

O! who hath done this deed?”

with her last breath, she answers:

“Nobody; I myself; farewell;  
Commend me to my kind lord; O! Farewell.”

Surely our assertions need no stronger proof; and 'twere vain to

try to set in livelier colors a character delineated by such touches as these. We cannot forbear pausing to remark how the drama of Othello as a whole, and the last scene especially, illustrate the peculiar glory of Shakspeare. The genius that shines out in Macbeth and Richard III may be compared with the gloomy splendors of the Grecian tragedians; but the literature of the world may be challenged to produce a picture of domestic life, at once so beautiful and so awful and so true to Nature. He has no heart who can read it without emotion, and who has felt the full force of its simple, Saxon words,—no matter how warmly he may love the classic pages, will yet never regret that he speaks the language of Shakspeare.

We hardly dare to say, that at one part of this splendid painting we are disposed to carp. Othello insinuates that the lady, Jane Eyre-like, popped the question herself:—

"My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
—— "In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished  
That heaven had made her such a man : she thanked me ;  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. *Upon this hint I spake.*"

That *hint* we cannot like. It sounds to much like the "encouragements" given by "sweet girls" now-a-days. A true woman may indeed unguardedly betray her love in a thousand ways; but she will ever seek to guard it. Beautiful is the struggle between native frankness and guilelessness, and innate shrinking modesty. Ever would she

—— "Be woo'd,  
"And must unsought be won."

And he who can appreciate such a woman will not ask for the dark eye that flashes back to his, more than the love he offers on his bended knee; better, the soft, trembling hand should be half withdrawn, and nothing but the embarrassed silence and the crimsoned cheek, show the glad fluttering of the heart within. Better to seek himself into the depths of that heart unfathomed before; and *draw* forth from the inmost sanctuary, the silent confession which all the world

beside could not have won. Never can ambition have place in such a woman's heart. Never will she talk of "woman's rights";—her whole soul shrinks back from moving a hair's breadth from her sphere. If she be gifted with a brilliant imagination, that Gothic window of the mind that turns the light of common day to softest tints of beauty, they will play only around her quiet home. If endowed with that true fire from heaven, the poetry of heart which is thrillingly alive to every great and generous sentiment, and worships, with whole-souled devotion, the nobleness of self-denial, and the bravery that dares, through every danger to pursue the right, yet he who has won that noble heart and can draw forth its secret thoughts, will find it trembling to enter upon the voyage of life—fearful lest she fail to realize the high ideal she has formed of what the chosen of her love merits at her hands.——But where have we got to? and how "literary ladies" and "social reformists" would pounce upon us, if they only thought us worthy of their notice.

We would fain think that from our subject, is deduced the true Philosophy of Love. And why should it not have its Philosophy? True, many sneer at it as a disease, that like the measles, seizes upon youth, and when once well over, never troubles man again. There is such love, to be sure; and there are such men who catch it, or *fall in* it, rather. We well remember hearing an old lady, whom we venerate, describe this affection, and give it the expressive name of "calf-love";—and so long as the fear of "calf-love" then impressed upon us, remains before our eyes, we think that we are in no danger of bringing sorrow to the gray hairs of Alma Mater, by contracting matrimony, while tied to her apron strings. But we do believe, and will believe in love, the same in kind as that which binds the angels and the spirits of the just;—for both are founded on high esteem; both are fixed on loveliness and goodness and nobleness, living and personified. It is indeed, in some respects, peculiar;—it has its home on earth; its path lies through a wilderness world; it meets sore sorrows; and lavishes on one dear object an affection that is in Heaven the common property of all. But more deeply and tenderly they love who have wept together over buried hopes; and though conjugal affection be so exclusive as to shut out all the world from its peculiar joys, yet it is not necessarily a narrow love; for the heart that is large enough to hold it, must be large enough to take a world beside, into all its due regard.

And as Love has its true Philosophy, so it has its peculiar treatises. And why should it not have its treatises? Does not the subject come home closely enough to "men's business and bosoms"? True, many works of fiction are world-wide of the mark. Bulwer has sought to breathe love's burning words;—but "*Zanoni*" and "*Ernest Maltravers*" are strange fire. James has tried to picture it;—but his is only outward ministering;—he never was within the veil. A host of less distinguished men have mistaken sensuality for its warmth, or sentiment and unearthly romance for its purity and poetry of heart. The great and good are divided in their opinions of works of fiction, and of the propriety of putting them into the hands of youth.

But taking the question's dark side, and admitting the dangers of such works, yet, if these dangers are surmounted, there must be profit from them. We do not think novels the worst of books; but even if they were, "the worst books are sometimes the best; they compel us to think." For, one who has learned to judge of works of fiction, has learned to judge of human nature in some of its most important earthly relations. He reads Bulwer and James, and even Scott, and *thinks* he loves just such ideals. The danger is, that he may stop short in his error, and take a step that will render life unhappy. But if the delusion passes off, he will be less liable to be deceived in real life;—he has found out what is not suited to him; and what is more, he has found out what he is not suited for. He will come to seek in some walk of every-day life, our *Desdemona*, or the originals of those pictures drawn by that Shakespeare of novelists, Currer Bell.—"But these are unreal pictures of life. Can such characters be found?" Truly they can. Few are the characters depicted in novels, which cannot be found somewhere in life; though the circumstances into which their subjects are thrown, are often unnatural or uncommon enough. There *are* noble men and noble women on Earth, and many of them not far from our homes. Many a "*Caroline*" lives among the pure-browed maidens of New England; there is many a "*Shirley*" among the wild, warm-hearted daughters of the South; and the heart of "*Jane Eyre*" herself, is beating in many an original, sterling woman of the West.

Our subject warrants us in thinking that the idea of a "love marriage" is neither Utopian nor silly. And we cannot believe that any circumstances in life can make it a duty, to promise solemnly to "love, cherish and protect" one, for whom no higher sentiment than respect,

is entertained. It is not every one whom we esteem and whose excellent qualities we acknowledge, that we can admit to our secret hearts. Forms of good character are greatly varied; and love demands that both its subjects be alike, and yet unlike;—each of a different nature, but who yet can be the same;—this mild and meek, but capable of rousing to noble deeds, all man's sterner soul;—that, strong and steady on the battle-fields of life, but gentle at his fireside; and able to make, with softest touch, the wild, sweet music of a woman's heart. Surely, no claims,—not even those of religion, come in such shape as to debar those worthy, from this precious boon. From that same sacred page, where we read, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," we read also, "Rejoice in the wife of thy youth." We cannot think a marriage of convenience, duty, even though it be of religious convenience. True, they who have for life's great object its only grand and glorious end, will often meet on the highest ground of sympathy and love; but even such, whether breaking the bread of life on distant shores, or living as strangers in their native land, and though their dearest portion is above the stars, should yet have by their side their hearts' best choice on earth;—for they, of all our race most need it.

We have hardly room for a single reflection on the broken words of Othello:

"My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

—— I pray you in your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak of me as I am:

——then must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well,

——of one, whose hand,

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe."

If the sacred oracles and the voice of experience alike warn us to lay up no treasures on earth, because they pass away, yet the very frailty of earthly ties should make us careful of underating them. These ties, when such as we have attempted to describe them, cannot indeed be severed here. For it is the imperfect wall on which the ivy takes its firmest hold, and the blast that breaks the outer branches of the oak, only shows us how firmly it is set; and true affection is ever the stronger for bearing with the infirmities of its object.

But though our loved ones cannot be estranged, they are mortal ; and the silent reproaches of the grave is agony to the generous soul. Our friends are with us but to-day ; therefore should gentleness and courtesy mark all our bearing towards them. The hearts all our own to-day, are cold to-morrow, and we go mourning many years, for we cannot follow them for forgiveness to the land where they are gone.

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### THE DYING SWAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "PARAMYTHIEN" OF HERDER.

"Must I alone then mute and songless be"  
Thus to himself the still swan sighing said,  
As he moved on upon the placid sea,  
In the soft radiance of the evening-red.

"Yes ! I almost alone in the wide throng  
Of feathered beings ; yet I envy not  
To common birds their harsh, unmeaning song,  
I have no wish to share their noisy lot.

But thee, soft Philomel ! I envy thee,  
As spell-bound through the waves I slowly float,  
And linger, dazzled, in heaven's brilliancy,  
Drinking the music of thy rapturous note.

How would I sing thee, golden evening sky !  
Sing of my bliss, and of thy rosy glance,  
Thou glorious sun ! and plunge myself and die  
In the bright mirror of thy countenance !"

Down plunged the ravished swan, and when once more,  
Above the placid waves he raised his head,  
The sun-god, Phœbus, stood upon the shore,  
Divine in beauty, and thus gently said :

Bright lovely being, the request, which thou  
Hast nourished in thy secret breast so long,  
And which could ne'er be granted thee till now,  
Is granted and thou hast the gift of song !"

He touched him with his lyre as thus he spoke,  
Attuned the swan, while yet the voice he heard,  
To an Immortal's song :—then first awoke  
The heavenly music of Apollo's bird.

He poured the strains from out his joyous breast  
Of the bright god of beauty ; glad and free,  
He sang his life so innocent and blest,  
The glorious sun, and the bright-glancing sea.

Soft as his form was the harmonious strain,  
Far o'er the waves he poured the music sweet,  
Till he, enraptured, found himself again,  
Even in Elysium, at Apollo's feet.

The song, which unto him in life had been  
By Phœbus granted, must his death-song be ;  
For he the aspect of a God had seen,  
And heard the tones of immortality.

Enraptured sank he at Apollo's feet,  
To list his god-like strains, his lyre's soft breath ;  
And his fond mate soon joined him, who in sweet  
And plaintive song had mourned him even till death.

And fair Aphrodite did love them well,  
Took them her own peculiar charge to be ;  
And when she rode forth in her chariot shell,  
Graceful they bore her o'er the sparkling sea.

---

Be patient then, and calm, oh hoping heart !  
What is denied thee in thine earthly lot,  
While from thy weakness thou canst bear it not,  
That shall the moment of thy death impart.

L.

FAREWELL. *Briggs.*

## I

Farewell ! And can'st *thou* say farewell  
With such a calm and careless tone !  
And as a slight toy cast away  
The truest heart thou e'er shalt own !  
Oh, once within those soft dark eyes  
There welled a fount of sacred feeling,  
And to my soul their sweet replies  
Came like the waves of blissful healing,  
But now this coldness like a spell  
Freezes my heart—yet *can'st* thou say " Farewell."

## II

If thou can'st gaze upon the Past  
With an untouched, untroubled heart,  
And know that Love can ne'er re-bind  
The links he wove—once torn apart—  
If thou canst set thy bark afloat  
Fearless upon life's changing river,  
If thou canst sing the songs of yore  
With a light heart as gay as ever,  
Then let me grieve alone—too well  
I know thou'rt changed—that thou *can'st* say " Farewell."

## III

But, lady, if at evening hour  
Thy heart should ever backward turn,  
And thoughts of me steal o'er thy Soul  
Like the sweet stars that o'er thee burn,  
Oh, think not that my love has been  
A Meteor's gleam, a moment's feeling,  
But like the soft and tender eve  
A thousand rays of light revealing,  
My love had wrapped thee like a veil  
Of golden hopes—but now farewell—farewell.

W B.

## EDITORS' CORNER.

Thompson.

"Tell us som moral thing that we may lere  
Som wit and then wol we gladly here."

Chaucer.

"For what purpose is all this?"

Irving.

"O! ask not."

Mrs. Hemans.

Many a week has passed away since we gave thee our parting benison and bade thee farewell, while bright anticipations and glorious visions of Thanksgiving crowded thick upon us. Those visions have become realities—realities too long since numbered among the things that were. Many a valiant turkey surrendered at discretion and many a plum-pudding disappeared, or as Headly would say, "went down amidst the terrible onset," or "melted away like wreaths of snow." The long winter vacation has gone and we have waked to these stern realities of life—the College bell and morning recitations. But the remembrance of that vacation lingers with us, gladdening our hearts and casting sunshine around our path. Its scenes are treasured among the precious memories of the past, in the inner sanctuary of the heart where Stewart and Butler are never admitted. We would fain call up those joyous scenes and gaze for a moment on their never fading beauties.

A Winter Vacation! What thoughts do the very words awaken! What are all other vacations compared with this! The cold north wind sends the blood swiftly through the veins. Health is mantling every cheek and giving vigor to every muscle. The long evening passes swiftly away while happy faces tell how joyously it passes. Then there are weddings, and frolics, and parties, all essential to a proper observance of Thanksgiving, and the commencement of a New Year and in which are assembled

"loving friends

And youths and maidens gay."

Then, too, those sleigh-rides, worth enough alone to compensate a thousand times for every thing unpleasant connected with Winter.

The "heart that is not moved," while its possessor is borne swiftly along in the bright starry night to the music of the bells, with some bright earth angel by his side, "is fit for treasons."

"Hear the sledges with their bells—

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!  
 While the stars that oversprinkle  
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
 With a crystalline delight;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells,  
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

The Village Lyceum must not be forgotten, where the youthful aspirant for literary honors, fresh from College walls, proceeds forthwith to deliver a Lecture. The dignified College Senior deigning to relax his stern features only by a compassionate smile, and the sneering Sophomore carping at every word, make up no part of that audience. There are old men, who though generally disposed to speak disparagingly of the present generation, will acknowledge the ability of the youth who talks fast and used words that have for them no meaning. There are many who are grateful for anything to vary the monotony, and who seem in some measure to enjoy the luxury of a new idea. Then there is another class whose presence has cheered many a lecturer's heart, and without whose approving smiles he would place little value on his "vote of thanks." Instinctively does the lecturer turn to that array of marshaled hoods on one side of the house. Great is generally the admiration of this mixed assembly and the memory of him whose advent has made an epoch in their little village is cherished with growing admiration. For all those who have given up all hopes of the Valedictory, whose claims to genius have been disregarded and who are unnoticed among the general mass, there is yet hope from this source. Many a poor fellow has come back, convinced that there are those who can appreciate merit and that there is a tribunal before which his virtues can "plead trumpet tongued" and have their claims allowed.

Despair not then, though thou art numbered among the undistinguished throng. Remember your old reading book's injunction—slightly changed perhaps—"If you would make speeches, live, love and be remembered, hie thee to the mountains."

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"Art thou, my Gregory, forever fled?"

*Beattie.*

"But first whom shall we send  
 In search."

*Milton.*

"Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,  
 The gaudy centre of the public eye."

*Young.*

A little before the close of last term Winkle suddenly and mysteriously dis-

appeared from our midst. After recovering from their surprise at the sudden disappearance, the other Editors were convened to take the matter into consideration. Boniface presided. The Corporal offered a series of resolutions, and Obadiah addressed the chair at his usual length. After mature deliberation it was voted that the Corporal be despatched in search of Winkle. The Corporal immediately commenced preparations, and after spending several days in collecting supplies and making those arrangements which no military man would neglect, he set his forces in motion and, by a skilful and rapid movement shortly invested Springfield. While the Corporal was arranging the articles of capitulation with the Authorities of the Town, Winkle escaped from the place. Few military enterprises have been planned and executed with greater judgment and skill than this, and its failure was owing to one of those chances which are not always under the control of the ablest commanders.

With deep regret we are here obliged to record the fact, that at this time, when a vigorous pursuit would undoubtedly have resulted in Winkle's capture, the Corporal, encountering in the streets a militia company, entirely forgot the duty with which he had been entrusted. Some excuse may be found for him in the fact that the company were going through certain strange and entirely original movements, at the sight of which Turrene would have stood aghast.

Having mastered this new system of military tactics, by diligent application during four days, the Corporal seems to have awakened to a sense of his duty, and as all traces of the object of pursuit were lost, he resolved to call a council of war. Boniface and Obadiah were forthwith summoned from their pedagogical labors, and a lawyer was despatched to take the deposition of Van Twiller. After several meetings, and long discussions, which are recorded among the "Transactions" of the Board, Obadiah read a paper which seemed to throw much light upon the subject. In this paper Obadiah first considered the virtues of Mr. Winkle. In the second place he maintained that he must have drowned himself in the Connecticut river; and in the third place that he might probably be recovered by draining the river. So convincing were the arguments by which these positions were maintained, that it was immediately voted to enter into negotiations with some company, for the draining of Connecticut river. Just at this time the arrival of one of our exchanges, *The Oakbacon Gazette*, relieved us of our anxieties, and gave us hope of the ultimate restoration of this lost limb to the body Editorial. For the benefit of our readers we copy from the *Gazette* the article relating to Mr. Winkle.

"On Tuesday last our citizens were greatly taken by surprise, by the sudden arrival of Nathaniel Winkle, Esq., of the *Indicator*. News was soon diffused through the village that Mr. Winkle was to lecture to our citizens on the evening of the following day. Precisely at seven o'clock on the appointed evening, we offered our wife our arm and proceeded to the Town Hall. We perceived the lecturer in the desk on our entrance, and recognized him instantaneously, notwithstanding he has considerably changed. We expected to see him changed. There is no class upon which their labors produce such an effect as the class of Editors, especially those like the Editors of the *Indicator* and *Gazette*, who take a firm stand on the moral questions of the day. The duties of an Editor of the *Indicator* are well known to be overwhelming. They require a constitution firm as a stone fence.

We observed that the orator was eating peanuts, but we were not surprised at this for we've known him from a boy remarkably attached to that vegetable. We suppose his peanuts must have lasted him about ten minutes, and we were just going to send a boy for another cent's worth when the orator arose, looking a little fierce, but not much discomposed. He commenced in a very solemn and impressive manner. 'Rome,' said he, looking calmly around, 'Rome is fallen—Greece is no more, as also Palmyra with its hundred gates. Carthage lies in ruins, but Mary Huss no longer weeps over its ashes, for the American Eagle has risen into the lumeniferous ether, while the eyes of an astonished universe are gazing upon the transcendent spectacle, and we may imagine that the spirits of Mary Huss and Silly, and all the heroes of antiquity, are attending its upward flight.' Language is wholly inadequate to describe the emotions of the audience at this juncture. Two young ladies were carried out in a fit. We said to our wife and daughter, 'be calm,' but we confess the tears came into our eyes. The Mary Huss touchingly alluded to by the speaker, we think must have been a sister of Mr. John Huss, who our readers will recollect once suffered martyrdom. We intend to review his works soon, when we shall take occasion to speak farther in relation to his sister. He was a man of talent.

The orator then proceeded to divide his discourse into the following general divisions:—

- 1st. The American Eagle as it was.
- 2d. The American Eagle as it is.
- 3d. The American Eagle as it will be.
- 4th. The American Eagle considered in general.
- 5th. Moral Reflections.

The reader will see at a glance what a field was opened for one of Mr. Winkle's powers. And in fact, Mr. Winkle outdid himself. We don't now recollect of any work in the living or dead languages, excepting Milton's *Paradise Lost* and The Declaration of Independence, which we should be willing to place in the same rank with the address of Mr. Winkle. The following eloquent passage struck us as almost prophetic:—'The Sam Knights,'\* said the speaker, 'attempted to overthrow Rome. What was their fate, and where are they now? They failed and long since were utterly annihilated. So shall it be with the foes of the American Eagle. They shall perish and their memory shall be blotted from the scroll of human existence. But the American Eagle, expanding its earth-embracing pinions—holding in its talons the Declaration of Independence and screaming out its triumphal song shall mount upward—upward, forever.' The speaker's attitude at this moment was imposing in the extreme. His majestic figure was drawn up as though it had been suspended by a rope to the ceiling—his eye was fixed upon the skylight and his right arm was elevated in the same direction.

The manner in which he spoke of himself was truly affecting. Tears flowed from many an eye as the author spoke of having left a numerous circle of friends who now mourned his loss and declined receiving comfort; of having abandoned

\* These Knights we think must have been a numerous family, to have made such an attempt. We are authorized to say that Tom Knight, the Grocer, was not related to this family.—*Ed. of Gaz.*

the paths of science, and of having torn himself from his favorite Zoological pursuits in order to discharge his duty to the American Eagle. We were strongly reminded of Luther as he spoke of his firm determination to do his duty, notwithstanding all the allurements of pleasure—the attractions of science—the entreaties of friends, and the opposition of enemies.

On Friday next we shall publish the entire speech, in a convenient form for distribution. Sabbath Schools and Sewing Societies, taking a considerable quantity, will be supplied at reduced rates. Let the friends of the American Eagle, and all who desire the promotion of sound morality, aid us in the dissemination of this work."

It is probably not yet generally known that an extensive publishing house in this place, has in press a Drama which will shortly appear. We are not at liberty to mention the author's name, but being desirous of gratifying the curiosity of our readers, we bribed the Printer's Devil to hook for us some of the proof sheets. He succeeded in obtaining the following, which constitutes one entire scene.

SCENE II.

Place—Phenix Row. Time—2, P. M.

[Enter one of the Editors of the Indicator.]

*Editor*—The cause thereof, I cannot explain, I do not know  
 But for me there's a magic charm in Phenix Row.  
 After dinner I walk here. when, tranquil and calm  
 I would not for the world do e'en the least harm.  
 Here can I gaze on "learning's green retreat,"  
 And yon Village Church is best seen from this street;  
 Those mighty columns ! tis alone from this place  
 That I can view those works—the pride of our race,  
 I do not like to stand in front, or very near,  
 Those pillars to my senses so o'erwhelming do appear,  
 But while I my walk down this street pursue,  
 With a little care, the work I can safely view.  
 Here, I usually pause and take my stand,  
 With this valuable Grocery close at hand ;  
 Firmly grasping this post, with a beating heart—  
 I turn my eyes—lo, there stands the work of art.  
 Then often a Fairy or some one of the Graces  
 Happens along all arrayed in satins and laces.  
 O, there's no other place I so love to frequent  
 As this where so many a joyous hour I've spent.  
 But to-day a strange sort of sadness comes o'er me ;  
 I feel a presentiment that some danger's before me,  
 That the mind of an Editor oft in the future foresees—

[Enter Printer's Devil.]

Ha ! what dost thou here.

*Printer's Devil*—Some copy, if you please.

*Ed.*—Copy ! Good Heavens ! what can the fellow mean,

Such an hard-hearted wretch surely never was seen.

Monster insatiate! will thou ne'er be content?

Tell me, have I not copy unto thee sent?

*Devil*—Gone, all gone, and there is left me still,

A void which nothing but copy ever can fill.

*Ed.*—Gone! it cannot be. [*Aside.*] I have my fears  
Lest the fellow has hooked for the Express those ideas—  
Tell me what thou hast done with those reflections so sage,  
Which I thought would surely last thee an age.

Didst ponder them well? I expected that you  
Would carefully read those long pages through.

*Devil*—My dear sir, I hope you did n't suppose  
That even the Devil would read pieces like those.

*Ed.*—O that some guardian goddess would bestow  
Some weapon which would lay this monster low.

[*Editor seizes Printer's Devil by the throat.*]

*Devil*—Forbear, good sir, spare, O spare my life—  
Say, hast not at home some loving wife?

*Ed.*—Not one.

*Devil*—But hast not been or dost not hope to be  
In love?

*Ed.*—Ha! I'm not sure but at last thou hast me,  
But dost think that therefore I will let thee go?  
Those words sealed thy fate, as soon thou shalt know.  
What comfort could be taken in possessing a wife  
While you survived to trouble and vex my life?

*Devil*—O, if e'er thou hast loved then list to my tale,  
And my story so simple shall o'er thy fell purpose prevail.  
I am a lover; methinks e'en at this moment I see,  
Just turning the corner, the form of my "fair ladye;"  
For me she ever watches at set of yon sun,  
When the long weary work of the day is done,  
And when no more I return, sure her heart will break,  
And tears will flow for her lost lover's sake.  
Think what grief and distress will her bosom tear;  
For her sake, I beg,—on my knees I implore thee,—spare.

*Ed.*—My heart relents, I think that I'll spare thee this time,  
But beware how you ever repeat this crime—  
I'll drug thee with poisons—I'll dose thee with poppy—  
I'll send thee to——

*Devil*—I must have some more copy.

[*Editor seizes Printer's Devil and is just strangling him, when enter Printer, followed by the "Amherst Invincibles." Grand flourish—Trumpets sound—Drums beat.*]

*Captain*—Soldiers, close up, stand firm and let every man  
Keep his eye on his Captain, who is leading the van.

*Lieutenant*—[*To Capt.*] Captain, methinks it would be more discreet  
and much the best way

To halt and obtain reinforcements, as soon as we may,  
For I perceive that this fellow has a monstrous jack-knife,  
Which looks large enough to take e'en a Captain's life.

[*Captain turns pale through excess of valor, and retires precipitately to the rear.*]

*Capt.*—[*From the rear.*—Soldiers, make ready—take aim—fire.  
Lieutenant, is he dead?

*Lieut.*—He'll soon expire,  
Or at least he ought to; though I rather suspect  
That powder alone don't have much effect.

*Ed.*—Captain, I would not shed blood and I'll listen to reason;  
Tell me why this attack so entirely out of season?

*Captain.*—You have broken the law, for I think all must see  
That this can't be a case of *felo de se*;  
For protection of life many laws have been made,  
For the good of the public they must be obeyed.  
Now I think you must see that we're bound to seize  
And properly punish the one who does acts like these.

*Ed.*—Captain, "it must be so, thou reasonest well,"  
And yet if I my many griefs should tell  
Thy heart would melt—thy brains likewise,  
And all pour forth in torrents from thy eyes.  
Seest thou that youth? it is the Printer's Devil,  
A being that in other's woes delights to revel;  
With his cries for "more copy" he besets my path  
With his cries for "more copy" he awakes my wrath;  
Those cries haunt my dreams, my sweet slumbers break,  
In terrible anguish oft from deep sleep I awak.  
Take him good Captain, quickly take him away  
And to some barren rock chain him fast I pray.

*Printer.*—My Devil you see, there prostrate he lies,  
His fair features scratched and blackened his eyes.  
This poor Devil's compelled,—his fate makes me sigh,—  
The public with intellectual food to supply;  
Unto him a famishing public are sending their cry,  
Give us bread, give us bread, we shall starve, we shall die.  
[*To Editor.*] You see, my good sir, how pitiful and sad is his lot,  
Escape from the public, he well knows he cannot—  
They call for some food, and for him nought remains  
But to serve them up something if it be his own brains,—  
His own brains, did I say? Alas! there's none left him,  
Of them, the Express has long since completely bereft him;  
And now nought is left for the poor wight to do  
But with tears and entreaties to supplicate you..

*Ed.*—Good friends I perceive now wherein I have erred,  
This poor fellow's situation I ne'er before heard.  
If you'll forgive me this time and accept an apology,  
Soon a treatise I'll bring him upon Entomology.—[*Excunt omnes.*]

# THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. II. NO. VII.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:  
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cowper.*

FEBRUARY, 1850.

AMHERST:  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS,

MDCCCL.

NOV 7 1923

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# THE INDICATOR.

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VOL. II.

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## MADAME DE STAEL.

A fondness for transcendental literature has become the "ruling passion" of the age, and has perhaps served to deepen the long existing and wisely founded prejudice against the fictitious productions of French talent. They meet with a comparatively slight portion of the enthusiastic praise so liberally lavished on the creations of German fancy, and even the female novelists of *la belle France*, pass beneath the rod of unmerciful criticism. Vagueness, is the idol of the hour; incomprehensibility the rail road to popularity; truth is veiled in mysticism; reason is dazzled by philosophy, and common sense forsakes the stage, where it would stock unrecognized—the Great Unknown.

There is no name among the authoresses of her own land, whose celebrity has been more widely extended than that of Madame de Stael; and, without being exempt from the imperfections which sully the works of many among the famous authors of France, we discover in her's less to censure, and more to admire. Her faults, exaggeration of feeling, and a confirmed confidence in her own opinions, amounting almost to prejudice, are those into which a strong and self-relying mind, united to an ardent disposition would be likely to fall. In her graver compositions where her real sentiments are apparently expressed, without the incumbrance of fiction, there is much which the generous critic would fain pass over in the "charity of silence," but though there may be found opinions too bitter, and theories too bold, to become a woman's pen, these are decked in a drapery so graceful, we half forget to blame the impulse from which they sprang. Whatever may be their defects, her writings must always stand in favorable contrast with the style of "George Sand" and the too long list of her imitators.

There is something too, that excites our sympathy in Madam de Staël's proud struggle for intellectual freedom, her battling with the persecutions, which, whether merited or not, left dark records on the disposition no opposition could subdue, and lingered to shadow and to haunt the heart they had striven in vain to humble. If, in poring over her brilliant pages, the reader sometimes pauses to disapprove, he is tempted to condemn the cause, rather than the consequence, and to lament the tyranny which mingled the waters of "Marah" with a fountain of thoughts so eloquent. One of the most instructing, certainly the best sustained and most powerfully written, of her productions, is that whose publication was forbidden—her work on Germany. She excels in that philosophizing sort of composition which combines the reflection of the German, with the worldly tact of the French author. Her genius is thoughtful rather than imaginative, and more successful in depicting scenes and persons as they actually exist, than in portraying them as they might be. Her fictitious characters are to unreal; her loftiest inspirations desert her at the threshold of fancy. The plots of her novels are generally improbable, sometimes impossible, and her personages, while reasoning most eloquently, frequently act most unreasonably. She has no talent for grasping the lifelike in trifles. While seeking to disclose the concealed springs of conduct, she neglected the trivial events, the bright-spoken words, which convey more vivid and accurate impressions than any lines of profound portrayal. The features in her portraits are painted from humanity, but they lack the slight touches which give expression of life. There is always some one delineation on which the writer seems to have lavished peculiar care; some being whose more than ordinary beauty atones for any deficiency in the other actors in the novel. If, in the detail of common occurrences and the working out of her plots, Madam de Staël sometimes falters, her success in recording the flow of feeling, and the troubled history of the heart's world, has seldom been excelled. It is a rare thing for a woman to fail in depicting the gentle attributes of human nature; she has such deep sympathy with their power, so much knowledge of their influence, and partakes so largely of the *rein menschlich*, that she has only to recall the traces, which experience has written on her own life, and she finds a key to the emotions of others. In the picturing of her own sex in its most intellectual form, Madam de Staël has been particularly fortunate. Perhaps even there she is to ideal—even Corinne the high, the gifted and the beautiful, the "martyred saint of lovers"

is more of the heroine than the woman, yet so lovely in her dream-like loftiness, we can scarcely wish to lose that beauty in one more earthly. For those, the credulous, who have still a faith in the possibility of broken hearts, and who, like the renowned Sancho, "dote on love stories," few characters of romance possess a deeper interest, than that imparted by Corinne. The mingling of woman's illusions with more than woman's mental strength, the resistance of intellect to the deceptions of affection; the concentration of all thought and mind and feeling in one unwise, yet most true devotion, and the gradual decline even of genius, beneath the sorrow and ruin of that sad love, are told with a graphic power which finds few rivals among the unnumbered pictures of a passion-worn heart. Madame de Stael never surpassed the grace of that portrait, the glowing delineation of the conflict between a proud and solitary soul (whose very superiority made it lonely) with the shackling forms and prejudices of society; the imprudence of daring a war so unequal; the wretchedness of final submission; its grief and its despair; with the ever recurring contrast, in the sufferer's thoughts of what she was, with what she had been; of the immortality, intellect might have won her, and the trial that love had brought. She tells the history of her sex in her own declaration—"de toutes mes facultés, la plus puissante, est celle de souffrir." Well might tears flow even in her triumph hour, and her cheek grow pale when praise was around her in the capitol; well might an omen rest on the leaves of that garland, and her brow throb painfully beneath its pressure! Alas! too often is the laurel-wreath bathed with the dew of sorrowful tears; and twined around the poet's life, is the sole green thing that it can boast! Perhaps no one ever finished the last exquisite pages of Corinne, without a feeling of disappointment, that a character so early gifted, whose aspirations were noble, and the moral of whose destiny might have been made so beautiful, should descend from a station but a "little lower than the angels," to become a mere love-sick heroine. The transition is emblematic of the mind which depicted it, and evinces how strangely the lofty and the frivolous mingled in the writer's fancies.

A tone of exaggerated and romantic despondency is a distinguishing trait in French fiction, and one so generally displayed as to give truth to Goethe's remark, that the French is essentially a "literature of despair." In our own language, too, the tragic seems the most popular portion of composition; almost all the imaginative works which create a vivid and enduring impression, are those in which the

mournful predominates. Few of the Waverly novels end happily, and among them the saddest are the greatest favorites. We feel a truer interest in the dark career of the Master of Ravenswood, than would be excited by a gayer and more fortunate hero; the gloomy fate of Flora Mac Ivor, her wasted energies and wild self-reproach haunt us like a troubled dream, when the happiness of Rose Bradwardine has passed from our thoughts; and we never recall Rowena in her pride and loveliness with half the enthusiastic sympathy that follows the pathway of Rebecca in her foreign pilgrimage, and mourns the shadowed lot of a being so beautiful. In fiction, as in reality, happiness is too transient to leave a lasting memory; we learn from experience, that the sorrowful is the true. "*Toutes les grandes pensées, viennent du cœur,*" was the saying of Vanvenargue; and Madam de Stael is an example of its truth. She is never so eloquent as when she writes from the dictates of ardent feeling, and gives free way to the enthusiasm inseparable from ambitious genius. There were times when the trial of her destiny brought gentler emotions than the bitter ones they were calculated to excite in a spirit too conscious of superiority to be long submissive. When the sadness which gives wisdom was with her, and when, in the fervor of inspiration and the exercise of intellect, she forgot all of grief but its holiness. These softer moods may be traced in the varying tone of her productions and these were the moments of her highest impulses, when thought was subdued into poetry, the sweeter for its melancholy, and she knew the depth of that calmer suffering, which is the foundation of knowledge. "*Qui n'a pas souffert, que soit il?*"

Madam de Stael's dramatic writings are not favorable specimens of her powers. Though unfettered by the restraints of rhyme, they possess the artificial style and stiffness which distinguish French productions of that character; they need the naturalness, the *je ne sais quoi* of reality. Some German author says that in most dramas there is much which shocks good taste, but that French tragedies are one single and entire shock; a remark which, without being wholly correct, approaches very near the truth.

There is certainly something bordering closely on the ludicrous in the soliloquies of heroes who inform the public of their difficulties and despair, through the medium of heroic measure; and while about to commit suicide, pause to perpetrate rhyme.

It requires all the grace and eloquence of Corneille, or Racine, to preserve the spirit of tragedy amid such disadvantage.

The praise of excelling in various styles of composition can scarcely be ascribed to Madam de Stael ; her genius is exclusive, rather than universal. She is loftiest, when, looking on the world with calm philosophic gaze, she paints life in all its earnestness and sublimity, and scans sadly, yet kindly, the troubled depths of the heart, and reveals the workings of passion, or the sorrows of feeling. The gift of "many-sidedness" is one rarely, if ever possessed by a woman. The nature of her existence in a manner, prevents it. She is apart from excitements of a general character, and, moving in a sphere comparatively contracted, she seldom experiences vivid and permanent interest beyond it. Her inspiration is the consequence of ardent emotion oftener than the result of profound reflection. She dwells among the charms of thought and love, and her genius is brightest and truest, when, with reverence, it draws aside the temple's veil, and teaches us the deep mysteries within her own heart.

The fault of monotony is frequently attributed to the writings of intellectual women ; it is one, which, without affectation, they can scarcely avoid. We should not expect the attractions of varied excellence in the compositions of those, whose impressions and associations change but little, whose experience moves in a circle, and whose life is a dream made up of many dreams, a passing scene of illusion, affection, suffering and resignation—voilà tout !

The works of Madam de Stael are not calculated to convey any important or original instruction ; they appeal more to taste and intellect, than to the judgment. The desire for celebrity must have been intense in a mind like hers, where the pride of high, and acknowledged endowments was combined with an unusual share of restless vanity ; yet her's appears to have been the wish for fame, not the search for it.

She wrote much that was likely to render her unpopular, and which a spirit less self-relying would have suppressed ; yet with all her faults and prejudices she has won a reputation that will probably be as enduring as it is brilliant.

If her pages leave us no dazzling lesson, they at least lead us to reflect with profounder earnestness on the nature and the destiny of our moral being, and we recall their writer as one who taught us something of that self-knowledge, whose end is wisdom. We remember her, when experience realizes and brings back to us some of the striking truisms she scattered so lavishly ; the spell of romance which her genius has woven will long linger to bind young hearts with its intellectual beauty.

"YORICK."

## SHIRLEY. Boizs.

"If a man read little," said Bacon, "he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not."

It would seem that Bacon must have been placed in circumstances not uncommon at the present day, when certain books are engrossing the attention of the reading public which one must needs read in self-defense; books which are the theme of conversation for every one, and an acquaintance with which, or at least the ability to pass judgment upon them is considered as a test of literary taste. And generally these books are such as ought to be read by all. The very fact of their general notice is a great argument in their favor. The public mind has too much to occupy its attention to bestow much on writings of an ordinary character, and at this time when the literary market has so large a 'stock on hand,' such productions can rarely find a purchaser.

If then, a work is likely to produce a general excitement, you had better read it, for you may be assured that there is displayed in it a merit or demerit not common, and you cannot well decide which, without yourself reading it, for the self-conceited criticism of the age is wondrous chary of its praises and often finds fault with what it cannot appreciate. The grapes are sour.

Shirley is a novel! and simply because it is a novel, many will not read it: many who, we believe would be made happier, kinder, and better for it; who might learn at least a lesson in that charity which "is not puffed up." Notwithstanding the triteness of the subject, we will say a few words on novels in general, and then inquire what merit Shirley has in particular.

The notion that possesses many minds, that the tendency of novels is "evil and only evil continually" we think is wrong. Historical, statistical, chronological information is not our only object in reading. We seek for truths and principles. You laugh perhaps at the idea of deriving truth from fiction! but truths are not necessarily facts. Are not thoughts and feelings and sentiments, truths? And noblest truths, too, for they are the offspring of the mind, the noblest part of man. We regard novels much as we do Poetry. It is not their province to record facts, but to develop the mind and heart. We

should as soon think of rejecting "*Paradise Lost*," for not being inspired, as a novel of proper character for not being a matter of history. 'A novel of proper character!' cries the objector, 'an absurdity!' We think not; we have many in mind of this sort. We make this distinction because we know of many that are not of this character, just as we know that much that is arranged in metre and rhyme, is not Poetry. If we knew of some single word, expressive of what novels should be, we would use it to explain its distinction from fiction in general, just as Poetry is used in distinction from Verse.

Novels may be used like fables and parables to illustrate and develop truths and principles, to examine the action of the mind at particular times and under particular circumstances, and to draw instruction from a view of life, its duties and dangers, from points of observation and in situations with which we do not meet in our daily intercourse with man. Thus they are as the model plans and buildings of the artist, or as the propositions of the mathematician.

It is said that fiction is corrupting, for it sanctifies faults and errors by connecting them with good and noble traits in the characters of Heroes and Heroines. This is but in accordance with nature. The picture to be true must be to the life. It is sadly to be regretted that mankind has faults in reality as well as in story, had they none there, the tale would not be of men, but of angels. If there are writings which would willfully display vice in its most attractive forms, or exalt it to virtue, it is plain that these should be avoided just as men who in society would deprave the youthful mind or manners. It is not my intention to recount all the advantages of fiction, or to refute all the arguments against it. It has faults, and what has not; but the strong and well cultivated mind (and such is ever needed to learn from human nature,) may find in fiction, much rich food for thought, which will strengthen and elevate the mind, and enlarge and ennoble the heart.

Of the author of *Shirley*, we knew but little. The title page tells us merely, that it is by the author of '*Jane Eyre*.' To us, this is a sure guarantee for literary merit. To others it may be different. Indeed, we recollect once hearing '*Jane Eyre*' denounced by a person who 'spoke as one having authority,' as the most dry and silly book he had ever attempted to read. But *we* recollect the interest with which we followed our author through the intricacies of his deep laid plot, and lingered on scenes which almost drew tears from our eyes, and we seized this volume with more than ordinary anticipations. Were these anticipations realised? We shall see.

Our author has the rare talent of introducing his characters in a modest, unassuming manner, without throwing an air of mystery about them, or leaving them incomplete. On the contrary, there is a clearness, a distinctness about each, quite uncommon in works of this kind. He accomplishes this, by introducing persons themselves, by their own words and actions, so that we seem to see them before us, each invested with his own peculiar characteristics of mind and body.

Though each character is an uncommon one, we are made to feel perfectly acquainted with it, so that we are confident that we could immediately recognize them all in a crowd of living persons and decide upon the course of action of each under any particular circumstances.

The style, though not original or striking, is pleasing, and evinces a rare command of words. Everything is said with perfect ease and fluency. The author seems not to rely so much upon the elegance of the language as upon its perfect appropriateness. There is a singular expressiveness about it, arising from the almost universal use of simple, Saxon words without flower or ornament.

There was some complaint about the moral influence of 'Jane Eyre,' or at least some persons profess to have discovered a vein of lurking skepticism, not indeed expressed, but visible to the penetrating eye, running through the whole book. It may be so: *we* did not see it; but there was something like satire upon the clergy we allow, directed we think, however, at their own heartless formality rather than at their sacred office. But in *Shirley* we find nothing that can offend the most scrupulous. On the contrary, it seems to inculcate sentiments of the purest morality, and ever to commend the noblest principles of Christian virtue.

We cannot linger, but must proceed to a slight examination of the several characters. It must necessarily be slight, for they are numerous and peculiar, and we need the clear yet forcible expression of our author to do them justice.

In Robert Gerard Moore, we think we see our author's *master character*. It is the character of one on whose manly forehead 'Nature has written nobleman:' whose mind while it is active and powerful is also lofty and pure, whose tastes are as refined as his person is graceful and manly, and whose heart though stern is both kind and affectionate. Yet fortune had cast his lot in the midst of circumstances peculiarly disheartening. His family escutcheon which had ever been bright and honorable now bore the mark of disgrace, and

to efface this was his most earnest desire. All the energies of his mind, and the untiring exertions of his body were devoted to this end. We can gather the influence of these things upon his mind from the following passage. "It was even supposed that he took by past circumstances much to heart, and if a childhood passed by the side of a saturnine mother, under foreboding of coming evil, and a manhood drenched and blighted by the pitiless descent of the storm, could painfully impress the mind, *his* probably was impressed in no golden characters." And yet more, his present prospects were clouded, his high aspirations were checked, and the path to his advancement was obstructed. War had closed the gates of commerce, and bankruptcy and ruin stared him in the face.

Such were the circumstances which surrounded a spirit proud and impetuous by nature, with energies restless and untiring. The country in which he lived was not his native land! On the contrary it was in open hostility to that with which were his deepest sympathies, and he felt no joy in the glory of its arms. And when he saw its Executive pursuing a course which would bring beggary on himself, and starvation on those around him, his indifference ripened into hatred. Stung by the neglect and contempt which he met with as a poor man and a foreigner, he wrapped himself in the mantle of his independence and beyond the daily intercourse which his business required, he sought for no sympathy from a people with whom he had few feelings in common. Scrupulously just in his dealings with others, he was prepared clearly to appreciate, and strongly to maintain *his* peculiar rights; especially at the time when any infringement on them would have been his ruin. His was a spirit that would ever resist oppression, whether of the monarch or of the mob; for he was as bold as he was independent, and his courage made him strong.

There were few influences operating upon him calculated to call forth the gentler feelings of his nature. It is probable that he viewed with regret the sufferings around him, but thought it beyond his power to relieve them; for to attempt this was to give himself up to destruction, and should he do *this* even, what would it avail toward the supply of the wants of a famishing nation? He saw that relief to them no less than to himself must come from higher sources. The powers that had brought trouble upon the land alone could remove it. Though the suffering people were not his people he would gladly have

given them assistance, had he been able ; but when they sought, under the guidance of evil-minded persons, to wreak vengeance on *him* for their troubles, then *they* became the aggressors, and the lion of his nature rose in opposition.

Yet gentleness and love were natural to his bosom, and though thus smothered, they did not forsake him. In the Cottage he was the personification of quiet, attentive, brotherly affection ; when abroad, children clambered up to their welcome seat upon his knee, and the old house dog at the rectory found no repulse when he crouched at his feet, or the kitten though she perched upon his shoulder. In his intercourse with Caroline, we catch slight gleams of a pure and manly love, but he seems to have repressed it as being inconsistent with the business difficulties which then surrounded him, and the dangers which threatened his ruin.

In business, Moore was always clear-headed, sagacious and cool in his calculations, and restless, energetic, and untiring in his action. When we see him in his private life, he adds to the easy grace of the gentleman, the lofty pride of conscious manhood ; and he displays a calmness amounting almost to Stoicism and an observation both acute and comprehensive. He possessed in an eminent degree what is rarely found, pride without ostentation, and great reliance on, and respect for himself, without bombast.

But Moore like other *men* had faults. Yet they were rather errors than vices. He was as free from the sensuality of the curates as he was from the bigotry of Helstone or Yorke. But had he taken more heed to the instructions of Caroline Helstone when together they read of the haughty Carolinus in Shakspeare, his life would have been happier, or at least he would have made that of others so. He should have recollected that it is a man's own fault if others misunderstand him, for he should avoid even the appearance of evil, and that if a man has incurred the dislike or disapprobation of a whole community of honest and sagacious men, he cannot well hold himself guiltless. When returning from Birmingham and London the evening that he was shot, he shows that he then perceived the errors of his opinions and his policy.

We have intimated that his great self respect was a distinctive element in his character. But this received a deadly pang at his memorable interview with Shirley. How the strong man writhes beneath it ! We will not attempt to describe this interview as he narrates it to Yorke, but will only say that we think it our author's finest

conception, and that for energetic and forcible, yet perfectly natural expression, we have rarely seen it equalled.

We are conscious that we have lingered already too long with Robert Moore. Yet we think that his character will not be appreciated. Such characters as his are never understood. The public cannot fathom his motives, nor understand his feelings, therefore they condemn them. He will not stoop to explain them, nor will his proud and independent spirit, "truckle to the mob" or 'curry favor' with the noble, therefore they despise him. But if ever circumstances (on which often hang the fate of kingdoms) should give to *them* an understanding of his character, and to *him* of his duties and relations to others, they will then perceive that they have been warring off the sympathies of a noble and generous heart, and he will learn that "to respect himself, he must believe he renders justice to his fellow men."

Though we listen with pleasure to the clear and thrilling notes of the clarion, we pause with silent rapture, and strive to hush even the too audible beatings of our hearts, when harp-strings swept by master fingers send forth their pure and gentle melody.

Thus we turn from the nobleness of Moore to glance for a moment at the purity and loveliness of Caroline Helstone. We could wish to gaze in silence, fearing by the sound of our voice, to break the spell. But we may not; and though our task is like painting the tints of the violet of early Spring, we shrink not from the attempt.

We are introduced to her in the first bloom of maidenhood. She has been brought up from infancy in the solitude of her uncle's home, denied the fostering care and the guiding influence of a mother's love, whose moral and mental training is ever invaluable to the child of tender years. Yet her mind though uncultured, was powerful, and she possessed a refinement, which all the conventionalities of society could never bestow. A faultless grace and elegance dwelt in her soft blue eyes, her waving ringlets, her beautiful form, and her simple dress, which the most costly decorations could never supply. Accustomed to retirement, she shuns the formalities of society, and is happiest when alone, or when visiting the poor and the afflicted of her uncle's parish. The rector has ever treated her as a child, and she has passed unconsciously into womanhood still retaining her childish simplicity.

The Moores were her cousins: and she loved to pass a portion of her time at Hollow's Cottage. The more so, as she had not much to occupy her attention at home, and she saw that the ascetic and foreign manners of her relatives found little sympathy among the people of

Yorkshire. She saw much to respect and admire in the conceited, bustling, Hortense, and in contemplating the manly beauty and noble heart of Robert, she felt a strange pleasure. By degrees, thoughts and feelings before unknown, rose in her breast to surprise her, and ere long she is aware that they are the yearnings of a strong and fervent, yet modest love. Soon her maidenly delicacy and her uncle's mandate, unite in putting an end to her visits to the cottage, and as Robert never comes to the Rectory, she feels that the happiness which has been her life for months, is suddenly wrested from her. She doubts and fears yet still hopes on. And restless, anxious days, and her nightly pillow wet with tears, bear witness to the intensity of her passion. Her slender frame gradually sinks beneath the contending emotions and we are ready to weep at the blight of so pure and tender a heart.

At this juncture, she first meets with Shirley and the good Mrs. Pryor. In the former, she finds a friend and companion whose sprightliness and vivacity buoys up her own drooping spirits. Did we pause to inquire what tended to promote their friendship, we should find very little similarity in their characters or dispositions. But this is never essential. If tastes and principles are alike there is no barrier to friendship. When she has reason to believe that the object of her affections is about to be gained by another, and that other her friend, she betrays no jealousy, but with a calmness almost despairing, simply says, "Of course he will marry *Shirley*." But why shall we follow her further? Why speak of the joy that she felt when death had nearly claimed her for his own, on finding in the gentle kindness of Mrs. Pryor the yearnings of maternal love, which she had often fondly desired and which filled up with living and life-giving characters a page in her existence before a blank. Nor will we attempt to describe her happiness, when as a ministering angel of comfort she visited the chamber of Robert's illness, and from his own lips learned that her love was reciprocated, and two noble hearts found their dearest joy in the feeling that henceforward they would ever beat with and for each other. We have already handled too freely with unhallowed pen, a theme we regard as almost sacred.

In Shirley Keeldar, appears the heroine of our tale. Under this scarcely feminine appellation, we are introduced to the orphan heiress of Fieldhead, the owner of half of Briarfield, who had just attained her majority and had come to dwell in the long vacant halls of her fathers. With a highly cultivated mind, polished manners, and a faultless beauty of person, she was qualified to move with easy

dignity in any circle of society, and to draw the tribute of homage from all who knew her. She knew her power and it pleased her to exercise it. But she loved still better to commune with a mind that could appreciate her lofty thoughts and her delicate feelings. In Caroline she found a friend with whom she could sympathize, and from whose strength of character she derived much benefit. With an ingenuous frankness which knew no deceit, she was yet able to conceal her own emotions, while the acuteness of her penetration enabled her easily to scan the thoughts of others.

But Robert Moore was an exception which puzzled her. He was more dependent on, and more indebted to her than any other. Yet he was as proud as the 'star of the morning,' and she could neither humble nor read him. Mark the dignity of his bearing when at the 'childrens' festival' she reproves him for his "insupportable tardiness." Though indolent by habit, her character possessed an energy which when aroused was resistless. It was startling, and the tones of her voice sent a thrill through the veins which few can inspire. Who can not picture to himself her fearful excitement at the insolence of *Donne*, or who does not hear ringing in his ears, her voice, clear as a trumpet's tone, when she summoned Mrs. Gill to attend to the wants of the wounded soldiers. Had we time we would speak of her benevolent interest in all around her and how she gave freely of her substance to minister to their necessities. But we must pass quickly on, and shall be satisfied if we have succeeded in pointing out some of the principal points of interest in her character.

Soon a new character appears. Another Gerard Moore, with the same deep, inscrutable, strong mind, as Robert, without his business vexations. And thrilling indeed grows the interest as we notice how strangely Shirley demeans herself toward this Louis, the humble tutor of her cousin, and soon become aware that he is loved with a strength of passion which none but she can feel. We have called him humble! he was in position, but never did a prouder heart beat in mortal bosom. Were Shirley as poor as himself he would have immediately offered her his hand and heart. But he will not ask her hand as a favor, though it is the most priceless gem this world can yield. Herein we see our author's skill, in finally making the haughty spirit of the high born and self willed heiress, give way before the calm and fearless decision of the pure minded man, and in causing her to bow (as woman ever must who hopes for conjugal happiness) before the superior mental power of him who is to be her future husband.

Our author has maintained a perfect dignity of subject, without the aid of heroes of high degree, and shown us that pure affection may gush as warmly from the humble heart as from that of prince or noble. So from the rude moss-covered spring beside the peasant's door, gurgles a crystal stream as pure as ever played from marble fountain in the court of the proudest palace.

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SLEEP. *Briggs.*

I know thou art gone to thy rest—  
I know that thou art laid  
'Neath the shimmering bough and the whisper low  
Of the restless Aspen's shade,  
And that the long and silken grass  
Is bowing o'er thy head.

I wandered out one even,  
E're the sun had stained the west,  
And a gentle dream all fraught with thee  
Was aching in my breast;  
'Twas like a wearied dove that folds  
Its wearied wings to rest.

The sun was slanting down  
Upon the silent trees,  
And every leaf seemed listening  
To the soft tone of the breeze,  
But oh! my heart was listening  
To a softer tone than these.

'Twas not the echo of a strain  
Low gushed by warbling bird,  
It was a sweeter tone than e're  
The forest hush had stirred,  
And as it met my tranced ear,  
I thought thy voice I heard.

Upon my cheek I felt a glow  
As if thy warm'd breath  
Was hovering near, and then I wept  
To think thou wert with death,  
And that thine azure eye was hid  
The droop'd lid beneath.

It was a sad some thought,  
It woke me from my dream,  
And all was as it was before—  
The trees and sunny gleam—  
Except they had a sadder look,  
And my heart did sadder seem.

The birds may sing full gaily  
Upon the summer bough,  
And blithely may the sunbeams fall  
Upon my troubled brow,  
I loved them once when thou wert here,  
But I cannot love them now.

They say that only age  
Can know the grief of heart,  
But oh, the young in years can feel  
The anguish of its dart,  
And the troubled soul grow faint with pain  
As the hours of love depart.

It was a silent day,  
A silent day in June,  
The sun was shining quietly  
And the flowers were all in bloom,  
And naught was heard except the bird  
Singing a pleasant tune.

That tune stole through my soul,  
As the flower-scents thro' the air,  
And from my dark and earth-borne heart

It took full half its care,  
And I fonder gazed on thy quiet brow  
And smoothed thy long brown hair.

You opened your soft blue eyes,  
As opens a star at even  
Its tender light on the youthful night  
Like a bless'd thought from Heaven :  
And a bless'd thought to my inmost soul  
By thy tremulous gaze was given.

I knew that thou wert dying,  
Tho' I fain would not have known,  
And I knew that thou wert going  
To the land where thou hast gone,  
And I knew that I should soon be left  
To Memory alone.

I had prayed for peace when I saw that Death  
Lay sleeping in your eyes,  
And I knew that my prayer was echoed back  
By Angels' faint replies,  
For I felt that you would happier be  
In God's sweet Paradise.

And now I dream of thee,  
When quiet wears the day,  
'Twould wrong thee should I mourn for thee  
When Nature was not gay,  
For thou wert ever unto me  
As a sweet sunny ray.

And sometimes when 'tis even,  
And stars are out on high,  
And seem like burning types to tell  
Of God's immensity ;  
I raise my eyes to Heaven and gain  
An earnest thought of Thee.

W. B.

## SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN. †.

It is a privilege for any one to read Shakespeare. It is a privilege to place ourselves in the focus of his genius, and follow with the eye the rays of light which penetrate mysteries and illumine beauties, and reveal deformities in nature and humanity. Thus you become one with him, and see as he sees the glory and the sin of man, the perfection and weakness of woman, the splendor of this outer world with the radiant translations of its inner significance.

To the student, whose knowledge of life is drawn only from books, and whose experience of it is yet to come, Shakespeare is an especial gift devoutly to be prized, for though the poet has said, "*books are a real world*," there are few books that give, in any degree, just notions, or a practical idea of life as it really is. In his page the "lore of humanity" is poured out. To study him is a sort of training for life and for life's great ends, an ideal projection (as it were) into the future, for man and nature are the same in every age and every clime, and in the courts and camps and private life of Shakespeare's characters, each one may somewhat appreciate in advance his profitable experience of men and women, the relation of things and the changes in human life. This prophetic ken is given by no other author so well, for none other has outlined so clearly, proportioned so perfectly, and colored so richly, none other has so entered into the very essence and being of soul and sense. To have the power of seeing with his eyes and hearing with his ears, and borrowing his insight, and delighting in his poetry is to be sought for, and he who has familiarized himself with Shakespeare's world, who has comprehended his "myriadmindedness" and mastered his science, is acquainted with all the elements of common humanity, its happiness, its misery, its vileness, its nobility, its large understanding that "looks before and after," its silly impotence, its fantastic folly, its love beyond the grave, and its hate stronger than death.

An eminent German critic, who does honor to himself and Shakespeare by his enlarged and apprehensive criticism, while he grants him the highest praise for his delineations of manly character, allows him no credit for feminine appreciation. This is a most wonderful blunder, and would confirm the generally received opinion that Eng-

lish women tower far above the wondering scrutiny of other nations. Perhaps they are so different that they cannot be comprehended by one who is familiar only with Dutch frauens who sweep and scour, or the sleek and comely wives of Ruben's canvass. And yet the Thekla of Wollenstein, the acknowledged perfection of German female character in tragedy, is very like Shakespeare's women, (nearer Ophelia than any other) and Schlegel is a reader and admirer of Shiller, which makes his opinion more remarkable.

We assert that Shakespeare's women are equally well drawn with his men, are equally consistent with themselves, and true to nature, genuine women, harmonious with their spheres.

Reverently would we approach this gallery, almost with prayer and fasting, as the knights of old prepared for a tourney for the fame and the beauty of their lady-loves. They do not seem like mere creations of the poet, but old familiar friends, who lived, and enjoyed, and suffered and died long ago, and had been embalmed in imperishable verse for the comfort and delight of succeeding ages.

How they start up before us with a beauty that blinds us. Radiant Portia with her eyes full of "speechless messages," the intellectual beauty, the witty poetical heiress of Belmont. Then comes the saintly Isabel in her nun's coif and garments of serge. Beatrice, saucy, generous Beatrice sends off our "wits halting worse than Signior Benedick's. Then follow Ophelia and Desdemona, so tender, so wronged, where all are unconscious the most unconscious of all, except, perhaps "peerless Miranda formed of every creature's best." Then Viola and Rosalind shrinking in pages attire. Cordelia, to whom we bow in adoration, before whom words die and praise is baffling. Lady Macbeth, the fair haired Dane, with her clear, cold, blue eyes which smile as did the witch of the North Pole on Thalaba, when he penetrated her icy fastnesses. Constance the agonized Mother, Katherine the youthful Queen, Cleopatra the "serpent of the Nile," Cressid the flirt, the pettish and false. Regal Hermione the pride of serene womanhood, Imogen at once the most various and complete, uniting every possible element in the finest and sweetest proportions—where shall we stop in this catalogue of the noble and lovely, of the true hearted, the triumphant, the wronged, the suffering, and the dying, and it must be added of the weak and wicked too.

Yet all these and all the rest were women. Not sylphs and angels or housekeepers or belles, but women with woman's gifts and graces,

her immortal essence and her earthly cumberings, maidens and wives and mothers.

There are some points to notice in and about them, which may confirm and elucidate our opinion, if they do not prove its truth.

Their perfect unconsciousness. There are no female Hamlets among them. They speak and think continually as if they were all alone, the only persons in the world, and had only the sky or the sea for their listeners. They never stop to think what the impression is on others. Thus they are transparent and we live their life, follow their thoughts, rejoice and sorrow with them, and so enter into their heart of hearts to understand it perfectly. Is not this true of all rightly trained women, who have been carefully shielded from this evil and cold world? They trust at once and entirely, dream not of their own existence in a speculating way, and bring out in entire artlessness their whole being, and it takes many a chill and many a stroke to change the settled habit of their nature.

Closely akin to this unconsciousness and in part a result of it, is the way we come to a knowledge of their character. Shakespeare never describes them in an analytic way, nor gives the statistics of their personal charms. It is true he makes Olivia inventory herself as, "Item—two lips, indifferent red; item—two grey eyes with lids to them; item—one neck, one chin, and so forth," but it is in ridicule of Duke Orsino. We learn of them indirectly; the knowledge comes gradually and from the speech of the bystanders. Of Cordelia, for instance, how poor would be our understanding at first. She has a

"tardiness in nature,  
Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
That it intends to do."

But in the admiration of honest Kent, and the outburst of France, and his final choice, and even in "Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away," what a preparation have we for the angelic development at the close. Helena and Ophelia both illustrate this same principle, and so in a greater or less degree do all the rest. Shakespeare leaves them to reveal themselves through others and we judge of them more by what they do than by what they say, and more by what they look, that is their impression upon others, than by what they do. They come to us with the added glories of other's imaginations around them and

combining in our minds the various and partcolored rays, prismatically formed, we can surround their images with pure white light.

Their consistency of character. This is shown in the constancy of their affections. There is not one among those that Shakespeare meant us to love and honor, that is not true hearted. Be fortune what it may, let them be exiled at once from home and from hearts which ought to be their home, they change not. "I think affliction may subdue the cheek, but not take in the mind," says one of them. When we part from them, they love as fondly as ever the same persons they loved when we first knew them, whatever may have happened in the course of our acquaintance with them. Hermione, Helena, Cordelia, Hero, Imogen forgive and love. Desdemona, Ophelia and Juliet love and die.

The power of sustaining the purity and dignity of their character under all circumstances, even the most adverse. This is truly wonderful. They leave the palace for the wild wood, they are transplanted from a shepard's hut to a court, and they are the same in both. They are perfectly free from affectation, and the grace and propriety of their manner suits equally the green sward or the marble hall, because it is wholly natural and genuine. They even lay aside their womanly garb without forfeiting the character. They are assailed by wickedness, they suffer wrong at the hands of their nearest and dearest, they walk through a baptism of fire, and come out whiter as clothed in garments of amianthus. In their buoyancy in the midst of reverses, in their patience, their trust in providence, even in the mistakes of the good, and the redeeming points of the erring we recognize womanly traits.

They have at once variety and individuality. They are entirely different from each other and each one is complete in herself—a very woman. They are not formed after one model, but each one has a life of her own and acts in accordance with that life, never going out of her sphere but always perfectly filling it. The remarks of one are wholly different from those of another. You never could mistake the wit of Rosalind for Beatrice's, nor Beatrice's for Portia's, nor Portia's discourse for Isabel's. Juliet is a different being from Perdita, though both are young girls, and Desdemona and Imogen are wholly unlike, though their circumstances are similar. He does not make Ophelia love Othello, nor Desdemona Hamlet, but each is fitted to the circle in which she moves and the beings with whom she has intercourse. Anne Hatherway must have been a remarkable woman.

Spencer's women were only personifications of various virtues, and even the gentle Una with the snow white lamb has hardly a life-like air. Chaucer's are fine portraits with nothing of positive action. The Lady in Comus is rather to be revered as a saint, than chosen to reign over the fireside, and even Milton's Eve is a sweet gardener and partaker of Paradise, knowing nothing of life and its mysteries, It was reserved for Shakespeare to give us

"A creature not too wise or good,  
For human nature's daily food,  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort or command,  
And yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel's light."

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SERENADE.

B n 995.

Come! for the moonlight falleth
Over the silver sea,
Come for the night-bird calleth.
To the soft winds wandering free;
Come for the dews are steeping
The flowers with their folded leaves,
And the silent woods are sleeping.
And nought but the night-bird grieves;
Then wake thee from thy dreaming,
And come to thy lattice high,
For the moon o'er the sea is gleaming,
And the hour of love is nigh.

My bark is on the river
Where the ripples murmur free,
I can hear her bright sails quiver,
She is waiting, Love, for thee!
And will hie us e're the morrow
Beams o'er the billows crest,
To a land where ease and sorrow,

Is lost in a life of rest ;
Then come—— for the moonlight falleth
Over the silver sea—
Come! for thy Lover calleth,
Ladie—for thee.

W. B.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN. *Seven Lectures.* By RALPH
WALDO EMERSON. *Sold.*

In the common phrase of the reviewers, Mr. Emerson would not be called a popular writer. His sentences are thrown off with such a want of logical affinity, and his ideas are so deeply imbedded in a mystic phraseology, that he can hardly become a universal favorite with those who at this day form the mass of the literary public; yet so long as intellect shall command homage, and men retain their partiality for erratic genius and brilliant oddity, there will not be found a lack of readers for this High Priest of strange sayings.

It has come to be the fashion of late, to discuss abstract principles in morals and mind, by the use of some historic personage as a type; and while nominally treating of individual character, to indulge in the widest range of generalization. Such is the nature of the book before us. It consists of a series of lectures on, Plato, or the Philosopher; Swedenborg, or the Mystic; Montaigne, or the Skeptic; Shakspeare, or the Poet; Napoleon, or the Man of the World; Goethe, or the Writer. We took up the volume, expecting to find it like the author's previous writings, a strange medley of dark and wayward sentences, from which at times, would gleam a brilliant thought the common eye might catch, but oftener presenting only a dreamy haze impervious to common sense and common interpretation. In this we were in a good degree disappointed. The book reads the most like plain English of anything we have yet seen from the author's pen; and though by no means free from much of his usual obscurity of expression, and want of logical connection, yet the general scope of his argument is tolerably easy of comprehension. An exception to this remark is the introductory chapter, on "The Uses of Great Men," which for vagueness, extravagance, and refined

mysticism would have rivalled the ancient Sybil herself. We can have no patience with such a spirit of non-committal of ideas. If a man writes for the public, let him write so the public can understand him, and not wrap himself up in a cold and unbending self-sufficiency, and tantalize his readers with now and then a glimpse of an idea, as though every unequivocal sentence he penned, was the surrender of an intellectual vantage-ground, which he must hasten to re-occupy by writing the dozen following in just the blindest jargon imaginable. We have not the presumption to charge our author with a want of a clear and definite comprehension in his own mind, of what he would express to others; although we confess he appears to us, occasionally, to chase an idea into rather a thin atmosphere; nor would we assert that he is not in some measure necessitated to such a style by the peculiar subtlety and range of his thoughts; yet that he has not been wholly free from a species of affectation of the mysterious and profound, we are the more inclined to suspect since reading this last volume. To say the least, it proves him to possess the power, when thus disposed, to write intelligibly.

We shall not attempt an extended notice of its contents. The book is eminently philosophical. With but few biographical incidents, each lecture, with one or two exceptions, is only the generalization of certain psychological phenomena into some fundamental law of human conduct. The first lecture presents Plato as the great representative, or prototype of all philosophy. All philosophy has two cardinal facts at its base, *amity* and *variety*. "These two principles re-appear and interpenetrate all things, all thought; the one, the many. One, is being; the other, intellect: one is necessity; the other, freedom: one, rest; the other, motion: one, power; the other, distribution: one, strength; the other, pleasure: one, consciousness; the other, definition: one, genius; the other, talent: one, earnestness; the other, knowledge: one, possession; the other, trade: one, caste; the other, culture: one, king; the other, democracy: and, if we dare carry these generalizations a step higher, and name the last tendency of both, we might say, that the end of the one is to escape from organization,—pure science; and the end of the other is the highest instrumentality, or use of means, or executive deity." Plato was a balanced soul, perceptive of the two elements. A remarkable occurrence in this world of "one idea," a man was born who could see two sides of a thing. "Plato is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato."

The second lecture treats of Mysticism, in the person of Swedenbury; a man, "who appeared to his contemporaries, a visionary and elixir of moonbeams," but in the opinion of Mr. Emerson "led the most real life of any man then in the world." Swedenburg was a model saint. The problem he strove to solve was the Whence and What and Whither of life. Nature was to him, the "picture-language" of the Ideal and Spiritual. His peculiar views were set forth in his doctrine of "Series and Degrees" and "Correspondence." He saw nature "wreathing through an everlasting spiral, with wheels that never dry, on axles that never creak." But he ascended the series too high and stepped off into the invisible, thinking to unlock the meaning of the world! The popular objection against his system is its want of life and poetic expression.

Skepticism, according to our author, is running a middle course between the Infinite and Finite; the Relative and Absolute. All men are born with a predisposition to one or the other of these sides of nature—men of action and men of faith and philosophy. Montaigne is a man who avoids extremes, keeps cool, and is not ready to believe a thing until pretty satisfactorily proved. "He talks with shrewdness, knows the world, and books, and himself and uses the positive degree: never shrinks or protests or prays; no weakness, convulsion, no superlative: does not wish to jump out of his skin, or play any antics, or annihilate space or time; but is stout and solid; tastes every moment of the day; likes pain because it makes him feel himself, and realize things; as we pinch ourselves to know that we are awake."

Shakespeare was the type of Intellect. His greatness was rather that of the mass than of the individual "Great men," says our author, "are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality. The Genius of our life is jealous of individuals, and will not have any individual great, except through the general." "Men, nations, poets, artisans, women, all have worked for him, and he enters into their labors." "A good reader can, in a sort, nestle into Plato's brain, and think from thence; but not into Shakespeare's. We are all still out of doors. For executive faculty, for creation, Shakespeare is unique" Napoleon, Mr. Emerson styles the "incarnate Democrat" "He was the idol of common men, because he had in transcendent degree, the qualities and powers of common men. He came unto his own, and his own received him." But Bonaparte fell, for his life was "an experiment of intellect without conscience."

Goethe was the reporter of nature—the universal writer, “the philosopher of multiplicity, hundred-handed, Argus-eyed, able and happy to cope with the rolling miscellany of facts and sciences.” “He has one test for all men—*What can you teach me?*” I dare not say that Goethe has ascended to the highest grounds from which genius has spoken. He has not worshiped the highest unity; he is incapable of a self-surrender to the moral sentiment. There are nobler strains in poetry than any he has sounded. There are writers poorer in talent, whose tone is purer, and more touches the heart. Goethe can never be dear to men. His is not even the devotion to pure truth; but to truth for the sake of culture.”

Our limits have forbidden more extended extracts from these lectures, though we should have been glad to have enriched our columns more freely. They abound in many shrewd hits on ways and things, and some fine delineations of character. Particularly of the portrait of Socrates, in the first lecture, is admirably drawn. Of the whole series, we think the lecture upon Napoleon is the best, because it is the most popular; being in an unusual degree, free from that *subjective* mode of treatment, which the author is so much inclined to adopt, upon whatever theme he touches. On the whole, we think the book a great advance, in the way of clearness, coherence of ideas, and a practical aim, upon anything the author has yet published. We cannot but hope that Mr. Emerson is beginning to be convinced that the public are better pleased with what they can comprehend, than with what they can only stare at as mysterious and profoundly queer;—and that men like a little mixture of common sense in what they read, better than to witness the author's feats of “grand and lofty tumbling,” as the play-bills have it, on an arena of fog and moonbeams. His style is better adapted for speaking, than for essay reading. There is such a precision in his use of words, and such a condensation of thought in his sentences, that his full meaning often escapes the reader, without a somewhat tedious process of perusal. The author's peculiar manner and accent in public address, is admirably calculated to remedy this defect, and bring out the key-words of an abstruse sentence with a tact and impressiveness that reveals much of what would otherwise be overlooked as impertinent and mystical. His conciseness in the use of language, is remarkable. There is not a superfluous word in all his works. In short, his writings present a most marked contrast between a style of almost mathematical brev-

ity and precision, and ideas of such volatile and evaporative tendency, as hardly to come within the domain of sober reflection.

His style is poetic; but it is the poetry of intellect, rather than of the fancy. He has little to do with painting fine landscapes, and listening to the music of running brooks. His soul is wrapt in the great problem of Being. He gazes into the awful depths of his own nature, and culls the flowers of poetry that spring by the way-side of Life, and drinks in the harmonies that roll in upon his soul from the great ocean of the Universal Spirit. And yet, he betrays no enthusiasm, and never for once loses his cool self-possession. He never condescends to the maneuver of startling his readers with a sudden flash, but lies back on his dignity, and announces his truths with the quiet and collected air of a man who is conscious of dealing with great thoughts, and is more disposed to puzzle, than to make himself intelligible to, those whose understandings are too earth-wed to appreciate them.

Mr. Emerson's peculiar theological notions run through all his writings; evidently having a powerful influence in shaping his topics and style. We are at a loss whether his theology has done more toward molding the man, or the man his theology; but true it is, he has come to act in most wonderful harmony with his teachings. One could hardly reconcile such stoical self-reliance, and such a cool and studied irreverence toward all that is great and holy, with any thing else than the most ultra stage of pantheism. He virtually recognizes no higher Deity than himself. The very essence of his religion and philosophy is self-worship. With his standard of virtue, taken in the abstract, we have no fault to find; but it has little to do with the guilt or innocence of men. It is at most, but the virtue of fatalism, and not of choice. Every man is a law unto himself. To act out his own nature, good or bad, is each man's great life-work. To this strange conclusion his premises must inevitably drive him. He has had the candor to recognize the deduction in the following passage, in his lecture on Napoleon, after speaking of the causes of his inglorious end. "But it was not Bonaparte's fault. He did all that in him lay to live and thrive without moral principle. It was the nature of things, the eternal law of man and of the world, which balked and ruined him." It is unnecessary to remark the tendency of such a philosophy to subvert the principles of a sound morality, and its complete antagonism to the spirit and teachings of Christianity.

In reading this book, we have been led to compare it with Carlyle's *Hero Worship*; both from the similarity of their design, and that they set forth perhaps in a clearer contrast, than any of their other writings, the peculiar tenets and characteristics of these two leaders of a new school of philosophy, in Europe and America. In these two books both write of great men; and yet their views are widely different. Indeed, their very titles indicate the distinction. Carlyle treats of *Heroes*: Emerson of *Representative Men*; for strictly speaking, he acknowledges no great men. Every man is great so far as he acts himself. Men differ not in degree but in kind; and are to be judged of, not by others, but by themselves. Carlyle believes in a royal line of Great Souls, which alone can penetrate into the Divine significance of Life. His great men are few, but universal in their genius; each Great Soul can be Prophet, Poet, Priest, or King, with equal readiness, according as outward circumstances may dictate. Carlyle's hero is the embodiment of earnestness; Emerson's of individuality. Carlyle's hobby is Insight; Emerson's, Self-reliance.

As a writer and thinker, Carlyle is the more intense and practical; but Emerson the more original and comprehensive. Carlyle's innovations on the common ways of thinking, are more apparent than real. The novelty of his words, and the fiery emphasis with which he utters them, often give to a very harmless idea, the semblance of a profound truth. Carlyle often passes for more than he is worth; Emerson as often for less. The ostentatious style, and oracular bearing of the former catch the eye at once; but time and thought are needed to measure the strength of the latter. Carlyle delights in a startling hyperbole; Emerson in a quiet paradox. Carlyle offends our taste; Emerson our common sense. The one will leave his impress on our style of writing: the other on our mode of thinking. In their moral tendency, we think the writings of Carlyle far less objectionable than those of Emerson. Emerson is the better philosopher; but Carlyle the better philanthropist. The mind of Emerson instinctively *generalizes* all the phenomena of society; and loses its interest in particulars, in striving to grasp the universal law of man and the world. The mind of Carlyle is narrow, powerful, concentrative and earnest; looks at sin and popular abuses in the concrete, and hurls the thunders of his invective at all their canonized Forms.

We will trace the comparison a step farther, and say we think Carlyle is on the retrograde, and Emerson on the advance, as a popular writer. Whoever will compare the essays on Burns, Voltaire

and Schiller, with the monotonous and spasmodic cant of the Hero Worship, will not be long in discovering the marks of degeneracy; while he who, after losing himself amid the jargon of the essays on Circles and The Over-Soul, will turn to the volume now before us, will be equally expeditious in noting the evidences of a pleasing and decided improvement. All that Emerson needs to be universally read and relished, is to stoop to the common modes of expressing thought. Although we lament his errors, we must admire his genius. Whoever reads him, must think—think vigorously—think for himself; and though at times, his brilliant and wayward thoughts only dazzle and bewilder, we always rise from his perusal, with the consciousness that our intellects have been quickened and strengthened by communion with a master-mind.

EDITORS' CORNER. *Shipley-*

"What we are, we seem—and what we feel, we say."

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft' agly." *Burns.*

"Men of such sour and vinegar aspect,
They will not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

"There is a time to laugh, as well as cry," says the wise Solomon; and we Editors are of that genus, ever ready to exclaim, "Mirth, admit me of thy crew." We delight in their halcyon humors, in

"Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides."

Right merrily were we enjoying ourselves one Wednesday afternoon, in our little den, while the golden light of an Amherst sun (which even the dingy windows could not restrain), was peering in to enliven and cheer our "mirth and youthful jollity."

But perhaps, kind reader, you may think that this disposition does not well accord with the ultra sentimentalism—and almost straining after the pathetic, which has hitherto graced our pages. Still we are fun lovers, and much have we desired that our literary parterre might be sparkling with the bright gems of native wit and the face of the comic muse expanding—we will not say into "broad grins"—but certainly with the exhilarating smile of chastened humor.

We have called with the voice of earnest but gentle solicitation upon those of our correspondents who feel a full consciousness of the inspiration of the Nymph Euphrosyne, to furnish us with laughter moving parodies, the pointed epigram, or sprightly roundelay, that all who rove our fields of literature might pluck the flowers congenial with their taste, from grave to gay, from lively to severe.

But we Editors were enjoying ourselves one day—all in a room at a time—reading, smoking, talking, disputing; one laughing at the wit of Obadiah, another raging at the satire of Winkle, all meeting there like beasts in the ark, when a loud, but hesitating succession of raps at the door dissipated the whole Phantasmagoria. We knew it was a stranger, for a student's rap is as peculiar as the countersign of a Freemason; and though unwilling to be disturbed—still we thought it best to say "come in," and in stalked that Mephistophiles of a demon, called the head ruffian of a Printing Office.

"Room for more, gentlemen," says he. "No sir," says Van Twiller, "that is considered morally, and as embodied visibly to the eye, (for I can see no empty chairs), according to our popular thinking we have not." "Lose yourself in yonder trunk, individual," shouts Winkle, "while I follow out the train of thought suggested." "You don't appear to understand me gentlemen," said the printer; but on went Winkle, not stopping to heed him.—"Plenty of room—off in a minute, sir—drive on, we're full now," says the omnibus boy.—"Yes, gentlemen, this great leveller of society, the *Omnibus*, is the thought suggested. It was an era when the omnibus was discovered. It brought with it sociality, equality, good-fellowship, accommodativeness, republicanism, utilitarianism, democracy, civilization. It destroyed aristocracy, titles, prejudices, partialities, favoritism, carried a warning to the misbegotten and misdirected assumptions of class and cast, and became a sign indicative of a moral phase in the progress of the nations."

Here the printer interposed. "Cease," said Winkle, or "I'll give you a practical illustration of Pharyngotomy. I say, gentlemen, that the omnibus era, was a go-a-head era; one of revolution,—a love of change. Sir Humphrey Davy discovered t-t-h-t the—*Omnibus*, gentlemen."

Here Winkle became very much excited, and the Corporal, who knew how violent he sometimes got, (since it is currently reported that during one of the warm days, irritated by the heat, he threatened to "lam" Boniface for saying "fire"). Here then the Corporal, fearing for the printer, interposed—"I say, Winkle, by the serious phiz of that individual—I fear he has somewhat on his mind—I move we hear him." "Second the motion," said Obadiah. Here the person referred to, took courage and resumed—"I said room for more, gentlemen, I meant to give you to understand, that in order to fill up the four forms, we must have four pages more,—and I wish to add, since I am permitted to speak, that there must be more attention paid to correcting proofs. By far the greater part of the errors which disgrace the productions of our press, are *authorial* oversights. For many of our writers are accustomed to send their manuscripts to the press in so slovenly a state, so illegibly written, so carelessly punctuated, so loaded with blots, so cropped with abbreviations, so enigmatized with insertions, and repetitions, and alterations, and explications, separately scrawled on detached pieces of paper, like the sybils' oracles on the leaves of trees, that we Journeymen Printers (and few of us are *professed conjurers*), frequently need all the sagacity of an Oedipus, with the keen eye of Lynceus, to decipher a writer's meaning. Hence, numerous er-

rors are unavoidably made in the first instance, which are afterwards overlooked by the author in examining the proof sheets; for how rare to find an author who is capable of reading the proof sheets with any tolerable degree of accuracy, and least of all to read a proof of his own work.

"For, in the first place, he is not habituated to the minute drudgery of scrutinizing letter by letter, and point by point; and when he fancies himself reading the proof sheet of his composition, he is reading his memory, and rather what it *ought to be*, than what on the paper it *actually is*."—

"Stop! stop!" shouts Boniface. "Won't you just do that speech up in my handkerchief? I should like a copy—I wonder how long since you swept out our recitation rooms? I say, fellers, where do you suppose he got all that? It must have taken him some time to learn it." But no answer,—all were astonished, and even the printer seemed conscious that he had outdone himself.

"I go from hence," muttered Van Twiller.

" 'I've often heard the sages say,
Truth in a well concealed lay!
Eager to find the goddess out,
In vain I searched the wells about.'
But, after laboring all winter,
I've found her in that infernal printer.

"Now that's what I call a cure for the heart ache," continued Van Twiller, as he seated himself in his snug little den. "Four pages—and they must be coming instanter. Well, he shall have it; but we shall have to whip up our quill to furnish the matter. *Matter!* what shall it be? This doesn't mean no matter what. It must be suited to the variety of taste, genius, sentiment and dispositions of a large community. It must be devoid of all allusions to man-traps and spring-guns—called politics and religious difference—or else, I'd write a President's Message, or an Essay on Angelical Doctors, or my opinion of Metempsychosis. I don't pretend to any great experience in the latter; but the Welsh-bard, Taliesin, describes it, and tells how he had been a serpent, ape, weasel, beetle, and finally, a jackass, and some at this day seem to have nearly reached this happy circle.

"But something must be done! *Matter* we must have, inclination to the contrary, notwithstanding—brains or no brains, subject or no subject. We feel very much in the situation of a man rising to make a speech with nothing to say—*Vox hæsit faucibus*, which being freely translated, would mean—Our ideas are too huge for utterance—

"*Quid scribam, aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore—Dii me deæque pejus perdant quam perdere quotidie sentio, si scio.*"

If I were only Macaulay now, or if I was a poet, say Byron, or Shakespeare or could I throw the shaft of ridicule like Johnson, then these lines, while all other parts of the volume should perish, would stand "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," imperishable as the Chapel tower!

I've got the same materials to work with, that they had—quill, ink, and clean paper. Yes, this little shiny substance with which my inkstand is filled, has been made to speak all languages; from it has sprung all science, invention, expression. Not a thought has ever been cogitated, nor a word uttered, but here it is, in this little drop of ink on the point of my pen. Let me see, like Montgomery, I'll

analyze it.—It is composed of nutgalls and copperas; but that is not what I want,—I don't want to know what it is made of, but what might be made of it.

So I mused, and not a word had I written, save

FEBRUARY, 1850!

“And savage winter rules the year.”

February is indeed a cold rough personage, and were it not for St. Valentine's day we should be scarcely able to relax our features with a smile during his whole reign. Between the hilarity and pleasure of winter, and the anticipations of spring he stands; giving us no enjoyment except the knowledge that his reign is as brief as severe.

But St Valentine's day, although as rough as the blasts of Siberia, brings fun and frolic enough along with it, and this year brought *quantum sufficit* to us. Many a chary epistle did we receive, and many did we send—but *one, such an one*. I wish I knew who the author is. I think she must have some spell, by which she quickens the imagination, and causes the high blood “run frolic through the veins.” Yes, the author, of such a gew gaw—such a frenzy built edifice—I should like to know and talk with, for I don't believe her mouth has any corners, perhaps “like a rose leaf torn!”

But I'll not keep you in the door way longer, but enter the temple, and decipher the thoughts engraved there.

ATTENTION.

“VALENTINE EVE.

“Magnum bonum, ‘harum scarum,’ zounds et zounds, et war alarum, man reformam, life perfectum, mundum changum, all things fiarum?”

“Sir, I desire an interview; meet me at sunrise, or sunset, or the new moon—the place is immaterial. In gold, or in purple, or sackcloth—I look not upon the raiment. With sword, or with pen, or with plough—the weapons are less than the wielder. In coach, or in wagon, or walking, the *equipage* far from the *man*. With soul, or spirit, or body, they are all alike to me. With host or alone, in sunshine or storm, in heaven or earth, *some how or no how*—I propose, sir, to see you.

“And not to *see* merely, but a chat sir, or a *tete-a-tete*, a confab, a mingling of opposite minds is what I propose to have. I feel sir that we shall agree. We will be David and Jonathan, or Damon and Pythias, or what is better than either, the United States of America. We will talk over what we have learned in our geographies, and listened to from the pulpit, the press and the Sabbath School.

“This is strong language sir, but none the less true. So hurrah for North Carolina, since we are on this point.

“Our friendship sir, shall endure till sun and moon shall wane no more, till stars shall set, and victims rise to grace the final sacrifice. We'll be instant, in season, out of season, minister, take care of, cherish, sooth, watch, wait, doubt, refrain, reform, elevate, instruct. All choice spirits however distant are ours, ours theirs; there is a thrill of sympathy—a circulation of mutuality—*cognationem inter nos*! I am Judith the heroine of the Apocrypha, and you the orator of Ephesus.

“That's what they call a metaphor in our country. Don't be afraid of it, sir, it wont bite! If it was my *Carlo* now. The Dog is the noblest work of Art, sir. I may safely say the noblest—his mistress's rights he doth defend—although it bring him to his end—although to death it doth him send!

NOV 7 1923

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THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. II. NO. VIII.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them — *Cooper*.

MARCH, 1850.

AMHERST.
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

MDCCL.

is, evidently, a prevailing characteristic of the times in which we live. No discovery can be found,—no invention made but that upon its first promulgation, *cui bono* is the universal cry. If it will add to our wealth;—if it will give to us something to eat, or to drink, or to wear, it is well,—otherwise 'tis a useless piece of work, and he, who has spent his lifetime upon it, is set down as a mere speculator who has wasted his years upon nothing. Science and art are whipped into the traces, *nolens volens*, to draw us along as much faster and more comfortably as they can. The power of steam is discovered, but it is worth nothing till it is set to work. Electro-magnetism is found out, but it is comparatively of no avail till we can make it transmit intelligence. A new principle of mechanics is seen,—and how can it be applied is at once asked, and men rest not till they have ascertained satisfactorily how many “yards of happiness” it will give them in the shape of cotton cloths and woolen fabrics.

Now then it is this utilitarianism,—this practicality of the age which leads men to despise all efforts of science and philosophy which have not made utility their great aim. Give us the useful, the real, the tangible, they cry as if the useful, and the real lay only in the tangible; as if these gross bodily organs of ours were capable of exploring all things and were worthy to receive all the attention which our higher spiritual natures can bestow. Such men—and their name at the present day is Legion—claim Bacon as the great propounder of their views. but Bacon knew nothing of such opinions and could not have sympathized with them if he had known them. He saw too clearly the dignity of science and the duty of the philosopher, to labor solely for the bodily wants of man. His philosophy does not differ from all others which had preceeded him in its mere utility. He would have denied the name of science to that which labored solely for such a purpose, and those who charge upon him, or, as they term it, give him credit for introducing the useful as a new element in science, and for making all science subservient to this,—know nothing at all about his philosophy or that of any body else. They can only find a shadow of proof for their theory by garbled extracts, despoiled of their connection, taken here and there from his writings, and might find it overturned at once and the lie direct given to all their assertions in the spirit, if not the letter, of the very first page of the *Novum Organum*.

Our object, however, at present, is not to vindicate Bacon from this charge. Those who admire him on this account have another feeling closely connected with this. They contrast, instead of compar

ing, Bacon with all who had proceeded him, and find in the contrast, matter only for his glory and their shame. They ask themselves the question—of what use were those systems over which the ancients labored?—and finding themselves unable to answer it satisfactorily, believe that no satisfactory answer can be given. Hence, very naturally, they come to believe that ancient philosophy was of no use or perhaps worse than useless, and begin to sneer at some of the mightiest struggles which the human mind has ever made. They cry out for fruit, but can find nothing but flowers and leaves, in that tree which Socrates planted, and which Plato and Aristotle watered with so much care. The crystal stream of ancient philosophy, which has flowed clear and bright through so many ages, is to them but a stagnant pool, or at best a course of muddy waters. The obviously useful, and this alone, will satisfy their morbid cravings.

It is such a feeling as this which we claim to be not only unworthy the dignity of science and of man ;—that it not only degrades philosophy and deprives the human powers of their noblest ends,—but that it is especially unworthy of the science, the philosophy and the man of the nineteenth century. The Greeks were far beyond us though we might not have wondered and could not have blamed them if they, in the infancy of science, had sought, mainly, for utility. Their views of philosophy were of a higher order than ours, and they should be praised and not sneered at for their ideas of utility. To the lofty soul of Socrates, as he bowed in the presence of the Great Spirit of the universe, there came a voice which no one before or since has ever heard so distinctly, and upon him there beamed a light whose effulgence had never more clearly irradiated any soul. Science, in its beauty, and majesty, and glory, shone in upon him, and in its light and with the very breath of its inspiration, he lived and thought. Let us take an example of his views.

“What say you,” he asks of one of his disciples of astronomy. “Shall we establish this among our studies?” “Doubtless,” replies Glaucon, “for astronomy tells us of the seasons of the year, and to be well skilled in these is of use, not only for agriculture and navigation, but equally so for the military art.” “You make me laugh,” says Socrates, “at your fear lest you should seem, to the multitude, to enjoin useless studies. Astronomy is to be valued not for these purposes you speak of, but because by this a certain organ of the soul is both purified and excited ;—an organ better worth saving than ten thousand eyes, since truth is perceived by this alone. These va-

riegated bodies in the heavens, though the most beautiful and accurate, are not, however, to be studied because of their beauty or accuracy, but are to be made use of as a paradigm for learning the pure truths which they reveal ; just as in a geometrical figure which Dædalus or some other artist or painter has skilfully drawn, we do not regard the lines which meet the eye, however excellent their workmanship, but fix the intellect alone on the truths which they indicate.”* Where, we ask, in later philosophy ;—where in our own astronomy can we find views sublime as these ?

And look, for a moment, at the great pupil of this great master. He has stood with him by the way side, has listened to his sublime discussions in the court rooms, and has himself propounded to him momentous questions in the market place of Athens. And now Socrates has perished because he was so great, and Plato has caught up and clothed himself with the descending mantle of Grecian Philosophy. As he stands by the bedside of his departed master and muses on his last and sublimest words, we may well imagine his heart to leap with energy at the calling he is to fulfill. The greatest of all questions crowd upon his mind as he gazes upon the lifeless clay of him before whose spirit he had often bowed in reverence, and from whose lips he was wont to receive lessons of wondrous wisdom. Where now and what is Socrates, were questions at which the mightiest Pagan mind might well be humbled. Still, he did not shrink. And think you that the struggles which he made over the vast problems upon which his mind incessantly dwelt, were of no use ? His is a poor intellect indeed, which can fail to find life, and progress, aye, and fruit too in the thoughts of the world's great teacher in Philosophy. His was a far reaching insight into philosophy, an apprehension of the true grounds and claims of science which later ages have striven in vain to reach. And yet it is philosophy like this which in our utilitarianism we are apt to sneer at ; philosophy like this which some seem to delight in comparing to the ox of Prometheus—“ a sleek, well shaped hide, stuffed with rubbish, goodly to look at, but containing nothing to eat.”

But we do not wish to prolong these excursions, vast as is the field in which they lie. We will only say, in a word, let the votaries of modern science be taught to throw away utility as their great aim and feel that there is something higher, nobler, better far than the mere physical good of man. Let the New Philosophy learn lessons of wisdom and not find merely matter for ridicule in the Old. Cb.

* Republic, B. VII.

MOONLIGHT. *Briggs.*

Oh moonlight, gentle moonlight,
Thou art glancing in my room,
Imparting to my lonely thoughts
A sad yet tender gloom ;
Thou art shining thro' my window
With thy pure and holy ray,
Like an Angel sent from Heaven
To steal my cares away.

Thou art smiling on the flow'rets
As they grow upon the hill,
And glancing with thy gleamy eyes
'Mid the flashings of the rill ;
Thou art stealing thro' the vine-leaves
Where the dewes are clustering bright,
And thou'rt stealing in my lonely heart,
Thou pale and holy light !

I can see the distant hill top,
With its robe of forest trees,
And their long and dusky branches
As they beckon in the breeze ;
I can hear the muffled murmur
Of the distant heaving sea,
And the voices of the night winds
Are like messengers to me.

And thou comest to my chamber,
With thy calm and noiseless tread
Like one who steppeth softly
Around the sleeping dead ;
And I thank thee for thy presence,
Thou gentle smile of Night,
For I feel my heart is calmer
Beneath thy tranquil light.

W. B.

CLIPPINGS.

WE find, pervading the domain of Nature, a law which requires every grand and beautiful thing to be the slow product of successive years. The mountain was not reared in a day; nor did the sun and showers of a single summer raise up the microscopic germ into a stately trunk with its graceful contour of limbs and bright coronal of green leaves. So is it with man. The germ of influence lies deeply buried in his mind—a germ whose stalk will be a dwarfish and distorted thing, if not permitted to grow up into maturity by a slow and natural development, which is the result of some expansive force, living and acting within it. There may be a sort of *popularity* which is the offspring of a moment, but it is not influence, it is not power. It is a fitful and dangerous thing—shooting up, the *fungus* of a dank and murky night, destined to wither beneath the blaze of mid-day, and return into the vile bed whence it grew! When the world is quiet—when no portentous cloud appears in the far off horizon of the future—men will court the gifted enthusiast. They love to follow him through his Utopian theories, to become entangled in the shining network of his fancy and gather up the flowers of rhetoric and sparkling fragments of thought which he scatters along his uncertain pathway. There is a momentary pleasure in his bright dreams, and that is all. They pass for nothing more. He receives the caresses, but not the confidence of the world, gains much admiration and very little influence. On the other hand, when the world is in trouble—when the harbingers of calamity begin to move, half-concealed, before the eyes of timid and provident minds—it is to men of experience, of tried temper and calm, sagacious intellect, that the eyes of all good citizens are turned for counsel and guidance. These are the men who have *influence*—an influence permeating the very texture of society; which gives life and vigor to the body politic in times of quiet, and infuses the serene spirit of peace into the dark and angry bosom of civil commotion.

Sudden elevation is ever unfavorable to the acquisition of permanent power. It produces a sort of giddiness and self-conceit, often

fatal to that instinctive sense of subordination to some higher power, which is the great incentive to personal exertion. So long as a man feels that there are dignities above him, he will try to raise himself up on a level with them. It is by laying hold of this principle in human nature as a constant guide, that individuals of ignoble origin have succeeded in rising gradually from one post of honor to another until they have sat on eminences "where the high ones and the lofty have come to do them reverence." Such policy ever distinguishes those rare minds upon which Nature's own hand has set the seal of greatness. Napoleon turned away with loathing from the prospect of high Academic honors, and eagerly accepted the post of a subaltern in the army; not because he saw more glory in wearing a sword than in searching out the sublime truths of science, but that he might ally himself with a power which promised ample room for his ambitious projects. He saw that although he thus might gain favor with the learned, yet he would forever detach himself from those mighty engines in society which lift men up to palaces and thrones. He trusted to an undeveloped spirit of conquest in the minds of the French people; he could grow and expand with it, ever reaching higher and higher, supported and raised up by it; as the pliant tendril coils itself around the young shrub, and at length the vine looks from the top of the forest monarch. But Bonaparte forgot his dependence. When he saw the thrones of Europe crumbling beneath his tread, and the splendors of absolute power gathering around his brow, giddiness entered into his brain. He despised the people to whom he owed his eminence.

He sat, proud and alone, in the station to which the love and admiration of his countrymen had exalted him. His former wise and pacific internal policy forsook him; reason seemed to be bewildered; he tottered and reeled—struggled like a giant with his fate—but there was no strength in his single-handed efforts, and he fell like Lucifer from his high seat.

Student, dost thou look forward with a throbbing heart to the great battle-field of human life? Gather not all thy strength of soul for that stern conflict in the cold and shadowy realm of abstraction. But while thou dost toil on in loneliness and obscurity, lighted oftimes on thy path-way by nought but the midnight lamp, cherish in thy bosom those generous feelings which link thy soul to the interests of humanity, and send forth the warm sympathies of thy nature to twine

themselves about those centres of convergence whither all men come as to one common ancestral hearth, there to commingle their sorrows and joys, and enshrine the purest affections of their hearts. Thus shalt thou in due time emerge from the darkness which now envelopes thee with a soul in thy bosom, and the World shall be proud to call thee her own.

“ ————— and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of thy brow,
And read it like a talisman of love.”

Silence lay like a deep sleep on the proud city of Thebes. The night waned slowly, and the bright stars grew weary of watching, and stole one by one from the pale firmament; and Luna looked sad, and gazed wistfully down to see if the sleeping world still breathed, and wondered why it woke not into life; and an envious dream sat on the breast of old Nilus, and he slept like a sick man in his ancient bed, and the trees which he had nourished bowed tearfully down and embraced him with their long arms, and the flowers wept like children at his side, and all the beautiful things prayed that Aurora might come. But Aurora came not; and Memnon looked sternly on the pale face of Luna, and she ceased to smile on his cold brow, and rode sadly through the gates of Hesperus like a scorned maiden.

Then vile creatures crawled forth into the darkness, and old Nilus grew more troubled, and the trees and flowers and all the beautiful things grew more sorrowful and murmured at Memnon, and forgot their prayer that Aurora might come.

Just then Aurora rode through the gates of Lucifer, and carressed the cold brow of Memnon, and opened his stony bosom and touched its chords of sympathy, and smiled on old Nilus and the trees and flowers and all the beautiful things; and Memnon grew mild, and replied fondly to Aurora, and the vile creatures concealed themselves, and old Nilus awoke from his dream, and the trees and flowers and all the beautiful things rejoiced.

Such *was* the influence of Pagan philosophy, and such *is* the influence of Christianity, on man and society with its blessings.

WHIPPLE'S LECTURES. *Manning.*

Sprinkled over the broad and barren wastes of the East, there bask in the sun's hot rays occasional patches of verdure and beauty, where the wild Arab, forgetful of burning sands and cold dews, turns loose his jaded beast and rears his frail shelter amid the freshness of bubbling springs, waving grass and smiling flowers.

But not to the untamed child of the desert only has kind Fate given a place of repose amid general barrenness. For the man of letters, who essays to traverse the wide plain which ambition and avarice have spread out before him, she has left here and there an oasis in some generous book breathing out humane sentiments, free, alike, from the scorching heat of unnatural passion and the cold night of mystified rationalism.

Thus have we regarded the work now before us. It is no instrument of heartless philosophy, discovering the internal organism of a dead subject like the stolid dissector's knife; it is no tape worm of plotting treason, folded in the vital parts of society to drink up the spirit of liberty and corrode the pillars of law and order. It is not an accumulation of cant phrases, serving as vehicles to intolerant bigotry and grumbling conservatism; it is not an exhumed anatomy of some worm-eaten error long since dead and buried. We detect in it no organ of jacobinical reformists, in their haste to exterpate some real or fancied principle of evil laying the ax at the root of every established institution whether civil or social; nor do we gaze on a stage erected midway between pandemonium and paradise, where spirits from beneath and above are made to love and hate and plot and counterplot a brief space of time, and are then sent back to their respective abodes, leaving behind as the moral of their unnatural antics that such is human life.

It is an impartial book. In it all professions and trades are brought to a proper level, and each department of action and thought is estimated with regard both to its intrinsic and relative importance. The ship of state is moored beside the ship of commerce; the knight of the ploughshare holds his head as high as the knight of the quill, and squalid poverty is as honorably served as sumptuous wealth. Merely adventitious virtues are disregarded, and every subject is judged accord-

ing to the quality of its essential nature. Eminence is awarded only to manliness of character, and distinctions of name are based in the equal dignity of all honest pursuits and the universal brotherhood of mankind.

'Such is the character which Mr. Whipple meant his book should possess, and the humane reader, who has comprehended its spirit, will not say that he has quite failed of his object.

But, leaving these remarks on the general scope and aim of the Lectures, we will conform to the custom of most reviewers, and notice some of their merits as a product of art and skill in managing a theme.

Mr. Whipple seems to place himself in about the proper relation to any subject of which he may happen to treat. He appears to be free from that excessive sympathy which causes the writer to forget that he is one thing and his subject quite another, and is not urged on by his feelings to conclusions which resemble the asseverations of passion more nearly than the deductions of reason. And if he does not on the one hand merge himself in his subject, neither does he on the other, treat it in that distant and objective style which leads us to suspect that all his ideas of it were got through a telescope. He seems throughout the book to associate with the words subject and object their proper significations, and to have a practical notion of the difference between them.

Though ever found in the midst of his subject, yet he is distinct from it and master over it. With a mind more prone to analysis than generalization, he does not hasten from his data to their result; but with deliberation and a vigilance which never sleeps by the way, he moves gradually, yet irresistibly to his goal. Every step in the process of the argument seems to be the fruit of intense and protracted thought, as if he scorned to send forth the shining ore until passed repeatedly through the alembic of his fiery intellect; and every coined sentence is stamped with the saying of the thoughtful old poet who declared that "the gods sell us all things for *labor*."

He seems, moreover, to have discovered about the exact force of his intellectual calibre, and never attacks an object without going to its core, though obliged to drill his way through solid rock; and when he has reached its centre, if he finds it still obstinate against reason and argument, he turns satirist, and with a single flash of his wit blows it into a thousand atoms. We cannot better illustrate our meaning than by giving a single extract from his remarks on "*Intellectual Health and Disease*." After setting forth elaborately the

nature of that position which every literary man is compelled to occupy—intermediate between conflicting dangers, exposed on the one hand to self-abandonment from the influence of stronger intellects, and on the other to willful obstinacy from subjective speculation—he thus portrays the results of the former peril.

Look around any community, and you will find it dotted over with men, marked and ticketed as belonging not to themselves, but to some other man, from whom they take their literature, their politics, their religion. They are willing captives of a stranger nature; feed on his life as though it were miraculous manna rained from heaven; complacently parade his name as an adjective to point out their own; and give wonderful pertinence to that nursery rhyme, whose esoteric depth irradiates even its exoteric expression:

'Whose dog are you?
I am Billy Patton's dog,
Whose dog are you?'

But perhaps a more subtle influence than that which proceeds from social relations, comes from that abstract and epitome of the whole mind of the whole world, which we find in history and literature. Here the thought and action of the race are brought home to the individual intelligence; and the danger is, that we make what should be our emancipation an instrument of servitude, fall a victim to one author or one age, and lose the power of learning from many minds by sinking into the contented vassal of one; and end at last in an intellectual resemblance to that gentleman who only knew two tunes, "one of which," he said, "was Old Hundred, and the other—wasn't."

Wit seems to be a prominent trait in Mr. Whipple's intellectual character. His fondness for it is excessive, and occasionally diverts his thoughts somewhat from the main channel of discourse into digressions which are unnecessary, not to say irrelevant and derogatory, to the clearness and strength of his argument. Yet in view of his having read these Lectures to promiscuous audiences before publishing them, we are bound to pardon much in them which under other circumstances might seem superfluous; for what lecturer does not know how much an apt allusion can do towards sustaining the interest of an audience; and that a laughable incident either real or forged for the occasion, is frequently more powerful than any soundness of argument in bringing the reason of his hearers into favor with his conclusions? But here, if we mistake not, Mr. Whipple has sometimes failed. His witticisms are too often concealed beneath a refinement

of expression which gives elegance and attractiveness to his more grave and argumentative efforts. Many passages present to the hasty reader nothing extraordinary for pith and pungency. Yet they will be found, after careful examination, to contain a lurking vein of satire, stealing on quietly in its deep under-current—too silent and subtle for other than the most wary and penetrating. Occasionally, to be sure, it leaps to the surface, dashes in our face a “tart irony,” a “shrewd intimation,” a “pat allusion,” or a “lusty hyperbole,” and then retires again into a delicacy and smoothness of diction which decoy from the gleam of its hidden and noiseless course.

Still the stinging sarcasm is there. Of this the lecturer doubtless felt conscious, and it would be strange if his sensitive spirit did not writhe before the sarcastic indifference of an audience to which his most costly and polished sentences were but the darkening of counsel by words without knowledge. Hence it was due to his literary fame, that his Lectures should be given to the world; besides, in so doing he has shown a respect to the public taste, by affording them an opportunity to appreciate excellences which otherwise must have escaped their notice.

Few, doubtless, will agree with us in ascribing to Mr. Whipple but a small share of *humor* as distinguished by metaphysicians from *wit*. He makes us laugh *at* objects rather than *with* them. In fact, we doubt whether genuine humor can be shown to exist in a disposition so remarkable for wit. Each has too little affinity for the other. Wit is destructive; humor is sympathetic. One is the barbed weapon of contemptuous scorn; the other, the spontaneous overflow of genial fun. Admitting that the sunshine of merriment emanates freely from the pages of Mr. Whipple's book, still, almost every ray of its light is tipped with the scorpion sting of disdain. It is not when he is merry with a friend, but when he is enraged against an enemy, that he makes us smile. He does not hold up in a ludicrous light the foibles of human nature, but tosses to a ridiculous altitude the fragments which he shivers from local institutions.

We have mentioned elaborateness as one of the chief characteristics of Mr. Whipple's style. Yet by this we would not be supposed to exclude that variety which should ever lend its grace and charm to the pages of an author who writes for the general reader. A simple sentence is frequently the product of more toil than the most complicated one. In every species of composition, from the condensed and knotty sentences of Butler, to the smooth and flowing stanzas of

Gray, care and labor are the price of that expression which "echoes to the sense." Mr. Whipple's style is as varied as his thoughts and the subjects of which he treats. Sometimes it is the broad and deep river, rolling silently on to the far-sounding sea; again it is the mad torrent dashing with its glitter and spray down abrupt mountain ledges. Now it is the lightening, flashing, blasting and vanishing in an instant; now it is the safty lamp, moving steadily on through the mazes of metaphysical discussion. Here it is the sluggish stream of Styx, and Charon's boat seems bearing us on its gloomy surface towards the place of the dead; there it is Sisyphus urging us upward nearer and nearer to some impossible height. It awes, dazzles, smites, allures, but never wearies; it is majestic, sparkling, scornful, insinuating, but never tedious.

We had intended to notice Mr. Whipple's merits in the department of criticism; also the nature and extent of his acquaintance with general literature—a familiarity which he does not always so manifest as to elevate materially our ideas of his modesty. But we must waive the discussion of these topics, trusting that no one will be content with anything less than a perusal of the book itself; and, with an eye to the limits of our space and readers' patience, we will close this imperfect review with a few words on the subject of Genius as defined by Mr. Whipple.

The word *genius* is of Greek extraction, and signifies an *originator* or *producer*. Among the ancients it was used to designate an inferior order of divinities, supposed to preside over the destinies of individuals, and give direction to their faculties either for good or evil—a just application of the term, since in so doing they but personified the natural bent of every man's character. In Eastern countries, genius was a name applied to that numerous class of malignant spirits, whose marvellous feats make up so large a portion of oriental fiction. In our times, it has acquired, especially among literary aspirants, a signification nearly synonymous with eccentricity, being regarded as a sort of wild erratic nucleus, enveloped in its own misty exhalations, whizzing across the tracks of less wayward planets, shunned by all, and understood by none. Still there is a charm in the name; and while Homer, Dante and Milton are worshiped as examples of Genius, there will be swarms of ambitious striplings, to copy their faults and suffer their misfortunes without possessing one of their virtues.

We are bound, therefore, to honor as a benefactor of his race, the

man, who in any degree weakens this notion so destructive of human life and happiness, and substitutes for it a more rational object of attainment—a perfect and symmetrical development of all the capabilities, intellectual, moral and physical, with which man came from the hand of his Maker.

But hear Mr. Whipple.

Indeed, Genius has commonly been imperfectly defined, because each definition has been but a description of some order of genius. A true definition would be a generalization, made up from many minds, and broad enough to include all the results of genius in action and thought. Genius is not a single power, but a combination of great powers. It reasons, but it is not reasoning; it judges, but it is not judgment; it imagines, but it is not imagination; it feels deeply and fiercely, but it is not passion. It is neither, because it is all. It is another name for the perfection of human nature, for Genius is not a fact, but an ideal. It is nothing less than the possession of all the powers and impulses of humanity, in their greatest possible strength and most harmonious combination.

Too long has the earth been oppressed with a race of intellectual monsters—beings famous only for a want of sympathy with mankind, great only in the ability to rob life of all which makes it amiable and pleasant. Every trade and profession is filled with a set of bigoted fanatics, engaged in a war of extermination with the rest of the world, and he feels the most perfect complacency in his own wisdom who has discovered the soothing fact that all other men are fools. Poets have pined away their existence in seclusion, and based their hopes of immortality in hatred of their kind. Philosophy has been but another name for that spirit which estimates men by mathematical rules, and looks on society as the visible type of some abstract truth. The student has been taught to look with disdain on the mechanic and tradesman by the professor whose soul is entombed in his knowledge! And the cause of all this is but too evident—pride of genius. Human nature loves extremes, and cannot endure to hold on the middle course from which Genius never deviates. Too often in seeking to be wise, have men become fools. As we look backward down the dusty highway of time, and see sculptured all along the names of moralists, philosophers, poets, saints, statesmen, warriors, we behold high above them all, reposing in the serene atmosphere of their own complete and harmonious characters, three great representatives of humanity—Socrates the Greek, Alfred the Eng-

lishman, and Washington the American ; not distinguished in a particular sphere, because they excelled in all ; not great thinkers or actors merely, because they were both ; not perfect, because they were men ; not examples of Genius, because that is an *ideal*.

THE CHRIST-KIND. 7.

(A true incident related in the "National Era," of Feb. 14.)

"They say that the beautiful Christ-kind * comes,
With gifts for the Christmas tree ;
I wonder, mother, if he will bring
The very things I want to me."

"Nay, little son, though the Christ-kind comes,
All beautiful and mild,
To some he gives, and from some withholds,
Ask not, and hope not too much, dear child."

"And yet he loves little children well,
And if I should ask and pray
For the very things that I want the most,
Do you think dear mother, he'd tell me nay ?"

"Dear child, the Christ-kind is full of love,
But is full of wisdom too,
And you must not hope that each foolish thing
You ask, he will surely grant to you."

"But does he not tell us to ask, and ask,
And that thus we shall receive ;
And that it shall surely be given to us
Even according as we believe ?"

*The German children are taught to believe that the Christ-kind, or child Christ is the bringer of their Christmas presents.

But the mother could only shake her head,
For she knew not what to say;
She dared not sully her child's sweet trust,
And she dared not bid him in hope to pray.

But the child each night in his perfect faith
Would pray on his bended knee,
"Dear Christ-kind, bring my mother a cloak,
And a trumpet and soldiers bring to me!"

And that the wish of his little heart
The Christ-kind might surely know,
He wrote a letter, in which he told
Of his widowed mother, in want and woe:

—How much she needed a nice warm cloak,
And how each day prayed he,
"Dear Christ-kind, bring my mother a cloak,
And a trumpet and soldiers bring to me!"

And he wrote on the letter with childish hand,
"*To the Christ-kind up in Heaven,*"
And with eager haste and a beating heart
To the post was the precious missive given.

Ah, little child, thou didst not dream,
That thy prayer of faith and need,
Would give to others the blessed power
To take Christ's place, and to do his deed!

And happy they, if they knew their bliss,
Who took the mission mild
To grant such prayer, and to give such joy,
In the name of Christ to a little child!

When came the shadows of Christmas eve,
The little child sat still:
An awe and a hope, as from heaven itself,
His trembling and trusting heart did fill.

He held in his hand the sprig of fir,
He had pluck'd for his Christmas tree ;
His face was resting upon his hands ;
Thoughtful and silent again prayed he.

And behold, when his little prayer was done,
Came in at the opening door,
A man in silence, like those God sends,
And the wished-for gifts in his hand he bore !

His form was hid in his ample cloak,
And his face was covered too,
He said no word, but he gave his gift,
And went as the holy angels do.

And surely an angel would love to work
Such a heavenly deed as this,
And surely an angel would love to hear
That child's thanksgiving, and see his bliss.

" Ah mother, we never will doubt again,
We'll ask, and we shall receive,
For surely it is given to us
Even according as we believe."

ODD LEAVES.

WHAT wouldst thou have ? What dish will satisfy thy mental appetite ? Would that we could present thee with somewhat of the marrow of life or literature, or else a scrap or two of poetry gathered creaming from the sweets of creation, or, in default of these, a bit of romance about an "extemporaneous wedding." But none of these have we,—no nuts to crack, no honey gathered by literary butterflies from the choice gardens of story or song. Peeping out from under the lids of our portfolio like truant thoughts, are sundry scraps of all forms and sizes, crowded with outline sketches, half constructed essays, and stories "that would" be. We are not now in the writing mood, and, a

better wanting, these shall be thine; only remember, that as in a bustling crowd, not he that is the most worthy, but he who is the most eager gains the front rank, so now it may be with these stray leaves.

What is the best season for thought? When can it be cultivated with the most success? Is it when winter, with icy hands, benumbs every thing without, that thoughts within do burn the most, and glow the brightest? Or is it when the sultry hour compels us to seek in retirement, that repose we crave so strongly? Not long since, we listened to an argument in favor of heat. Egypt of old, and many of the Asiatic countries were adduced as proof that a hot climate is favorable to intellectual development. But without going quite so far from home, does not every one find that a long winter evening, beside a favorite air-tight, with a table loaded with books, papers and magazines, is a provocation to thought. Be not afraid of the lengthening hours. When the great world without is hushed, and others are wrapped in unconscious repose, let it rejoice you to think that you have gained so much time which others have lost; for every hour cheated from sleep is an hour added to life. Is the fierce, mad storm at its terrible sport among the hills, or lashing to fury the wide world of waves?—then shall it, at that hour, seem emblematical of those winds of temptation which often times blow their terrible blasts upon the human spirit; when many a favorite hope becomes a melancholy wreck and many a proud ambition is left without even a monument.

Perhaps the night is one of stillness and calm; when even the breeze like the world seems sleeping. Then withdrawing the curtain of your chamber, and looking out upon the worlds above, there was found in the sight the plentiful food of thought. Did there not seem to be more of truth than poetry in the vision of the mad girl who visited the stars, and found them "Only *bright islands* sown thick in the sky." A still, midnight hour, when the earth is bathed in the soft light of the moon, and the stars look out meekly and gently like silent charities, is, of all other hours, rich in those suggestions which better the soul. Night, then, is the time to think. The day is too gaudy, too busy. It is the time to act; to act out the worthy designs which were begotten in the presence of night. And yet how different the thoughts of men. One is young. Swiftly courses the blood

through his veins. Merrily does he look forth upon life's banquet. Shall he taste it? The cup is frail. Touch it lightly, gently! Old age maketh another a mourner over the past, for age hath a childhood more childish than infancy itself. Well may that man of years walk with a tottering step, his heart is heavy, for therein are buried the hopes of his youth. Only a few steps more, weary wanderer! and then—the grave.

“Let me write the ballads of a nation and I care not who makes her laws.”

There is much of truth in the sentiment. He, who would estimate the religion of a people, must not judge of it by the number and size of their lofty temples or magnificent cathedrals; but he must visit a thousand firesides, and listen to their conversation when freed from the presence of rank and station; he must observe what is their support in trouble, what their solace in affliction, what prompts them to live with contentment in their humble sphere, and what it is that comforts the heart and softens the pillow of the dying. So with him who would study the social character of a nation. He must mingle with them in their rude festivities; not as a spy, but as a partaker of their generosity. He must listen with patience to the fine old legends and ballads which have consecrated every hill and vale. He must hear the evening story and the evening song. Perhaps there is no finer ballad in the language, than that of “Auld Robin Gray.” Its incidents are simplicity itself. Indeed, the only art of the ballad is its artlessness. What can be more simple than the story which Jenny gives of her courtship by honest Jamie and his desire to make his “crown a pound” by going to sea: then follows the conspiracy of humble circumstances.

“Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a courting me.”

The family reduced to poverty, Robin offers to marry her, and thus provide for both herself and her parents. In the midst of this, news comes that her lover has perished, and she weds Robin. The concluding verses, though known to almost all, we must quote.

“I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu’ as I sat on the stane at my door,

I saw Jamie's ghaist—cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come home, my love to marry thee.'

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ane kiss we took, nae mair,—I bade him gang awa,
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to die;
For O, I am but young to cry out, 'Woe is to me.'

I gang like a ghaist and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, Oh! he is sae kind to me."

"Such," says Leigh Hunt, "is the most pathetic ballad ever written; and such are the marriages which it is not accounted a sin to consecrate." It is the introduction of those little incidents of ordinary life that gives to the ballad its charm. Indeed, there are but a few things that are great events to us. We are born, we live, and we die; and all we know of either is the name. It is not from the great, but from the little circumstances of our condition that we derive our pleasure or our pain.

The moral of a popular ballad must always be good. It needs not to be written out in beautiful words at the end of the Song. It is none the less powerful because in some cases it cannot be expressed. A cold deduction may do for the intellect; but that moral which can find no utterance is far more effectual upon the heart and the life.

Thus they stand, side by side, in their own corner of the book shelf. They are really and truly brothers, though they profess a different parentage. One is the "Works of Charles Lamb," the other answereth to the name of "Prose and Verse by Thomas Hood." Why should we call the patriot and the moralist alone the benefactors of our race, and reject from the list the worthy name of him who administers the "*pabulum animæ*" in the shape of wit and humor. It is the quaint and yet delicate drollery which pervades the essays of Lamb that gives them their charm. The seriousness of his beginning beguiles you, only to make the surprise the greater, at the half-concealed wit that flashes out at every turn of the sentence. Who, but

Lamb could have written the essays on "Poor Relations" and on "The Melancholy of Tailors;" or, what is better than either of these, the "Decay of Beggars," or the "Essay on the Inconvenience of being Hanged." His "Essays of Elia" are just the book for a melancholy hour, when a work of professed wit is distasteful.

Hood is a brother who has the family likeness, and yet possesses distinctive features of his own. He piles pun upon pun, and wit upon wit until you can bear no more. He is brim full of mirth in every page, and he cannot fail to provoke the same in the reader. There is a "time to laugh" as well as a "time to weep;" and though the former may be more seldom than the latter, yet, in its proper season, nothing can more stir the spirit and wake the soul of wit than the works of the two authors we have named.

GEORGE WIELAND, OR COLLEGE SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

H. Shipley.

"Were the secret history of your own life, faithfully written and published would it not afford in many instances, sad evidences—not only of the weakness, but also of the sinfulness of the heart? Would there not be some details—which, should crimson the cheek with shame, and bathe it in the tears of repentance?"

Wirt.

"Si volumus, magna saepe ex parvis intelligemus."

"I have succeeded, the Rubicon is passed—and now I can do something—am worth something—that heart of action, faith, now shall nerve me for every action and struggle. Four years ago I threw off that Nessus shirt that gnawed me with poison to the very core—and now I am a man.

It is true indeed that sometimes obstacles, interposed when our passions are urging us headlong to destruction, give the mind pause to cool and save itself from ruin.—Sometimes in the depth of despair, some unexpected turn—changes the whole aspect of affairs.—Sometimes when hurrying on headlong to destruction, an incident hard to bear at the time, places a barrier in our path.

There are times when a short respite for thought, hinders us from

the worst fate ;—times when the plank we have just stepped from, snaps ;—times when the rope by which our destinies are suspended over one path or the other seems worn to a single strand. Yet, still, Nature takes care of us, and in the wild whirl of Time some support is given.

That incident in my college life, slight as it might appear to some, cut me to the quick,—taught me that I had something to do,—set a thousand thoughts in motion, and a thousand beneficial results have flowed from it. Not till Byron was assailed by criticism, and his haughty spirit withered beneath the lash of sarcastic reproof, did the Promethean spark that slumbered in his soul, kindle into a flame of startling and scorching brilliancy. Talent buried in follies and dissipation, is but steeping a bitter cup of sadness and discontent. Men must be virtuous to be happy. Thus it is written on every beam emanating from the brilliant source of light ;—on every pulse that moves in the human system,—on every eye that sparkles in the human countenance. The world's history is replete with this never changing truth,—permanent success is based on virtue."

Such were in substance the thoughts of George Wieland, a young man of twenty-four as he sat in his new attorney's office, the evening following the day on which he had made a most successful plea in our Supreme Judicial Court. It was a case of deep interest, and vast numbers had thronged the court room, and much was the surprise manifested that the prisoner should trust his life in the hands of so young an advocate. But the adroitness with which he managed the case from the very commencement, soon undeceived them, and although the task seemed a difficult one, and all were impressed with the idea of his defeat still, as he proceeded in his plea and unfolded points which had escaped the common eye, their countenances brightened, and when, having summed up the testimony, he burst forth into an impassioned appeal to the hearts of the Jury, heightening the coloring of the description by every power of an eloquence that made the building ring, difficult was it for the officers of the court to restrain the applause of the admiring multitude.

It was a triumph hour for young Wieland, when the Jury having retired for a few minutes only, returned with a verdict of acquittal, and as the Judge in private complimented him on his success, and prophesied that with industry, no common celebrity should crown his future efforts, he felt amply repaid in that moment, for four years earnest toil over the musty and dingy books of law.

One year previous he had left the office of Mr. C——— who, a ripe scholar—a lover of, and distinguished in his profession—was well fitted to give instruction and encouragement to those in whom he saw an ability and determination to become distinguished in it also. He had seen this in George Wieland, and he had given him every advantage possible, and admitted him to his closest confidence and intimacy; he had related to him his own experience as a young lawyer,—told him of the ingratitude and homage which fortuitous circumstances might cause the world to heap upon him, and the manner of meeting it. He was present at this, his first important case, and with emotions of mingled pride and pleasure, he took his arm as he left the court room and counselled him still, to diligence and perseverance.

But in order to explain what we have been relating we must carry our readers back a few years.

George Wieland was the only son of parents who were possessed of a competency and perhaps might even be called rich. His father's health impaired by strict attention to business, rendered it necessary for him to leave the unhealthy atmosphere of the city, and accordingly in the year 18— he purchased a beautiful residence in the little village of S———, and retired from the busy world to enjoy the quiet of the country and the delights of domestic intercourse. His fondness for the simple beauties of nature, kept out of sight the real state of his health, while his friends beheld him rambling over the hills with George, his cheek flushed with the exercise, and his eye glowing as he became absorbed in the contemplation of some picturesque scene before him.

By George, now fourteen years old, active, lively, ingenuous, this life was particularly enjoyed. He was happy in the present, and anticipating a life of happiness and success. He had already begun to show in the unfoldings of his youthful mind, indications of a future upon which his parents looked with pride. No pains did they spare, not indeed gratifying foolish whims and useless desires, but giving him the choicest means of cultivating a naturally healthy and vigorous mind.

Mr. Wieland, who valued learning the more, from the circumstance that he had in his youth received only a common school education, an education, which to the honor of New England be it said, every son of hers can obtain, had resolved to send George to college, and he had already begun the study of Latin and Greek under the tuition of Mr. Banard the Village parson. He made rapid progress,

and at the age of sixteen, Mr. B. declared him ready for college, and accordingly on the following fall, it was determined to enter him at ——— University.

Time passed rapidly for George up to the time when he was to leave his home for the first time, and much as he loved study, and with the buoyancy of youth looked forward to new scenes, companions, and pursuits, still, the tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered—while the evening before his departure, his parents were given him instructions for his future conduct.

Much advice did his good father give him, and many were the solicitations added by his mother, that he would keep himself in the paths of integrity and virtue.

They did not ask him to avoid innocent pastimes, but to shun wholly the influence of those who live merely in the gratification of their desires, to the destruction of everything dignified and worthy. They enjoined upon him to spend his time profitably—his money economically; and not to regard his college life as four years of anticipation for a time when he would be expected to act, but as a preparation for that time, when he must take part upon life's busy stage, that he might then do so with credit to himself and to them. And as his mother placed the Bible in his well stuffed trunk and enjoined him to read and obey it, he not only promised her, but resolved within himself that he would.

The next morning his father said to him, "you are now, my son, to go out into the world to think and act for yourself in some degree; take with you a father's blessing, and may God prosper you."

George dropped some natural tears, but hastily wiped them away.

"Write to us often," said his mother, as the stage rolled away from the door.

CHAPTER II.

"There is no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men: all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers."

Shakespeare.

In due time, George had arrived at college, passed a good examination, and was admitted. His even deportment and evident relish for study, soon gained the respect and good will of the Faculty and major-

ity of the students, and even those who did not themselves follow the paths of rectitude in which he trod, could find nothing at fault in his quiet, gentlemanly conduct. His frequent letters home and the advices they received from other sources, warmed his parents hearts, for it gave them good hopes of future eminence.

The commencement of Sophomore year, found George attending to the duties assigned him with earnestness and zeal; and then, temptation began to assail him; some of the members of higher classes, who were disposed to spend their time partly in vicious folly, saw in him the germ of what is termed a "good fellow," and beset him with various temptations to join in "innocent spree." For a while he strongly resisted, and had temptation come from another source, perhaps he had been safe.

But when he saw those older than himself—of a higher class—and those, too, maintaining a good rank in college indulging, he thought their might not be so much harm after all, and for the first time, he seated himself, a learner, at the card table. He saw nothing in this to cause great harm, and perhaps there is not in itself, did it not lead to other and greater things. But soon other things followed—suppers, wine, &c., and before the close of Sophomore year, George had been more than once intoxicated.

He saw in some measure his danger, and in some feeble degree he tried to loose the meshes that bound him; but as often as he made resolutions, did he break them. Could he then have seen his real danger,—could he have seen the monuments of death,—the graves peopled with victims of intemperance—the chambers of darkness hung round on every side, with the trophies of luxury, drunkenness, and sensuality—he might have been restrained. But he had seen and knew too little of the world to realize that he had fairly embarked on a sea covered with wrecks, and he could not behold the fatal signals, which might have been sufficient to warn him of the hidden rocks.

In the mean while, his naturally vigorous mind and his former drilling, united with some application, enabled him to maintain his scholarship sufficient to blind his instructors. But the unfrequency of his letters, and their altered tenor, gave his parents pain and caused them to fear that all was not right. Much did they question him, on his vacation at the close of the year, with regard to his habits, studies, &c., but with other things he had learned deceit, and he succeeded for the most part in allaying their fears.

The vacation passed and George returned to college. Some of those who had enticed him at first from the paths of rectitude, had left; but he did not now need their allurements, he had become a leader himself. Soon an open act of folly, causing a reprimand from the government of the college, made him hesitate in his course, but did not reform him. It made him more cautious, and for a time the faculty supposed him reforming. Still, however, he was not lost to all shame, and often did he reproach himself for the deceit he was practicing, and make resolutions of future amendment.

"I will reform," said he one afternoon, as he sat in his room reflecting on his past course, his head still aching from long nights of debauchery. "I have played the fool long enough. Oh! my brain, you have yet a work to do; you have been idle now too long; why cannot I break away? Here I have spent month after month, a mere moth only to——"

Here a knock at the door roused him from his reverie, and one of the companions of his last night's frolic, entered.

"How are you George? rather hard up eh?"

"Yes-yes, sit down, I do feel rather hard this morning, I allow—but what's in the wind? the Faculty hav'nt grabbed anything have they?"

Ha! ha! No, no my boy, we're to old for them yet,—we're to have one of the times in Bill's room to-night, and we can't get along without you, you know.—Tom is going to get the feathers, and Frank has gone over to D—— to get the rum—and a nice old time we'll have—don't fail to be there."

"I can't come, Jack;—to tell the truth, I've fooled away too much time already."

"O pshaw! George—nonsense I say! don't make a fool of yourself—you've got the blues, that's all—take a glass of brandy, that'll set all things right—you'll come, I know;—I must go over and tell Charlie, and it's most recitation time, so good afternoon."

"I don't feel much like going,—and three nights in succession, that's too much; I will hold off awhile at any rate," and determining to spend the evening in his room, he applied himself to a lesson in Tacitus.

The last lamps had expired in the halls of—— college; the gloomy darkness of a moonless midnight had enshrouded her old square built Tower; and the massive clouds as they marched in sombre battallions from the tops of mountains on the south, warned of the

coming storm. Soon it came, and mournfully did the wind howl, while every now and then the rumbling thunder following the vivid flash, waked the slumberer to hear the rain pouring in torrents on his roof.

In this gloomy night as the chapel's midnight chime told twelve, eight young men were seated round a table in No. — N. C. The shutters were closed, the curtains dropped, and all precautions to avoid detection taken. The table cleared of its books, and papers, was loaded with spoils from the neighboring farm yards, and sundry bottles but partially filled, told that the potations of the young men had already been long and deep; and the apparent leading spirit of that throng with flashing eye and flushed cheek, and upon whose youthful countenance, unlawful passions, and unrestrained desires had already begun to trace their haggard stains, was George Wieland. This night every line and muscle of his face seemed alive with excitement; he had broken over all his resolutions, in going to that room, and believing himself entirely under the influence of his passions, he had determined that night to give them full control.

His companions remarked it, and one ventured to offer some restraint.

"Come George, don't get over to night,—we had trouble enough to keep you still last night,—you are so confounded noisy when you are tight, and then it is rather uncomfortable for your friends, to have you go on smashing and upsetting everything, giving us no time to recover from one blow ere you deal another at our heads. Pretty soon the Faculty will——"

"Blow the Faculty, who cares," and filling his glass, "this, why, it's as mild as milk,—take a thimble full, fellows, t'will rouse your courage.—Ist because the powers above are pouring their terrors round us to night, that ye so fear the powers below? Friends, indeed! Ye call yourselves friends, but faith ye're the least social friends to night that I ever gathered with. Cheer up, even the bare look of you, Tom, is an antidote to all amusement.

What's you're mumbling about my being noisy? Show me the man that'll carry a dozen glasses with me—show me the man that'll——Never mind boys, clear off the table, and deal round the cards, and meanwhile, pass the whiskey. I'll clear my throat and give ye a song," and turning down nearly a full glass, he cleared his voice and commenced.

From wine, rosy wine, what advantages rise,
 Sole arbiter this in disputes of the wise,
 The sons of Apollo and Venus from this
 Imbibe inspiration and snatch at their bliss,
 Oh good luck to drinkers of wine!

By this 'tis that we get ahead of the Dig
 'Tis not we that prevail, but the wine that we swig,
 And assisted by this, we get out of a scrape
 Less aided by wit than the juice of the grape.
 Oh good luck, &c.

Then let no malicious intrusion destroy
 The ties that now bind us, the smiles of our Joy;
 But suffer this bottle your anger to waive,
 And end the disputes of the wise and the brave.
 Oh good luck, &c.

The song was rapturously encored, and midst clashing of glasses,
 he sat down.

“Let's have another,” said one, “strike up ‘Landlord fill’ ——”

“Oh no, that's too old,” said another, “Tom, give us your bottle
 song, I like the music, if I don't unite in the words.”

“Well I'll try—less noise fellows.

Let the Faculty, confound them, envy my bliss
 And make of their comments no end,
 At their frowns and reproofs I heartily hiss
 And seek in my bottle a friend.

So pass round the bottle of whiskey,
 Brandy, Madeira, and sherry,
 Gravity's nothing but folly,
 Till after our college days.

When spirits are ebbing and morals run low,
 And none will my conduct commend,
 On the mirth hating crowd I my vengeance bestow,
 And seek in my bottle a friend.

So pass round, &c.

Should the Faculty give me a disquisition
Because I my time do misspend,
To hide my defeat just as I begun,
I'll seek in my bottle a friend.
So pass round, &c.

No mortal would take such abundance of pains
My desperate case to defend,
For to the last drop which its body contains
My bottle continues a friend.
So pass round &c.

"The same remarks apply to my pipe," said George, "and now fellows for the cards."

The cards were cut and dealt, but soon abandoned, for there was too much mirth for a quiet game of whist; but instead, good stories, jests, and epigrams rained around, and the revelers reeling in their seats like unsteady pendulums, with powers of voice, look and gesture lent all their aid to the scene.

An hour or more passed in this manner unheeded; scarcely was the laughter caused by one anecdote at an end ere another succeeded, and he who related the story was in fact less the source of amusement to the party than they who listened; for, throwing a dozen various lights upon it, they made the tamest recital the origin of various ludicrous situations and absurd fancies.

"But, come fellows," said Wieland, rising with difficulty, "it's getting late and unwilling as I am to break up this gathering, still, I opine that 't is time for all virtuous young men like ourselves to be in our dens."

"Some Philosopher has gravely remarked, that the critical moments in our life are the transitions from one stage or state to another; and that our fate for the future depends in a great measure upon those hours in which we emerge from infancy to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood, and from manhood to mature years. Perhaps these arguments of time might be applied to other states, and we might be enabled to show how the most critical moments of an evening like this are, when mirth has passed into jollity and is about to pass into drunkenness. Strict soberness is indeed a direful evil, and no doubt we can all agree with Swift, in saying

"Who, by disgrace or ill-fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enlivened when he's drunk?"
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDITORS' CORNER.

Manning.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

Horace.

Gentlemen may cry piece, piece, but there is no peace.

Eds. Indicator.

AGAIN, the main feast removed, we invite you about the private Corner to partake of our social cheer.

Thanks to the good old customs of our fathers for the many pleasant memories which linger around that sacred spot. It was there that we did our first task in the art of human life ;—that we basked in the holy light of a mother's eye, listened to the solemn accent of a father's prayer, echoed back the merry peal of a brother's laugh, and grew silent at the silvery tones of a sister's voice. There, too, was many a long winter evening passed,—when the big hickory fire burned right merrily in the old fashioned chimney place, and the round rosy apples nestled temptingly on the warm ample hearth, and the polished brown sideboard with its sparkling decanters and glasses gave a zest to the wild legend and gleeful song. And when the hour of mirth was over how did we steal into that cozy corner, to watch the fairy shapes as they came and went in the dying embers and chase with dreamy eyes the spectral shadows as they careered round the walls of the quaint old room.

Pleasant times were those, and about them still hovers a circle of light, to gild the lowering cloud of misfortune and enliven the gloom of the sinking spirit.

Would that such might prove the Corner around which we gather now and then in the course of our editorial life ;—that to it might ever come the kindest sympathies and jovial cheer of a student's heart, that from it no cherished enmities or personal antipathies might ever be discharged in double-en-tendres and peurile puns. We would fain make it the domestic fireside of college days, and here, beneath the indulgent eye of our loved Alma Mater, give a loose to those amiable impulses which ill brook the restraints of our graver pursuits.

And what shall we choose as the theme of our present *tete-a-tete* ? Shall it be of old Amherst that we speak ? Ay, for we love this quiet rural town, storied in the annals of our country and endeared to the student by its spirit of hospitality and fine literary taste. Long before the hand of civilization had changed its primeval glories, here

“ Lay a fair land of beauty widely spread,
 With sloping valley and with mountain height ;
 Far to the West and South the hilly plains
 Heaved their thick verdure to the sunny rays,
 While to the East the solitary main
 Poured in its waste of deep and silent bays,

Indented with many a barren isle —
The mountain summits that around ye smile."

Here sported the huge monsters of unchronicled periods, who have left behind them a record of deeds more enduring than the triumphal arch of Rome's proudest conqueror; and while Achilles could have nothing better than the genius of Homer to pluck his name from oblivion, the Iguanodon lives in the immortal lucubrations of the geologic Muse.

Come to the living present, and view in the new order of things a dispensation of which the other was a faint though impressive type. The solemn village church with its lofty walls and graceful proportions, so majestically reposing behind its fine Doric colonnade, and the no less imposing parsonage close at hand; numerous and well constructed walks, where the daintiest slippers may skip with impunity at all times of year;—the cemetery so romantically located, with its tasteful tombstones and shady flower-plats making thoughts of the grave seem pleasant; the airy and commodious residences with their thick-clustering trees and cool summer arbors—all bespeak the chastened luxury and noble public spirit of the place; while the eloquence of its pulpits and the fame of its courts give the lie to all aspersions of its claim to a high order of literary taste. Here may gather young men from all parts of the Union, left to the free enjoyment of their sectional sympathies, maddened by no constant tirade of slang against the principles of their fathers and friends. Here the purse and reputation of the student are safe. Articles which he does not need, he can seldom get; his purchases for the most part are made at reduced prices, and all this, while he is member of an Institution every way prejudicial to the briskness and growth of the immediate neighborhood. There are no forges of slander here; no gossiping establishments where vague reports are made to take the form of attested facts. The exile from his father's hearth, here finds a home and words of charity for his hasty indiscretions; and if, at some unguarded moment, he step aside from the path of sobriety, it does not forever close the gates of refinement against him.

Here we feel the grateful influence of the cooling breeze as it comes from those Northern hills, while in the opposite direction Holyoke lifts an eternal barrier between us and any formidable foe. There will we let the peculiar Institution thrive beneath its more genial Southern skies, and show to the world that mountains interposed do not always make enemies of nations.

Bear with us, reader, while we dispatch a few items of business for thy opinion, and then we will leave thee to the quiet enjoyment of thy own meditations.

The communication from "S. J." *does* depart rather too far "from our general plan" to admit of insertion. Still, though our "columns" are unavoidably closed against anything "of the nature of an advertisement," we cannot suppress our heartiest wishes for the success and happiness of the fair petitioner, in her "labor of love." Farther explanations must be deferred for a more agreeable time and manner of presentation.

A subscriber sends us the following from an anonymous letter, hoping to elicit the name of the fair poetess whom he has had the good fortune thus favorably to impress.

"When I think of the flash of your soul lit eye,
And the genius that dwells 'neath your noble brow;

Of the lofty aims and purposes high
That spring from your love of the good and the true—

A something within bids me lay at your shrine
The heart and the hand many others have sought,
With the beauty and wealth the world has called mine ;
Oh pause! ere you cast e'en this trifle away."

We received many sweet bits during Valentine's week, at some of which our readers have already enjoyed a nibble. The following was discovered in the Senior recitation room, not, however, until our last had gone to press. It is doubtless the effusion of some enamored Senior, who breathes forth his passion in so pathetic a strain that we trust our more fastidious readers will pardon a few seeming breaches of good taste in the language.

"Oh darling Miss——, my own little dear,
I would I could whisper one word in your ear—
Just *one* whisper of love, that's as glowing and hot
As if my poor heart had been steamed in a pot ;
And, ——, I know you would pity me *so*,
That when I'd say "love me" you'd never say "no."

But perhaps you would fancy to have a portrait
Of him whom this passion has bro't in such strait.

They say I'm "a catch," a most elegant man,
With a face as expressive and flat as a pan ;
A nose most magnificent, just like —— a handle,
With tallow enough in't to make a pound candle ;
With cheeks rather hollow on each side to flank it,
And eyes that resemble burnt holes in a blanket ;
A mouth so capacious that some people say
I shall turn to a tadpole some moist rainy day.

I'm sure that to love me you now must be willing,
For they say e'en at first sight I'm really quite killing ;
Oh ! I know you'll consent, so just send me a line,
And I ever will claim you my sweet Valentine."

The ocean storm has a charm and beauty for him only who views it from the distant inland summit; the battle-field is not a grand and magnificent sight save to him who takes no part in its deadly strife. So be thankful ye whom a kind fate has placed in the quiet country town, where the "Psalm of Life," which is sung in the marts of business, loses its harshness, and breathes nothing but low sweet music around your distant firesides.

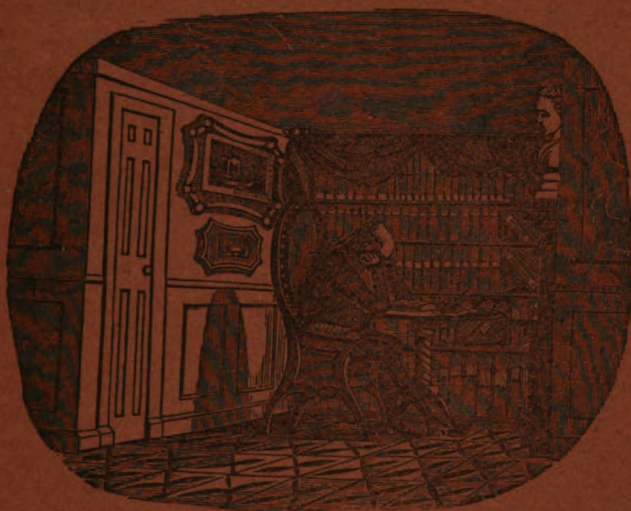
THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. II. NO. IX.



"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them —*Cowper*.

APRIL, 1850.

AMHERST:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1850.

No. 9.

HANNAH MORE AND MADAME DE STAEL *R. Stewart.*

Every age has its great men—great in goodness and truth; and every age, too, has its master-spirits of wickedness, that have scattered error and desolation abroad, some of whom have turned the place that bloomed with the beauty of Eden to a howling waste, as if the sweep of a tornado had passed over it, or the breath of the deadly simoon.

The same, on a less imposing scale, is true of woman. While every age has furnished illustrious examples of true greatness in woman, every age has also instances of the most lamentable waste of mind, or unsanctified intellectual greatness. Every being has somewhat in his character of the elements of real worth. The proportion in which these elements combine, and the circumstances which modify them during the changes through which character passes to its full formation, are all that makes the difference.

Hannah More and Mad. de Stael acted an important part in the great drama of human life. One felt that to act well her part was necessary to the perfection of the scene in which she was to appear, and which had some unknown but real and close connection with the grand and coming scene concealed behind the curtain; the other acted for *effect*, to make an *impression*, regardless whether the *tendency* of such impression was to elevate or depress the soul. Hannah More felt that life was a *relative* existence, and that its value and importance consisted in its relative eternity; neither did she look at the *eternity* of human existence, in the *abstract* sense, which could give but a faint impression of the number and vastness of the relations of the present life; but her conception of life was formed under the conviction of the truth that the character in the present state is,

as it were, a great centre of radiation ; and that all the influences of all its actions are deathless as itself—aye, parts of itself—each of which is a living, moving, acting spirit, meeting continually and affecting other spirits—either to pour darkness on their downward course, or to bless by gilding their upward pathway, and by kindling a heavenly radiance around them, that shall shine more and more unto the perfect day, and be reflected back from innumerable points to the centre so that the whole soul shall be full of light. And this *is* truth. It is a *law*, that the soul which shuts up itself in itself, like a light in a metallic urn, and casts no brightness on approaching years, will meet them in a starless night ; while the soul whose life is one continued blaze of love, sees in respective ages myriads of other spirits shining like suns by the borrowed light of its own effulgence.

With these views Hannah More marked out her course, feeling that every act and event was a link in the great chain reaching back to the fall of man, and forward to his final redemption ; and her life was a thread of golden light, and the running sands of her glass were assiduously numbered and turned to the best account.

But Mad. de Stael—*she* seems never to have thought that upon every moment of life an eternity is dependent—that every moment of life is an instrument by which an eternity of happiness may be secured or lost. *She* seems to have forgotten that in her life she held a fearful and at the same time a priceless possession, and that He who gave it, with the rich stores of mind she held in trust, would demand an account of her stewardship. While we look upon Hannah More as a polar star, shining with a steady unchanging light in the literary heavens, showing the youthful, unskilled female the direction in which her barque is driven, and how to swing her sails, to escape the reefs that lie in the passage to the highlands of intellectual and moral excellence—we must regard Mad. de Stael as a brilliant meteor, which flashes for a little time, dazzles to blindness and disappears, leaving the weary, storm-tossed mariner in greater darkness than before.

While the voice of Mad. de Stael was seldom heard beyond the silken drapery of the rich saloon, or the cabinet, or her own boudoir, the words of Hannah More were heard as often in the lowliest cottage as in the halls of cedar, opened the fountains of health to the sick, instruction to the ignorant, truth to the erring, and hope to the stricken in heart.

While one, with impetuous, eagle-flight, sought the highest point of honor as her prize, and to be the gaze and admiration of succeeding ages, the other passed beyond the fame and earthly glory, and fixed her eye upon a master prize, far in the distance, even at the end of life, towards which she steadily and untiringly moved, scorning to turn aside for any earthly good, or to grasp the trifles which involve princes, kings and nations, in continued competition. *She* sought that crown of unfading glory in the skies, that harp of gold from whose strings the fingers of discord have pressed no jarring vibrations.

To one, fame had a voice "whose thrilling tone could bid each life-pulse beat" with a swifter, stronger throb; and when she heard the plaudits of a wondering world, she sang :

"Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame,
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift each earthly frame
Above mortality."

But, the other, though she merited and received the praise of the world, sought her happiness about her own quiet hearth-stone, in words of *home-born* love. She had heard the silvery voice of Fame floating over mountains and waters, and had seen its quick-gleaming eye, and held its chalice to her lips, and had turned away from all; for she saw that whoever took the draught of *its* cup, took many drops of untold bitterness; she saw that dark clouds lay behind the bright coruscations of its sky; and she heard a sorrowing echo borne upon the next zephyr that followed its clarion-call to earthly immortality. And she said, as she turned away :

"A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy—
For kindly looks to cheer it on.
And tender accents that are gone."

She disregarded the allurements of fame, not only because it brought no real happiness, but because a voice had commanded to seek *not* the honor which cometh from men; and to obey *that* voice was *eternal life*. While one would sooner have rushed into the embrace of death, than to have seen the laurel wreath, which was to her the most resplendent gift of Heaven, laid upon a rural brow, the other

kindly kissed the hard brown hand of the peasant girl, who gave her with the beaming eye of kindness, even the soiled and faded flower which she had worn in her sash through all the labors of the day. The character and career of Madame De Stael afford some lessons of emulation, but they have also lessons of strong and imperative caution. She stood on an eminence in literature, in consequence of her genius and circumstances, that few female minds can hope to attain, under the present state of things; but an eminence surrounded with dangers—dangers from which every female should shrink with trembling. She was an extraordinary and brilliant woman. Perhaps there is nothing more complimentary to her intellectual power and greatness, than the fact, that she made one of the boldest and most ambitious men that ever lived, Napoleon, afraid of her.

Oh! who would have such a character? Who would not rather be known to an obscure and humble few, and loved and esteemed in that little circle, than to have her name borne to the ends of the earth, as a terror to the most terrific of men? Who would not rather cherish those softer, gentler feminine traits, which grace the writings and life of Hannah More? that character which finds delight in a sunrise or in a summer shower, in the opening buds of Spring, or in the changing hues of Autumn, in the leaping brooks and the singing birds, and all the simple, joyous melodies of nature, in harmony with which the universe itself moves on?

Madame De Stael certainly exhibits a great deficiency in those qualities which characterize a *true woman*, and her great mental strength and power cannot compensate for the want of these. It is said of her, "Had Madame De Stael been more fortunate in domestic life, she would have been less exclusively devoted to literature, and would have sought for happiness in the true destiny of a woman."

Although little is known of her domestic troubles, while they excite a sympathy for her, the fact that they were a snare and temptation, should put those on their guard who have the slightest tincture of hereditary or constitutional ambition. It is too often the case, that a secret desire for literary fame is the *first* cause of domestic troubles, and afterwards the troubles become the assigned or imagined cause of a thirst for distinction. But whatever may have been the *cause*, it seems evident that Madame De Stael was under the sway of ambition—an insatiable and *masculine* ambition. This is seen in all her works; in her attempts to discuss great and difficult questions, and in her freedom to give her opinion in matters of great moment, with but

a very superficial knowledge of them, for which she is severely criticised by all the German scholars; in her affectation of their style, for which she was reproached by French critics; in her attempt to establish a new political philosophy, which caused dissatisfaction and dislike, both among the republicans and royalists. It is also seen in her efforts to revive an old system of *moral philosophy*, in which she violently attacks the doctrine of *utility*, and advocates that of *sympathy* as the foundation of virtue. It is also seen in the fact, that she could reason upon politics with greater freedom and ability than upon any other branch of philosophy.

It was not so with Hannah More. Her richest reasoning was of "nature's facts and laws," and she felt that those "priceless lessons of philosophy, which crowd every leaf and rain drop, every flower and snow-flake, are of infinitely more value to the fine reflective spirit of woman, than the wars and chafing armor of philosophic combatants." And Madame De Stael seems *at times*, to have had enough of the woman revived in her, to feel too; for she says, "Most women whose superior faculties have inspired them with a desire of renown, resemble Hermina clad in warlike armor:—the warriors see the helmet, the lance, the glittering plume; expecting to meet with equal strength, they attack violently, and the first blow reaches the *heart*." True, indeed, *it reaches the heart*. Would that every woman could know how many womens' hearts have been riven and torn by this unequal contest—by occupying a place which she cannot, from the very nature of her constitution, occupy, but at the expense of those numberless sources of happiness which God has opened to her only in domestic life. The good of the world seems never to have been her motive, or to have been directed to the single and *despicable* purpose of establishing for herself a *great name*. One of her reviews, says, "No books in modern times, which were not practical, nor scientific, nor directly subservient to the comforts of man, and the purposes of society, have been read so eagerly and so universally known as hers." Look at the words he uses—not practical, nor scientific, nor subservient to the comforts of man." For what then *did* she write? To be useful? The same reviewer says, "The *moral* in some of her books has been regarded as loose, and in *all* as bordering on extravagance and mysticism." Another says of her works, "There morality is, or rather is not, very questionable." Another, "The subject of religion is introduced in her works rather for effect, than with the intention of exciting a lively and practical belief in its great truths."

And all the known facts in her case seem to favor the justice of the opinions. It is related by a cotemporary and friend of Mad. de Stael, that upon one occasion having gone with the beautiful Mad. Recamier, on a pleasure excursion on the lake of Geneva, a storm arose, and the party narrowly escaped being drowned. "What a paragraph," exclaimed Mad. de Stael, "this might have been for a newspaper! With what *effect* the editor might have said. The most beautiful woman in the world, and the most talented woman of the age, have perished at the same moment." Will it ever be said that one who could remark so indifferently of so near an approach to the grave, could have in her character, any element of that religion which makes a just estimate and a wise appropriation of life? Is it mere passive abuse? Does any one think that Hannah More would have spoken thus? And yet nothing could be more like Mad. de Stael. And how *could* she, to whom the great work of life was to secure an imperishable name, value the moments which were prolonged beyond the period at which she viewed the work of life as done? How could she look into the measureless vista of eternal ages, and trace the course of some mighty but evil change, back to the dreamy trifles with which she hurried through this life? And even were this power given her, how could she bring up tears of penitence from the soul's depths, whose heart moved only to the song of festal glee or the full trumpet tones of fame? How could *she*, whose eye was dimmed with the dust of earth, wake visions in her soul of the glory of the heavenly courts, of which the countless stellar suns that glitter in the vale of night, are but the dust that lies behind the gems of its jeweled pavements?

THE DYING SLAVE.

The redd'ning sun was sinking fast,
Behind the mountain's brow,
The breeze that sigh'd in whispers past,
Scarce stirred the Aspen bough :
'Twas summer's eve when nature feels
The calmness of the hour,
When some guardian spirit kneels
To close each tender flower.

The aged negro's work was done,
His toils and labors o'er,
Full well he knew that setting sun,
For him would rise no more :
One only boon he had to crave
Ere death should close his eye—
From youth he bore the stigma, slave,
He would be free to die.

At length his master's form drew near,
With kindly thoughts impressed ;
His look bespoke that he would hear
The dying man's request.
The negro raised his heavy eye,
And with unwonted zeal
Grasped his hand, and drew him nigh,
To make his last appeal.

" I soon shall leave this happy land,
And wander home again,
To roam o'er Afric's golden sand,
Beyond the billowy main :
My kindred there were chieftains bold,
Who never quailed for man—
The bondman's woe was ever told
Among that noble clan."

" They often bore the conqueror's palm—
With laurels crown'd the brave,
But never felt oppressions arm,
And spurned the thought of slave :
Should I appear 'mong such a race,
Without a freeman's air,
They would proudly scorn to trace
The kin I claim to bear.

" Oh let me not a slave return
To bear the stigma there
For noble hearts with rage would burn
To see the chains I wear—

Look ! yonder sun that strikes aslant,
Will shine no more for me ;
Before he sets one favor grant—
Oh say that I am free."

By one approving smile assured
His plea had won consent—
"Free!" he sigh'd—"write the hallow'd word,
And I will be content."
'Twas done—he snatched the leaf away,
And sunk upon his bed—
The sun had shed its parting ray—
His franchised spirit fled.

LIFE, A SUCCESSION OF CRISES. *Faunce.*

LIFE is a game. It has its wild excitements,—its calmness of joy or of despair,—its winnings, its losses, and all its terrible penalties.

Stood you ever by the side of the gambler when his hopes and his fears were all concentrated in a single throw of the dice? Men blamed him. But what knew they of the mad motives that urged him on. What knew they of that fierce passion, which the more he struggled the firmer it bound him. They could not tell how his brain was whirling and how quick and loud were his heart-beats. All that was dear, and all that was terrible; all that could give joy, and all that could wring the soul in anguish; all that was hoped, and all that was feared;—everything known and unknown depending upon that single throw!

Somewhat so was it with Cromwell in the affair of the death of Charles Stuart. It was an extreme throw, and an earnest one. The army demanded it, and the army was the strongest power in the state. Nothing else would do. But who should try him? Who would dare impeach a monarch? Princes have been stabbed, strangled, shot, drowned; but never before had one been deliberately tried, condemned and executed. Was it not a daring game? The lot said that

freedom was of more value than even the king's life. The lot had an oracle :—that oracle was Cromwell. He knew that men would look upon him with somewhat of the same feeling with which they regard a heads man. But it could not be helped. Political necessity is always the apology for political sin.

Somewhat so was it with Luther, as, from time to time distrusting the props of his ancient faith, he found by examination that they were thoroughly unsound, and that the whole superstructure was tottering and bowing itself for a fearful ruin. It was no easy thing to break the bands of a religion strengthened by the recollection of long ages of implicit confidence, taught by a father's voice, and cherished by the smiles from a mother's eye. And yet it must be done. It must be done openly, in the light of very day. It must be done in the teeth of opposition the most bitter, and danger the most imminent. No little strength did it need to burn publicly the Bull of the Pope—to scoff in mid-day at the greatest power in Christendom. It may well be called a fearful game that he was to play. None who despised had ever escaped.—Should the humble monk be the solitary exception? A life-game is surely an earnest affair.

There never has lived a moral hero who has not encountered the most deadly opposition. Every great name of antiquity is great rather for its conflicts, and its crises, than for anything beside. There have been crises in nationality, when an apparent accident has turned the fate of a mighty empire. A sword but illy tempered by the maker was broken in battle, or else the Arabian had taught us our science and literature, instead of the Greek. When victory was doubtful the charge of a single bayonet decided the contest, and put forward or backward the interest of humanity a thousand years.

There are, too, crises in individual life, when, on the choice of a moment, happiness or sorrow hangs with a feeble, trembling tenure. Bound hand and foot by the force of passion, a prisoner to a habit hated yet indulged, the man is surely most miserable. Nor shall it be any gentle endeavor that shall sunder his bands and release his tortured spirit. And yet there are moments when it can be done—moments great with resolution. Happy is he, who in the might of a powerful will, with upturned eye and trusting heart bursts asunder the fetters, and stands forth *the man*.

And when all is over, and the soul, calmed by the very violence of its own exertions, surveys the past arena; when Reason is firmly seated on the throne, with Conscience for its priest, and the Pas-

sions as willing attendants of its bidding, then does not the prospect afford the keenest pleasure? But perhaps the very moment of its joy is the greatest crisis; just as the whirlwind, which has its home under the brightest skies, is betokened by the calm and pause of nature. All of our life we are strangely exposed, and human strength is hardly an advance upon human weakness, and no sooner have we met with one demand than another claims the same consideration, and ever and anon are heard the swellings of that mighty river of death—the greatest, the most fearful, but yet the last of human crises.

But while we live they crowd upon us as thick and as fast as the hours, and they must each be decided. To-day the wing of the storm-cloud presses hard upon our dwelling, but to-morrow, and all shall smile with the smile of love, and hope shall wipe away the tear of sorrow. We live in a world when that which is most beautiful is the most fragile. The brightest flowers will die the soonest, and the grave of our most cherished expectations is just beneath the spot where the bloom is the fairest.

“Just such is life. Life is a sea as calm
And yet as beautiful; the light of heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of radiance and of joy. Anon dark clouds
Arise! the threatening winds of Fate go forth,
And Hope sits weeping o'er the general wreck.”

But if the crises made by other causes are many, those which we make for ourselves are far greater in number. At every step we invite a consequence of some former action, until it becomes a fearful thing to live, since we put in operation at every moment an influence, the circle of which shall widen and widen in time, and spend itself only upon the shores of eternity. And amid all these conflicting elements, how consolatory the thought that One there is, who weaves the shreds of human action and passion into a texture so firm, as to bind humanity, with all its complicated interests, up to its great Author—God!

The heart is thrilled with an emotion almost rapturous as it surveys some lofty work of human art, as it remarks the skill of the contrivance, and the beauty and harmony of its proportions. It forgets for a time that it is merely inanimate matter that excites its wonder, and it bids the structure before it to speak out its origin, and answer the question of its fate. And is not the human spirit a sight of equal

wonder and interest when it has met its crises with success, when it has subdued its passions, and taken to itself the proportions and adornments of love and faith and hope.

Men are coming more closely to admire the lofty acquirements and the graces of the soul. The era of principle is dawning upon the world, and its golden rays, like the bright forerunners of a promised millenium, are already gilding the eastern sky. Men shall honor in those days of latter glory not the hero of a thousand battles, not the statesman and the orator, but they shall laud him who acts from principle and principle alone.

Somewhere have I heard of a harp, the frame of which was made of the mountain granite, and its strings were twisted bars of toughest iron. There it stood on its mountain eminence for many a year. The wind in its mid-day fury beat upon it, but it beat upon it in vain. And at night, too, when the fierce storm was at its terrible sport among the hills, its bitterest blasts were spent upon that harp; and yet no sound gave it forth. But upon a summer's evening, in the chamber of love, there was born a gentle zephyr, and it sped itself o'er hill and dale until it reached that harp;—it breathed through those strings, and then it gave forth tones as loud as thunders, but as harmonious as angel notes.

That harp was the harp of principle. That gentle zephyr was the breath of truth.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD. *Thompson.*

I write but of familiar stuffe,
Because my style is lowe,
I fear to wade in weightie works,
Or past my reach to rowe.

Turberville

AFTER duly considering the advantages of recruiting my pecuniary resources, and escaping six long weeks of study, I engaged to discharge the arduous duties of a pedagogue in a neighboring town. When the novelty of my situation had passed away, I began to look about

me for some companions. In the adjoining district, was located a young man with whom I soon became acquainted, and who formed a very pleasant companion amid the trials of school teaching. He belonged to that numerous race of Yankee schoolmasters, whose places of abode are as uncertain as those of the Bedouins, and who are found scattered all over the country, ever ready "to turn their hand" to anything. My neighbor, who rejoiced in the Christian name of Isaac, had come down from a little town in Vermont, and the cause, or rather antecedent, (for I do not intend to imply any idea of efficiency, but only a constant conjunction,) of his coming, was the offer of fifteen dollars per month with board,—the latter to be obtained, of course, by going all over the district after it. It may be proper for me to remark here, that I enjoy the privilege of rooming with a Senior, a privilege to which I am indebted for my knowledge upon the subject of causes, as well as upon various other subjects of which my less fortunate companions are entirely ignorant. A little above the ordinary height, with broad shoulders and a compact sinewy frame, Isaac was a fine specimen of the Green Mountain boys.

Great was the respect and reverence, with which the stout Vermonter looked up, or rather down, to his brother pedagogue. I do not mention this as anything strange, for I flatter myself that there are few better calculated to inspire those around them with reverence than myself, and confidently expect that when I shall become a Senior there will not be a Freshman unimpressed with a profound sense of the reverence which is my due. But while one is deprived by artificial distinctions of his just rights, it is gratifying to meet with men who have the power to perceive, and the will, to allow one's just rights.

Both being strangers in the place and beginners in the business of teaching, mutual sympathies made us intimate friends. Together we could talk over the various matters which rest upon the mind of a schoolmaster. One in the habit of saying what he thinks, will find this no small privilege, when teaching school and "boarding around." A schoolmaster must deal in generalities and abstractions, never uttering anything but commendations and these only at the right times and places. He must, if he would be a good (?) teacher, listen to all the slanders and insinuations against neighbors; express, by his countenance and by an occasional ejaculation, his assent always, and his surprise or indignation as the case may be, but say nothing directly committal. The objection to saying anything direct or tan-

gible is, that your words, backed up by your name, will be used in all the quarrels of the neighborhood, and will be sure to involve you in trouble. You may, however, make up for your non-committalism on these matters, by the most unqualified praise in every family of the children, especially the babies, only being careful to make no comparison between the children of different families; and, as the shrewd little attorney suggested to the candidate for Parliament, "if you could kiss one of 'em, it would produce a very great impression." 'If you *could*:' 'ah! there 's the rub.' In default thereof, you must make up by bestowing an extra amount of praise upon these precious little juveniles. But this "last state is worse than the first." For myself, I can see no difference in babies in point of beauty, and the only praise I can conscientiously bestow—and it will serve in one case as well as in another—is, that the baby is as handsome as any I ever saw. Of course this is not enough, nor would it be enough had I seen all the babies from Cain downwards, and I consider failure in this respect a radical defect in my abilities as a school teacher. The kissing, as the Hon. Samuel Slumkey observed, if necessary, "must be done," but it is difficult to see how the praise can be bestowed with any regard to conscience or truth.

But to return from this digression. It was not long after the commencement of our intimacy, that my friend unbosomed to me his feelings and I learned that he was in love. The Green Mountain schoolmaster had been brought to surrender his heart to the charms of a pretty Miss of sixteen. The process, by which this result was brought about, is not an uncommon one, as many a schoolmaster can testify.

Rose Martin, the young lady who, in return for her teacher's instructions, had so soon taught him the language of love and the science of the heart, was a merry, laughing girl, with a small, finely rounded form, rosy cheeks, and a keen, black eye that sparkled with fun and mischief. Her dark hair curled gracefully about her neck, and when poring over her book she would assume a quiet and demure look which concealed from her teacher most of her roguishness. He could not, however, help knowing that she was full of mischief, and I am inclined to think that his admiration for her skill and shrewdness, exercised in making him trouble, greatly increased his love. Among her companions, her laugh rang the merriest, her step was the lightest, and often at noon the schoolmaster would sit at his desk, singling out and watching that one form amid the sportive band. Alas for

the schoolmaster who has arrived at this state. All things combine to plunge him more and more irrecoverably in love. At this point, Isaac began to meet with some difficulty. Besides being greatly perplexed at the conduct of the fair one, he found that he must contend with a rival, another of his scholars, and a shrewd crafty fellow, who gave no uncertain indications of proving a troublesome adversary.

In doubt what course to pursue for the prosecution of his claims and for the overthrow of his rival, and seeking advice, Isaac came to me. It was a new thing for me to be engaged either as Principal or Second in such business, but the case seemed so interesting and important that I promised my hearty cöoperation.

I recommended a vigorous prosecution of the business, gave my opinion upon several difficult questions connected therewith, explained the most approved ancient and modern methods of attacking fortifications, endeavored to apply them to the case under consideration, and promised to render all the "aid and comfort" in my power. As we were but a short distance apart we managed to meet almost every night so that I had a daily report of the progress of affairs, while we held daily consultations as to the best measures for forwarding the siege. We were confident that the citadel of the young lady's heart could not long hold out against vigorous and skillful advances. It was evidently not displeasing to her, that her teacher lingered long by her side to explain some simple example in Fractions, that he spoke in gentler tones to her than to other scholars, and that not unfrequently his eye rested upon her when it might as well have been turned in some other direction. Isaac followed up his attacks by frequent visits at the house of his lady's father. The old gentleman never seemed to question his motives or to suspect that he came to see any one but himself, but a more attentive observer would have noticed that, though the schoolmaster was apparently listening to the old gentleman's stories, yet his eyes occasionally and his thoughts continually were fixed upon the pretty girl by his side. And when he took his departure, and the bright-eyed maiden waited upon him to the door, he lingered rather longer than was necessary for any one but a lover.

But "the course of true love never runs smooth." Even the case of the schoolmaster was destined to prove no exception to the rule. For a time affairs proceeded very favorably, but it soon became evident that my friend was likely to meet with trouble from several sources. The scholars and all the gossiping people of the village

soon ascertained how matters stood, and the affairs of the schoolmaster soon became the great topic of conversation. My friend's rival gave no indications of abandoning the field, and the effects of his hostility were soon felt. Shrewd and cunning, he did little openly, but, with tireless activity, secretly plotted and executed his schemes of mischief. He was supported by several allies and, with one scheme and another, they managed to keep the poor schoolmaster in continual trouble. If Isaac went to call upon his "beloved," a log of wood was generally placed upright against the door. If he walked home with her from the Lyceum, he was saluted on the way with piteous groans, and not unfrequently with a shower of snowballs from some invisible enemy. Wherever he went, he was almost certain to meet with some new proof of his enemy's vigilance and activity. Isaac understood to whom he was indebted for all this trouble, and one day, having detected his rival in some mischief, took occasion to settle old accounts by giving him a flogging. The scholar was nearly as large as the schoolmaster, but Isaac was so exasperated by repeated insults and outrages that he was equal to a host. The fellow left the school very much to the satisfaction of his teacher, who however soon found that his enemy was as active as ever. The crafty fellow laid his schemes deep, and the schoolmaster soon began to feel the effects of his well arranged plans for revenge. He soon found that the whole neighborhood was arrayed against him.

The other girls, piqued that one of their number should receive the exclusive attentions of their teacher, unanimously resolved to hate him most cordially. Half a dozen ladies, of an uncertain age, expressed their astonishment at such childish folly, and agreed to unite their forces (*i. e.* tongues) against the presumptuous schoolmaster. Several good mothers, whose daughters had been passed by, looked solemn, shook their heads, and expressed their fears touching the moral character of the young man. The rest of the District thought that their teacher might be better employed, and the poor fellow had hardly a friend left in the District to defend him from a multitude of slanderous reports which had been put in circulation, and which were now upon every one's tongue.

But while affairs were assuming this threatening aspect, trouble arose in another quarter. Isaac went one evening to pay his usual visit, but Miss Rose failed to make her appearance. The countenances of the "old folks" were dark and portentous, and when Isaac ventured to inquire for the young lady he was told that she did not

wish to receive any more of his visits, and, in no doubtful terms, he was given to understand that it would not be advisable for him again to darken the doors of that house. Isaac was thunderstruck. What could have wrought such a sudden change in the feelings of the young lady, he could not imagine, and, when she came no longer to school, he determined to write to her. I furnished all the assistance in my power, and between us we prepared a letter full of most tender sentiments and most impassioned appeals, which we felt confident must prove irresistible. As we desired to get the letter to her without the knowledge of her parents, it was thought best to bribe a boy, who lived in the family, to deliver it.

Just at dusk, upon the evening of the following day, I walked over to visit my friend. Crossing the fields, I was just coming into the road, through a small grove, when a boisterous shout broke upon my ear. A moment afterwards, I distinguished the wrathful voice of my Green Mountain friend and, hastening forward, came upon a pitched battle. There were five young men, in the midst of whom was my friend dealing blows right and left with the valor of an Achilles. I saw that the schoolmaster was contending alone against fearful odds, and without a moment's hesitation I rushed into the fray. Glancing at his reinforcement, Isaac, who had been obliged to stand upon the defensive, gave a loud shout, at the same time prostrating a stout fellow with a blow that would have felled an ox. Grasping another by the collar, he swung him around at arm's length and hurled him headlong against the fence, breaking an arm for the young man in the operation. I had, after a short scuffle, pretty effectually disposed of one of our foes, just as Isaac stretched another across the one he had first knocked down. The other youth, thinking "discretion the better part of valor," took to his heels, leaving us the victors of the field. Leaving our prostrate foes to pick themselves up, we went to my friend's boarding place, where I learned the circumstances which had preceded the fight.

Isaac had that day received a note, in reply to his own, signed by the young lady, and requesting him to meet her at such a place at dusk. Accordingly he proceeded to the place, at the appointed time, where he met some one closely muffled in the young lady's cloak, and, with the help of a thick veil, endeavoring to personate the young lady herself. Isaac, however, at once detected the assumed voice and the light had just broken upon his mind, when four young men appeared from behind the fence and raised the shout which I had

heard. The pretended girl, throwing off the cloak, proved one of his rival's allies, and the others hastened forward to defend him from the enraged schoolmaster. The next day, that letter—the result of our united labors—was passed about in the school, and copies were circulated throughout the town. Two days after, a meeting was called and Isaac was turned out of school.

Poor Isaac was in a most disconsolate condition. He had been turned out of school, the father of his “beloved” had turned him out of doors, and—“the unkindest cut of all”—he was compelled to believe that the young lady herself was faithless and leagued with his enemies. It was long before he could believe this, but the reports of many things she had said against him seemed to leave no alternative. I did all in my power to console the poor fellow in his troubles. All that I could say however had little effect, and Isaac departed sorrowfully to his home among the Green Mountains.

Shortly after these occurrences, a young lady of the family in which I boarded told me that Miss Rose never received the letter, but that the boy by whom it was sent gave it to Isaac's enemies. From the same source, I obtained information which satisfied me that Miss Rose still loved the Green Mountain schoolmaster. Stories, containing not a word of truth, had been told her and she had been almost compelled for a time to believe them, but love soon acquired the ascendancy and every suspicion was put to flight. I wrote immediately to my friend, giving him an account of this favorable state of affairs and desiring him to be at my boarding place at such a night. The young lady of whom I have spoken entered into my plan, and invited Miss Rose upon the day of my friend's arrival to spend the evening at her father's house. Every thing proceeded satisfactorily, and upon his arrival the schoolmaster was ushered into the presence of his lady-love. I will not describe the scene. Suffice it to say that a perfect reconciliation followed, and every thing was soon explained to the satisfaction of even the old people.

A few days since, I received an invitation to a wedding; need I say that the happy couple, the celebration of whose nuptials I hope to attend, consisted of the Green Mountain schoolmaster and the merry, bright-eyed scholar.

GEORGE WIELAND, OR COLLEGE SKETCHES.

CHAPTER III.

Shipley.

"'No man would live his life over again,' is an old and true saying, which all can resolve for themselves. At the same time, there are probably moments in most men's lives, which they would live over the rest of life to regain."

Lord Byron.

"Yes, the wine of Syracuse forever!" continued George, "or the real Eukeirogenia brandy on which I firmly rely; 'tis said it is our enemy, and that it causes lunacy, or some vile malady; it may lead on to piracy or other sad tragedy, perhaps to infamy, through various stages of jollity, satiety, villany, iniquity; but gents this is all a fallacy, although by it, we cannot make much progress in geometry, astronomy, philosophy, or chemistry, for those need sobriety; still, we do testify that it increases our gayety, makes us love society, helps our delivery; and although it is a rarity, a horrible scarcity, we have a faculty by which we get a quantity of excellent quality, enough us to satisfy, and enable us to glorify, edify, vivify, and almost to prophesy;—so with alacrity,

"Pass round the bottle don't let us wait,
For at drinking and singing you know we are great."

But, as I said, 't is getting late, or I might go into a profound disquisition describing the paradise of bacchanalians; I will defer it, for now, and speak of something which concerns us more particularly at the present time. Matters and things, which I have lately seen and heard, betoken a storm from the faculty, and I propose that we bind ourselves with a solemn oath this night to stand by each other through fair or foul."

"Agreed," was the united reply.

"Then draw up in a circle, and let us swear to stand by, support and defend each other with soul and spirit, with strength of body and

firmness of purpose, through college and beyond college, now and forever."

"We swear it," replied every voice, and still pointing solemnly upwards, in deep voices they uttered three times the word

Remember!

Remember!!

Remember!!!

"Then if ever ourselves in limbo we find,
This oath so solemn we'll bear in our mind,
We've sworn we will each other support,
And if the faculty bid us report
Though the worthy old President says he'll expel,
We'll sooner be d——d at once than tell
And one and all together rebel."

The storm had ceased—night, gloomy and dark, had passed away, and morning, bright, buoyant and glad, had arrived. The leaves, glittering in the first sunshine; the first breath of the flowers coming wafted by the breeze of morn, as with a sigh they seemed to wake from sleep, and the first chirping of the rousing birds, eager to begin their morning song of praise, all conspired to make nature calm and peaceful, give token of the strength acquired by rest, and the joy of conscious life.

To the young—to the young and virtuous—the first fresh draught from this well of life is "pure and sparkling as the diamond waters of an enchanted spring;" for round the lever of this well virtue has twined a silver chord, and hope attached a golden bowl. But, alas! too soon by vice is the silver chord relaxed, and the golden bowl is broken.

Wieland woke from a confused and unnatural sleep only for that pitiless necromancer, Memory, to bring up her vivid reminiscences of the frightful past at first considered as the haunting impressions of a feverish dream. Would that it were a dream, thought he, and that I were the same happy careless youth that I was when I entered college; then, life was a splendid river and with youth, health, hope and confidence, I was swimming with the stream; no adverse winds to weary, no billows to buffet, nothing but to hold on my way rejoicing; but now, alas! how different. Fate and Time seem pushing me forward toward a dark future, a heavy destiny. I have changed virtue and hope for those twin gnomes, vice and sorrow; have left the

land of summer blossoms and sunbeams, and in a frail bark put forth upon a wide waste of dark waters, there to drift about during a long cheerless winter of discontent. Ha! there's the bell for prayers! well—I suppose I must go in, head-aching and no lesson.

Prayers were over, and the students, instead of being allowed as usual to depart in classes to their recitation rooms, were requested by the functionary in the desk to remain. Something unusual was to happen, this was evident to the greenest freshman, and all were on the qui vive to know what.

“George Wieland, rise in your seat,” said the President.

Unconsciously Wieland rose, for this unusual mode of procedure on the part of the faculty had completely astonished him, and with his head erect and eyes flashing he looked steadily at the president.

“For several days the Faculty have been considering a serious piece of folly in which several, we are sure, embroiled themselves, and to which you, sir, are knowing, if not a participator, and now we call upon you in the presence of the whole college to state all you know relating to it; I refer to the attempt to fire the chapel last Saturday night which but for timely discovery must certainly have succeeded.” This was a stunner for George, for although he was really not a participator still he knew of the whole, many of his friends being implicated, and he being one to whom they were not afraid to trust. He remained silent.

“Were you engaged in that attempt?” asked the President.

“I was not.”

“Do you know the parties engaged in that affair?”

“I do.”

The President looked pleased, and those who had engaged in the proceedings trembled, for they saw that every thing depended upon Wieland, and although they trusted in him still they did not know how far the Faculty might push it.

“Very well, sir, you have admitted this fact and now we must have the rest, and it is our command that you now inform us of the whole, that the guilty ones may meet with the punishment they so richly deserve. Will you name them?”

Every eye was turned towards Wieland, and deep silence pervaded the room as all anxiously waited for his reply.

“I cannot name them, sir,” said George Wieland, firmly.

“Are we to understand that you refuse?”

“Most decidedly I refuse, for under no circumstances can I con-

sent to become a low informer. I am sorry that they trusted me with the knowledge of the affair, but I believe it would be both ungenerous and dishonorable for me to betray their confidence, and therefore I must conceal it."

"From the frequent disturbances and misdemeanors which have occurred of late," said the President, "we have become convinced that some stringent measures must be taken, and therefore, according to the ninth Article of the eight Chapter of the College Laws, which reads—"When any student shall be required by the faculty to disclose his knowledge of any disorder, offence, or offender against a law of college, and shall refuse to make such disclosure, he may be sent home, dismissed or expelled. In accordance with this law, I pronounce you, George Wieland, expelled from college."

Like a withering blight this sentence fell upon Wieland, but, too proud too show his feeling, with hasty strides he turned away and soon was seated in his room.

There is hardly any scene, through which students are called to pass in college, so impressive as the witnessing of an open expulsion, and for a moment after Wieland left, the chapel was still as death.

The guilty ones had not anticipated such a result, and it came upon them so suddenly as almost to paralyze their energies. Wieland was (notwithstanding it was well known that his habits had become bad) a universal favorite, and the deep silence which for a moment reigned and then regardless of rules, the calls from every quarter for the guilty ones to stand forth and clear him by a confession, showed plainly the extent of his popularity. It was done; and at the solicitation of nearly all the students, George (although at first unwilling to forget what he considered an unjustifiable act on the part of the Faculty) at length consented and returned to his college duties, whether with the better opinion of his fellow-students or no I leave the reader to judge.

He reformed—attended to his studies; but his long course of negligence could not be erased from the college books, and at commencement he received a low appointment, and to this he referred while speaking at the commencement of our first chapter.

Such in many, too many instances is college life. Some take learning, and many leave debts, some go in dunces, and leave the same, some gain useful knowledge, and some a practical knowledge of every species of vice. Economy is heard of,—wasteful extravagance is seen. Virtue is the theory—vice is the practice. But if Univers-

ities are not what they should be—if young men learn there more evil than good, who is at fault? Is it the founders,—the patrons,—the government, or the young men themselves that are to blame? Perhaps in a measure the latter, but not altogether.

“Nature does never wrong: ’tis society which sins,
Where Mammon sits before a million hearths,
Where God is blotted out from every house,
Where we get worldly ways, and thoughts, and schemes;
Learn to detect, distrust, despise mankind
And ken a false factitious glare amid much
That shines with seeming saintlike purity—
To gloss misdeeds—to trifle with great truths—
To pit the brain against the heart, and plead
Wit before wisdom,—these are the world’s ways.”

CHAPTER IV.

“Mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic, potent over sun and stars
Is to the ambitious soul the word “advance,”
The watchword of the spirit on—to emprise.”

Never did the sun’s golden rays, or the silver moonbeams penetrate the cell of the wretched murderer; but the little light which entered, streamed through the grated door from the lighted hall which was thus illumined day and night alike. Upon a wretched pallet, reposed a man in the full meridian of manhood, his brow marked with an expression of deep and settled melancholy, whose gloomy power had stolen the glow of health from his cheek, but had left the fire of genius in his features and could not dim the flashing of his dark and piercing eye.

Sad, silent, and motionless he lay, not even the clanking of his chains disturbing the dismal quietude of his cell.

The prisoner slept. Slumber, that blessed oblivion of sorrow, pain, and woe, of suffering, affliction and distress, sealed the eyes closed in bitterness and wretchedness of spirit. It is one of the strange anomalies of our nature, that the feelings which rend our hearts with agony, have a tendency, by their continuance to lull us into slumber. The watcher by the side of his dying friend,—the felon in his cell

but a few hours before death, sleep—and sleep soundly. The bitterness of grief would seem to blunt sensation, and the mind, like the body, can only sustain a certain amount of burden, after which it yields and sinks.

A tall shaded lamp threw its soft lustre around a wide, handsome room overhung by a fine carved oak ceiling, and furnished all round with large book cases, richly carved, containing a thousand collections in every shape and form, from the enormous folio to the most minute duodecimo. At a heavy table near the window, sat a gentleman with a fine and intelligent face, and from beneath whose overhanging eyebrow shone out a clear and sparkling eye. He was evidently wearied with long exertion and fatigue, and anxiety and thought had wrinkled and clouded his manly brow. "The circumstances are strong against him," at length he said, "but he must be innocent; it cannot be that my old friend and classmate is guilty of such a crime. I must strain every nerve; he must be set free!" and ringing the bell, his servant appeared. "Saddle Roanoke," said he, "I will take a short ride this morning, 'twill rouse my energies."

At length the day of trial came. Assuredly it is an awful assembling. The grave look of the bar, the dignified solemnity of the Judges, the vague look of serious thoughtfulness, which covers every face, and its fearful source,—all tend to throw aside the pomp of circumstance and make this scene the most solemn and impressive which man can witness this side the last judgment bar. Yes, the issue of a trial on which hang life, and death is indeed an appalling thing. The vast and silent crowd produce a deep impression of awe. And we feel conscious that the case is terrible which can produce such unusual stillness. We know that men are about to take away that which they cannot give—that a few words of human breath, will deprive of breath one of the number forever; and though we know that blood for blood has been a necessity from the beginning of time as the only security against crime; still, we feel that the necessity is a dreadful one.

The prisoner whom we have already described, was brought in and placed at the bar, and the trial proceeded; circumstance after circumstance was brought to light by the evidence, all tending to fasten guilt upon the prisoner, and when the counsel for the defense rose to commence his plea, all felt the difficulties he had to encounter. He proceeded,—evidence was distorted and seemed to assume a different coloring;—every passion of the human breast was appealed to, and

by the irresistible force of that talismanic power by which he was able to transfer his own vivid conceptions to the minds of his auditory, he caused the Jurors in their efforts to follow him, entirely to lose sight of their prior sense of Justice—their judgments warped by the touching and striking appeals to their sympathies, and, as when the Judges fled from their bench, and sat the house of Burgesses in tears while Patrick Henry plead against the Parsons, so now deeply affected, the sublime effects of his electrical voice had been produced before the mind has time to digest the logical proportions of a demonstrative argument. The prisoner was acquitted, and although the community felt that it should have been otherwise; still, all who heard that plea, felt rejoiced that it had so terminated.

George Wieland had saved the life of his college friend, and circumstances most conclusive, afterwards, satisfied the community that it had been justly done. The confession of a dying man, completely exonerated him from all guilt, and he stood once more an honored member of society. Years passed—long years! Wieland went on—his eloquence has been heard in congressional halls—the people honor him—his compeers in office look up to him—he has toiled hard, and succeeded well; and all in our own happy land—

"All who toil at honest fame
Shall win a proud, a deathless name.

EDITORS' CORNER.

James.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

"There are one or two things I should like to hint,
For you dont get the truth often told you in print."

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE. CELL No. — APRIL 1, 1850.

"What's the time!" inquired we of the Corporal, a few mornings since, as we were returning from breakfast.

"Time you were getting out another number of the "Indicator," was the military rebuff that we received for an answer. Now despite his profession of arms, there is a good deal of genuine kindness about the man; nor have we been so much astounded at any professional remark made about college for some time; certainly

not since our eventful days in Electricity, when the Prof. deliberately told his class to go to thunder. Now you will bear in mind that this remark of the Corporal, made at such a time, struck us very forcibly, and hardly as yet have we recovered from the blow. Remember that we had just taken in our usual morning soporific, and with a complacent air were aiming for the college grounds, to prepare for a snug little snoring excursion. The effects of bad news upon a full stomach are set forth by Burton—we think it is he—in his “Anatomy of Melancholy.” In our own case, it produced a grand lapsus of the lower masticator, and an increase of countenance longitudinally. Mournfully, we began to soliloquize :

“ ’T was always thus from childhood’s hour,
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay ”

when the better nature of the Corporal gaining the ascendant, and judging, we doubt not, from his own feelings in similar circumstances, skillfully

“ Shifting his side
As a soldier knows how,”

he bid us cheer up as this No. was to be No. IX—and *the last*.

And now, Reader, what is your precise notion of an Editor’s Table ? Measure it accurately, take the full length as well as the breadth of your idea, then retire to “your den”—“your cell”—or whatever you inhabit, and write it carefully out : intermingle the exact quantum of “fun and humor, rich and racy ;” present it for our acceptance, and, take our word for it, we will give you a place far ahead of our own small talk. And you, sir, who criticise us so severely, who try to be sarcastic at our expense—you, who chuckle over every mistake,—why do ’nt you try your hand at it ? True, you cannot hope to suit all ; what one will call intensely flat, another will avow is intensely good. There are all sorts of tastes, and you will surely suit somebody. One likes an article in which the thoughts sparkle like jewels, no matter if they be in reality only paste baubles. Another wants the ideas spread out like a small piece of butter on a large piece of bread. A third would have them like the plums in the pudding of an ancient maiden—“few and far between.” Some like thoughts “rarely done,” while others smack their lips over those that are as “crispy” as the ‘eternal pork and beans’ at the Sunday dinner of a Boston boarding-house. Some want them “fresh,” others want them “seasoned” or, perhaps, “cut and dried.” So do n’t let it vex you if your “fodder for the soul”—for so we translate Burton’s “*pabulum animæ*”—does not find you a good price and a ready market. In the mean time, we hope you will not object to our going on pretty much as we please. . . . What queer ideas some people have of a student’s life and employments. Odd errors are made every day by those who know nothing about the internal arrangements of a public Institution. Few, however, make such abominable blunders as a “rare specimen” we met the other day near the Cabinet and Observatory. We were returning from dinner and soliloquizing upon the fried ox-hide that is furnished in Amherst under the name of beef, and which *felt* amazing tough, when we were accosted by a stranger from a “neighboring principality” who was puzzling his brain as to the use of said buildings. “Belong there ?” said he, point-

ing to the colleges; "I do, sir," replied we, with as dignified an air as we could conveniently assume. "What's this here buildin' for, [pointing to the Cabinet] "I've been tryin' this quite a spell to guess, but I can't?" We explained that it was for a repository of minerals. "Minerals! what's they?" demanded my interlocutor. On being told that they were nothing but stones, he could contain his surprise no longer. "I swow, now," said he, "If that aint queer, to build a great house like that to keep stones in—just as if they'd spile. But that other tall thing, like a tarnation great funnel, [pointing to the Observatory] what's that are for?" Satisfied in relation to these things, our Jonathan next began his inquiries about college in general. "I s'pose it's a four year's job, aint it?" "Yes," replied we with all the composure possible. "Well, then," continued he, "I rather guess you keep 'em a-runnin' all the year round, do n't you?"

SEVERAL communications came to hand too late for insertion. We take the will for the deed, and would have given them a place if we could.

S. P. P. has our warmest thanks for "The Widow's Song," to say nothing of that kind, very kind note which accompanied it. It's no small gratification to find 'sometime' that our labors are appreciated. But we are too modest to publish the note; besides, the poetry came too late for insertion. Nor do we hardly know how to depart from our 'position,' taken on the cover of the Indicator, even in the case of a *lady*. Only two or three verses have we room for, chosen almost at random from its twelve stanzas. Premising that the Widow's son had left his home and become a 'sailor boy,' the song goes on:

"I have sat by the fire when the old men have said
There be eyes of the living that look on the dead!
Oh! tell me, ye seers, in your search of the tomb,
Do ye find my fair son in your valleys of gloom?
Is there any pale boy, with a look of the sea,
'Mid that people of shades who is watching for me?"

We waited,—how long!—but we waited in vain,
And we looked over land, and we looked over main;
And ships—Oh, how many! came home from the sea,
That brought comfort to others, but sorrow to me;—
In all those gay ships, Oh! there, answer was none,
To the mother who asks if she yet have a son.

And we fed upon hope until hope was denied,—
Till our health of the Spirit it sickened and died;
And his father sat down in his old broken chair,
And I watched the white sorrow steal over his hair,—
Till I saw his clear eye waxing feeble and wild,
And the frame of the childless was weak as a child."

Beautiful, the above, is it not.

We have said nothing about those mysterious "Editors' meetings," the reports of which have enlivened so many of the "corners" of our volume. We'll not tantalize you now; but if you should happen to call at the room of Obadiah

(where they have been held of late) when we are in session, we promise you a chance to "ride the goat," and gain admission. . . . Our first No. of the present Volume contained a full length word-portrait of each of us, and now it may not be entirely amiss to speak of any changes we have suffered while bearing the heat and burden of the day. And first, as in duty bound, let us bring forward to your ken the renowned form of our NATHANIEL WINKLE. And a worthy knight is he, standing full six feet eight in his stockings. He carries his intellect above that of other men. We say nothing of those rudimentary whisks; we only say that he has spent the year in the fruitless attempt to combine the philosophy of Dugald Stewart with that of Ralph Waldo Emerson. His little success in this affair has so often given him the "blues" that his friends have serious fears lest he should commit some outrage upon himself. Burdensome duties have worn him away, until he has become

"A meagre, muse-rid mope, adjust and thin."

BONIFACE has sensibly increased several of his previous bad habits. Among them that of smoking so inveterately. He attempted to get a vote passed that those of us who did not use the "weed" should provide the others in ammunition—but the vote was "no go." The Corporal and Obadiah had unpleasant recollections of former "bowel yearnings," and bribed Winkle to vote in the negative. We are happy to say, however, that he is endeavoring to break up the habit by self mortification; and to this end he has lately put his ears into the pillory and his neck into the stocks. And when he mounts "o' nights" to his monitorial dignity his neck "fixings" make a *standing choke*. Oh! Boniface, take the advice of another, and

"Wear standing collars made of tin,
And have a neck-cloth—by the throat of Jove!
Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove."

The CORPORAL has concluded that his name has been a misnomer. He thinks that he can now, and always could, wield a goose-quill far better than a sword. He did attempt to teach the drill, and armed us all with a pair of shears, but he could n't make us "orderly" and has concluded henceforth to confine his attention to pen and ink campaigns and superintend only the "the war of words."

VAN TWILLER's expansive powers have not been at all diminished by the year's labor—may his shadow never be less!

But though fat and hearty he never complains,
Nor of want of words nor of want of brains;
And though he's known as an excellent 'feeder,'
He never will die with complaint of the liver.

YOU have full liberty to take the portrait of OBADIAH if you can catch him which is more than we can do. He has already withdrawn his dignity behind his spectacles, and intends immediately to retire to private life.

AND so this is the last time we serve up our literary luncheon. Well—be it so! We hope soon to be out in the toil and strife of the great world. Pleasant hours, these have been together—yet we would not have them last away. But we will not moralize.

EPILEGOMENA.

THE present number closes the second Volume of the Indicator, and on this closing page, we take our pen to say a good bye to all its readers, kith and kin, who have journeyed with us, in their aid and sympathies, through the year now ending, of our Editorial life.

In closing our account with our patrons and friends we have but a word to say. The duties of our office we took upon us with many misgivings, and under many peculiar disadvantages. That we have fully met the expectations of our classmates, by whose kind partiality we were made their representatives, we dare not hope—that we have done our best, we trust they will cheerfully accede.

To those of our readers and fellow-students who have judged us by the standard of our pretensions and experience, and criticised our failings in a spirit of kindness and liberality, we extend our warmest thanks—to the opinions of any others we are indifferent. None can be more deeply sensible than ourselves of the necessary imperfections of a College periodical, and in reviewing our own pages we find many errors which have slipped into the iron embrace of the printer's types, despite our most vigilant efforts to the contrary. These for the most part will need no apology, but in some instances they have arisen from a desire rather to encourage honest efforts than to secure the highest literary reputation of our magazine.

And now in retiring from our office, and in closing all the pleasant interviews of this year of College Editorship, we lay down our pen with unfeigned regret. We have passed many pleasant hours together, and long in after life will memory linger fondly about the scenes of our quiet Corner. We are happy in parting to be able to resign our trust into much abler hands, and as our closing act, kind readers, we commend the Indicator, and all who shall hereafter guide and support its interests, to your continued patronage and favor.

GEORGE H. GOULD,
JACOB M. MANNING,
JOHN H. THOMPSON,
HENRY SHIPLEY,
DANIEL W. FAUNCE.

Amherst College, April, 1850.

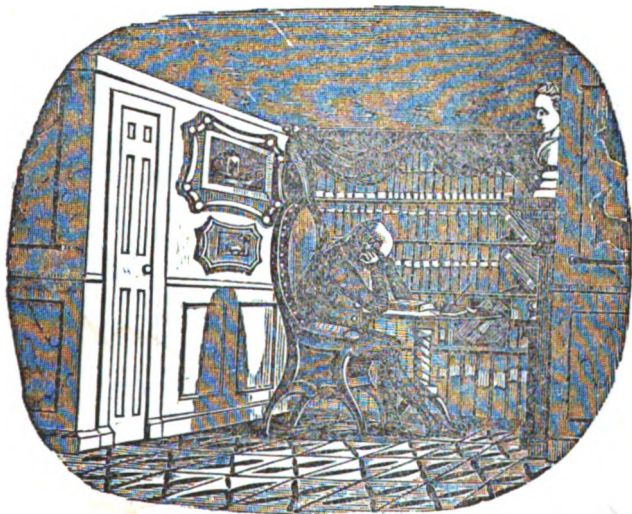
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CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. III. 1850-51.



If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Couper.*

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Illi possunt: nos volumus.”

AMHERST:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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EPILEGOMENA.

We dislike protracted leave takings, and would prefer to throw all the common places incident to such occasions into one warm grasp of the hand, or earnest beam of the eye. And our readers must excuse our brevity, and accept our silent but respectful bow, on the ground that we are closely associated with that quiet class of men, "who can't bear a scene." But we cannot so leave our little journal. It has often been to us a source of honest pleasure, and we are really grateful to it. Shall we be pardoned for looking at ourselves a moment, and hinting at two or three reasons for the gratitude we feel at our connection with the volume we are closing now? Suppose then, that we have learned to bear the sneers of our neighbors, that we have acquired something of that degree of indifference to the opinion of men as to our personal merits, which is indispensable to every one, who expects to appear day by day as an adviser or defender or instructor of his fellows. Suppose that we have acquired a little of that power of *abandon*,—of concentrating what faculties we may possess to a single point, and on the spur of the moment, without which talents and acquirements are often unwieldy, not to say, useless, in this bustling age. Suppose that we have learned to "hold on and hold out" in expressing our views on any subject, and made some practical application of that great motto of success in life: "*Nihil tetigit, quod non—perfecit.*" And suppose, that in learning by experience, how easy it is for striplings to "write themselves out," we have also learned more impressively than ever before, the necessity for deep and varied scholarship,—for diligent, life-long study, if one would be of any use in this world. If these suppositions are fairly made, are we not justified in expressing our regret at the close of our year's labors, and in commending our fancies in the matter to the consideration of those who *should* come after us?

We will say to our readers, that although we have not made the usual apologies for the great and manifest deficiencies of our volume, it must by no means be inferred that we have not been conscious of them. And we are sure that you would pardon all our dullness and our errors could you hear the sad tone in which we now bid you our honest GOOD-BYE.

WILLIAM S. KARR,
JAMES A. RICHARDS,
JOHN E. SANFORD,
WALTER H. LYON,
ETHAN E. BOIES.

Amherst College, April, 1851.

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VOL. III. NO. I.



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JUNE, 1850.

AMHERST:
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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1850.

No. 1.

PROLEGOMENA.

Karr.

WITHOUT apology for their deficiencies, and with no promise other than to do the best they can, a new Board of Editors comes before you. If our Periodical for the coming year sinks below the standard of the past, the Editors bear not the blame;—if that standard is raised higher, they will claim no praise. We propose to have the joint-stock character of our Magazine more fully and more practically brought out, than it has been heretofore. If Amherst College, in this day of her prosperity, cannot sustain, and well sustain, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, the community ought to know it. It is time to prove, that her training, so well adapted to make thorough scholars, is equally well adapted to make sterling men. Hence, we submit, that the five who happen to have the direction of this Magazine, ought to be held responsible for their own productions only. Their literary judgment as manifested in the selection of pieces, is, of course, exempt from criticism; for the reader can never know how often they may have been forced to Hobson's choice. It is not from a desire to shirk responsibility too hastily incurred, that we have spoken thus earnestly; but we feel that it is just, that college should be answerable for the character of the Magazine;—and could we, by this means, arouse that *esprit-du-corps* for the institution, which is so keenly alive between its rival halls, we should feel sure of presenting on every page something worthy the reputation of our College in other respects.

A word as to the object and pretensions of the Magazine. Its prime object is well known: "the literary advancement of its contributors." But we hope, that some of the other objects of a periodical can be attained. And, unless other objects are, at least, aimed at, we can expect but little for the first. To trace out some new relation of established principles;—to set some old truth in a clear light, and give it more impressive power;—to bring to practical use the treasures of youthful imaginations;—to rouse the listless spirit by the enthusiasm of youthful hopes and plans;—these we deem the peculiar province of young writers, and as such, legitimate objects of our Indicator: by pursuing these, our contributors will make real advancement; by attaining them, we shall escape the rebuke, if we win not the praise, of all generous criticism. We cannot better sum up our hopes in this respect, than in the words of a Divine of our own country;—a man, by the way, of rare modesty, and merit just as rare:—"A work of inferior claims may find readers, and do much good, in consequence of *local circumstances*, drawing attention to its pages, when all others would be overlooked. Vessels of moderate draught may go up the tributary streams of public thought, and deal advantageously with the minds of men, where others of heavier tonnage could never reach." But with whatever cargo we may be intrusted, by our owners, be assured, that the pilotage shall be discharged to the best of their ability, by

THE EDITORS.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD? *Karr.*

MAN, lord of creation though he be, is in one respect, weak, to an extent that has scarce a parallel in Nature. The forest tree, whose leaves have kissed for many summers, the sister leaves of neighboring boughs, blooms fresh as ever, when its partner has been blasted by the lightning stroke. Where earthquakes have rent through a mountain range, one hoary peak, year after year, will look serenely down upon the fallen peak below; though they have stood for ages,

side-by-side, and smiled together in Creation's dawning. Not so with man. He never learns to stand alone. If one frail reed breaks off, he leans the heavier on others; if all decay, he goes halting and sad through life. It is to this amiable weakness of our Nature, we would impute the belief, so strong in many hearts, that our best loved friends are not torn from us even by the iron hand of Death. We cannot deem this a mere superstition; for it has found entrance into the strongest minds. Neither must it be confounded with the creations of vivid imaginations. Poesy has indeed ever been allowed to have dominion here, and summon at her need the spirits of the dead. But, these are mere imaginings, and as such, take hold only on poetic minds. But, in every day life, and in a busy, worldly age; while tutelary saints are invoked only by the demagogue, and shades of heroes are held by public opinion, in about as high esteem as are the demigods of yore, men will yet have it, that their family circles are never really broken up by death. If he has made vacant places at their firesides, there is only wider room for his victims in their hearts. If the veil of flesh has been rent away, they fondly imagine a closer communion of spirits. Shall streams that gushed from the same silver spring, and sported in infancy, in the same morning shades, be lost to one another in life's scorching noon? Not so. If one has vanished in the sands, it has only sought by channels underground, to mingle with the other, and have no bank between. The shades of evening shall find them rolling together to the sea.

But, beautiful and consoling as this belief is, we cannot reconcile it with our ideas of the better land. We shall make no attempt at demonstration on this subject; for who can pierce the shadows of the tomb? Nor do we claim, that Earth has never been revisited by those who have once left its precincts. But with the Bible record of such special missions before our eyes, we yet conceive that the Scripture view of Heaven is not consistent with the belief that departed friends, in general, have an angelic mission to their survivors. And it seem to us, to conflict with other emotions of our own hearts.

It is alike the teaching of Scripture, and the sentiment of mankind, that the grave is a place of rest. On every page of the sacred volume, its Author has brought out this thought. Now, his people are his children, and he tells them of mansions in their Father's house; now, they are Pilgrims, and he bids them hasten to their journey's end; now they are Soldiers, and he points to peaceful days

when their campaigns are over. And we too, naturally associate weariness with old age; and over the graves where patriarchs lie buried, unconsciously repeat the sacred declaration: "There is a time to die." "But many die in the freshness of their youth, and long before they have been worn with toil. Why should those rest who have never been weary?" For a large part of our race, a mournful voice has told us: "There is no rest," die when they may. But, over such we sorrow without hope, and never fancy, that they guard our steps. It is the good only, who can return to the scenes whence they were prematurely taken, and why should they be tired? The broken shafts that mark our grave-yards, tell of many a heart that leaped to enter on a joyous field of action, and passed away, untaught by disappointment to look only upward. Why should not such come back to learn the full lesson of life, and learn it practically, so that when all the fold they left are reunited, they too may say in the deep tones of long Experience: "Whom have we in heaven but thee; there is none on Earth that we desire besides?" Ah! we forget, that whatever be the sorrows these have fled, they have yet had to meet the King of Terrors; and the bright scenes of Earth are sombre now; for they look at them through the shadows of the grave. And we forget that no true soldier ever gained place among the chosen host, or ever kept that place, without a struggle. These inward conflicts too, are hard conflicts; a single day wears out the young recruit, and it is only because the great Leader is ever renewing their strength, that any grey-haired veterans are marshalled on these lower plains.

Again, we conceive it to be the feeling of the human heart as well as the Scripture teaching, that this rest is immediate. Whatever room there may be for the discussion of an intermediate state, we are sure that the doctrine of a Romish Purgatory or a Philosophical Hades never had its origin in an afflicted heart. And pending the disputes on different shades of meaning in Greek and Hebrew roots, we take the plain rendering of the greatest scholars of modern times; and so rest content with the promise given to the dying thief, by one who surely knew: "Verily I say unto thee, *To-day* shall thou be with me in Paradise."

Again, angels are everywhere mentioned in the Bible, as the ministering spirits to Earth, and why should departed friends be better fitted for this mission? In all the sufferings of the God-man on

Earth, we read of no support from any of our race, although it was his human nature that felt every pang. "But, angels are strangers to us;—they cannot share our feelings; their love to man is deep, but it regards the whole race; they cannot feel in this or that individual, an interest so absorbing as those who once made part of his being here." But, we suspect that in all that is noble and generous in our nature, angels are beings of like passions as we. They are not mere intelligences; they have hearts; and heart is the same thing in Heaven and on Earth. And where hearts are, there is sympathy; and angels must rejoice, not only in the prospect of our everlasting joy, but in all the daily sunshine of our course on Earth. There's not one chastened smile that flits across the spirit here, which is not mirrored back from spirits pure from every selfish stain; there's not a moan of suffering so low, that it cannot find echo in the deep heart of Heaven. 'Twas near the setting sun, and many a league beyond the western limits of old Rome's dominion, that the ancients fixed the spirit-home;—but every breeze that cooled the burning sands of Afric's shore was felt, too, over the blue sea, and fanned immortal brows in the "islands of the blessed." Had our departed friends no other objects of their fond regard, they could not bear to us a warmer love than those, who are charged with special mission from the very source of love; and who come, breathing the spirit of that Friend on high, "who sticketh closer than a brother." But, do our friends gaze from beyond the tomb with the same, unchanging, anxious look as in this world? Have even those best of words, 'mother,' 'sister,' 'wife,' the same strong meaning in the land beyond the grave? This brings us to another point.

Death is a great change. True, there is the same infinite superiority in our relations to God over all other relations, at every point in our existence. But, our relations to those about us are better appreciated, and more strongly felt here. The veil of flesh is a connecting link between Earthly friends, but it is a separator between us and Heaven. Beyond the grave, a brighter, broader view of all its relations, bursts upon the spirit. All things are viewed in their just proportions; and that which is infinitely the greatest object must become the object of most absorbing interest. And the dying seem to feel that they are on the threshold of an entirely new existence. With how much deeper emphasis do they bid us farewell than we do them! They feel that other and greater objects are to occupy their

thoughts, and see that they are really taking leave of Earth. And then, they have clearer views of the powerful guardianship of the Omnipotent, and see, as we do not, the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, ever around and near us. And to the care, now so apparent, which has brought them safely on their way, they are willing to commit their friends. What were their most anxious watch to that of the eye, that never slumbers? What were their mightiest efforts to those of Him, who "fainteth not, neither is weary?"

We have hinted, that the belief of the presence of the dead in this world, conflicts with other emotions of our own hearts. If there are any hours on Earth, when we know that pure love which rejoices only in the highest happiness of its object, they are those silent hours, that seem to fold their wings upon the cold, lovely clay, that death has spared us. When we can do no more, what is there we would not do? 'Tis hard, we know, to stand above the grave of loved ones, and feel that we are no longer necessary to their happiness. And yet it is the peculiar consolation of the christian faith. Who that has mourned a lost friend, in whose death there was hope, has not known the sudden transition from deepest sorrow to a momentary gleam of thrilling joy? In that strong welling-up of grief,—when our sense of loveliness is choking, there is an under-current, oft unmarked, but deep. Back to the heart, it flows, a steady tide; and sometimes overmastering all other emotion, leaves the spirit, calm and rapt. They are gone;—our song can never make them glad again; the eye dimmed by disease shall be lit up no more at our approach;—the tears gush fresh, and who would bid them stay? But do you call this anguish,—agony? No! then would the heart weep blood, while the countenance was stern, and the eye glassy and fixed. But now, when the face wears its gloomiest mantle of tears, the spirit may be smiling within, and even breaking forth in sweet forgetfulness of self;—"Our song! the everlasting song gladdens them now!—let the full radiance of the throne above pour on them; why should we come between? Shall a poor earth-mote shut from their ravished eyes, the glories of Jehovah?" We know of but one parallel to this triumphant joy over the wreck of our own dearest hopes. What mother has not felt it, as she sent her boy on, for the first time, to the scenes of life? She knows, that the heart, hitherto all her own, will cling to many another, now. Where hers has been, through the day long, the one dear image; first smiled on in the morn,—the last to

fade at night ; there, henceforth, she well knows, that image will have place but seldom. Yet, is the trembling hand quick to girt forth her only loved one to his post of action. Long she will miss that pleasant lamp that cheered her cot ; but lo ! it shines a beacon on the shores of life ; then let its rays go forth ; though all should be shut out from her, yet will a thousand anxious eyes gaze on it from the deep ; a thousand grateful hearts shall bless it as they pass. Who, that has longed to tell to that ear, once so open, the story of his sorrows and his joys, has not rejoiced at other times, at the very distance that prevents it ? When the glad sun is brightest on our path, is it not good to think, that suns, far, far away, are brighter still ? And in our gloomiest night, is it not good to know, that still beyond the clouds of Earth, eternal stars are shining ?

And then, if the dead should return, they would come not as they left us. Doubtless, they would regard us with a deeper, purer love than ever. In all our infirmities, they would sympathize with a tenderness, unknown this side the grave. But, could they so pass lightly by our sins ? Here, we were all imperfect, and comparatively blind to the great evil of sin. But, how glaring must our faults now appear to eyes that have gazed upon the throne above ! Did our waywardness ever cost them tears on Earth ? O ! who would wish, that they should have continual sorrow over our ceaseless wanderings from the narrow path ? Were it not better then that we never meet, till both are perfect ? And, in nothing that we have said, would we be deemed to imply, that Earthly friends shall meet as strangers, in the better world. Although they "cannot come to us, yet we shall go to them." We can forgive the great English novelist, much that he has written, for a single scene in his "Last days of Pompeii." An early christian martyr, and a gay Athenian are awaiting in the same dungeon, the gladiatorial arena, and the hopeless contest with the desert kings. We seem to hear the Greek, as his thoughts turn to his sunny home, anxiously asking : "Believest thou, O Olinthus that they who loved here are united hereafter ?" The Christian's eye lights up and his chained arm is half raised in earnest gesture, as he replies : "Believe I that, O Athenian ? No ! I do not *believe*. I *know*."

If we bring home to our bosoms, such views of our departed friends, we must learn just judgment of ourselves and others, and shall come to have higher views of Man as Man. Death is a great leveller in more senses than one ; and beyond the grave, there can

be no hero-worship. "Great objects form great minds;" and if the glory of the upper world so occupy the soul as to shut out, comparatively, the dearest Earthly objects, the stature to which mind attains, amid such scenes, must soon surpass our loftiest standards of greatness here. Surely, our reverence for the buried great should ever be modified by a just self-respect. God has created many great minds, and great they shall ever be; but in the light of Eternity, we shall see no common minds. They may differ 'as one star differeth from another star in glory'; but they are all stars. What Newton was on Earth, a single century may make the feeblest intellect in Heaven. Wherever the Creator has breathed the breath of life, there is mind;—a feeble germ, it may be; but so is the loftiest genius in comparison with what both yet shall be. Surely a being born to dignities so high, should disdain to worship aught but the Infinite; and he who asks me to bow down before my fellow-man, or claims from me undue reverence for apostle, saint or hero; has forgotten that I am immortal.

A single reflection, and we have done. The existence of such a belief as we have mentioned, unfounded though that belief be, is proof of the strength and importance of the family tie. Men must be pledged in some way to Society; and we imagine that the best pledge is found around their firesides. We talk of the ties of patriotism and of universal brotherhood, and these, in individual cases, have been strong. But, taking the world over, the strongest tie is that first formed in Eden; and they who hold up before us as the most perfect state, that wherein the family shall have no place, know not whereof they affirm. We shudder at the throes of nations, and gaze with awe, upon the storms of revolution. There, we fancy, human nature has its paroxysms, and reveals to the fullest extent, its weakness and its power. These storms on the Ocean surface of Society, are indeed fearful. The hosts of other lands crowd the long coasts, and start as lurid lightnings pierce the gloom, and talk in whispers as the awful surges break upon the shore. And though polished court and busy mart may soon forget the horrors they have passed, yet the deep impress on the people's heart lives on, and in the peasants' cot, many a wild legend of those times is nightly heard. As, when, long after all traces of the storm are gone, and Ocean smiles again, the traveler on the shaded strand hears the hoarse roarings of that terrible night yet echoed in a thousand sea-born shells and lonely caves

Such tempests often pass all human powers of description ; but after all they are on the surface. There is a depth they do not stir. It is written on the sacred page, that once, and once only, the fountains of the deep were broken up, and from that page we gather that Omniscience was well nigh startled at the dire result. And if, in judgment, the great Creator shall ever leave the way open for the mad reformers of our day to succeed in breaking up the family circle, a wave of moral desolation must roll round Earth, of which the revolutions of the past can give us no conception. And, if another ark shall ride upon the storm, and bear the seeds of renovation on to Millennial days, it will bring as Heaven's best gifts to Man, and as the two most precious relics of the old world, a Bible and a family.

AN OLD, BUT AYE TRUE THOUGHT.

Eheu ! fugaces——
 " Labuntur anni."

How steady is the tide,
 That sweeps us from the light
 Of childhood's rosy morning,
 To Death's cold night !

When hope breaks through the shadow,
 And floods the landscape o'er ;
 When fancy sketches gaily,
 The scenes before ;—

When the night of grief is round us,
 Or, through the mists of tears,
 Our eyes can see no promise,
 In coming years ;

Still the tide waits not our pleasure,
Nor hastes for all our pain ;—
The shores fade slow ; the flood sweeps on ;—
On to the main ;—

That vast, unmeasured depth,
Told in the sacred pages,
Its haven, God ; its seamen, souls ;
Its billows, ages.

A LEAF FROM E——'S ALBUM.

Far in the gloom of Aztec forests wide,
Mid sun-shut groves, where silence keeps her seat,
A fabled fountain rolls its silver tide.
If an old man with staff and tottering feet,
Crawl to its brink and plunge beneath the flood,
A smooth-faced boy, he rises from its sea,
And claps his hands and laughs with childish glee.

Here, lady, is a stream, that gushes strong,
From Friendship's fount, and flows through every page ;
O ! turn when years have carried thee along,
From youth far down the sombre vale of age ;
And bathe in its pure waters ; thou shalt find,
Sweet memories clustering over every line,
And thoughts of other days shall rush upon thy mind.

Perchance, some lines thou wilt bedew with tears ;
The heart that breathed them long since has gone home.
And some will carry thee through by-gone years,
Back to green spots ;—to our old temple dome ;—
To that sweet, holy Eve ;—to those who stood,
Side-by-side with thee, there ; all meekly bowed ;
And pledged their early vows to the same Covenant God.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES FROM OLD GALLERIES. I.

CARDINAL WOLSEY. *Manning.*

THE world is prone to estimate the characters of men by the last great acts of their lives. Ultimate success in some vast undertaking sanctifies the means by which it was achieved, while failure is a signal to hang the black scutcheon of infamy over the grave of the unfortunate aspirant.

Had the star of Cromwell gone down on the bloody moor of Marston, his glory had never stirred the republican blood of the nineteenth century; had the eagle of Napoleon folded his wings on the terrible plains of Marengo, the nations had long since ceased to wonder and adore. Wo to the memory of ambition if it die without wielding the power at which it has aimed! All hail to the man of blood when the diadem of sovereignty encircles his brow! Had success crowned the projects of Wolsey the honors of Saint Peter had crowned his name; he failed and ill-judging envy shakes her skinny finger at the haughty and scheming rich Cardinal.

Not thus deemed the great painter of human character; and we drink new melody from the strains of the sweet singing Bird of Avon, while his song charms away a noble nature from the cruel talons of prejudice and detraction. He seems to be chanting the requiem of a favorite, if it be proper to speak of a favorite with one so impartial. He is just to the infirmities of the great prelate; still there lingers a tinge of sadness around them all, and the obstreperous notes of reproof die gradually away into the low solemn tones of a subdued and chastened sorrow.

Wolsey rises before our fancy like Columbia's proud aloe; its stately trunk unscathed by the driving storm, bathing its long arms in the liquid breeze, and rearing its leafy coronal to the suns and show-ers of a summer sky; but anon the electric cloud is anchored above the noble tree, the shivering bolt descends, and a blasted thing remains, about which foul birds croak, and night winds howl their taunting dirge. Or like the vision of some old baronial castle, whose massive walls and towering battlements once struck a terror to the

ruthless marauder's heart—where the pageantry of pomp and power moved daily on, and luxury spread her ambrosial feasts; but which now lies low in the dust, crumbled by the humid breath of Time, while rank weeds grow above its prostrate turrets, and vile reptiles crawl forth to bask and hiss amidst its ruins, with only here and there a friendly cluster of ivy to hide its fallen and wasting greatness.

The story of Wolsey's public career shall be briefly told. Of comparatively humble extraction, he is educated for the service of the altar. An intellect naturally brilliant and vigorous, seconded by a princely person and insinuating address, soon introduces him to the notice of the great; he rises rapidly from one grade of church preferment to another until the Cardinal's hat is too small for his easy wearing, and the delegated powers of St. Peter are viewed by him as the menial services of a papal thrall. To increase his dignity yet more, the highest honor and most sacred trust in the gift of his king is pressed upon him; and henceforth he is looked upon as the sole arbiter of justice in the civil and ecclesiastical courts of England. He rivals Henry even in the magnificence of his accompaniments—his splendid entertainments, his exhaustless private resources, and the number and appointments of his retainers. The confidence which his lord reposes in him is unbounded, and the dissolute monarch is content to be the vassal of his subject so only that he may wear the outward semblance of royalty and enjoy the unchecked indulgence of his animal propensities. Wolsey has already stolen the hearts of the two most powerful sovereigns on the Continent, has eclipsed his liege in the presence of them both, and been lauded throughout Europe as the greatest man of his age.

And why the great marvel, if in such circumstances he dared to cast an ambitious look towards the Vatican, where alone was the seat which could lift him above his present elevation? Where is the man, though of kingly birth, to resist such temptations as these? How many rainer minds would have been blown by a single breath of such royal favor to the acme of self-conceit and disdain for the rest of mankind! But Cardinal Wolsey, the master of Henry the eighth, the courted of Europe, the chancellor of England, and the pride of the church, was no popinjay of conceit and court flattery. Ambition with him, was not a dreamy and nimless passion, but a settled and cherished principle of action. Hither he brought every faculty of his head and every impulse of his heart. It had become the absorb-

ing power of his nature, and into its service he unscrupulously pressed every favoring fortune which Providence placed in his way. Borne aloft on the shoulders of three mighty kingdoms, he stretched forth a steady hand towards the sceptre of absolute spiritual empire, and looked the terrors of the infinite Trinity unfalteringly in the face. Sovereigns were but the dice which he threw in his desperate game; the tenderest ties of private affection were snapped asunder by him like gossamer in the path of the lion bounding to his prey; and the gentle passions and pleading love of innocent woman's delicate heart were crushed like frail flowers beneath the car of his advancing greatness. Yet spare him, punctilious morality, for his was a generous spirit; be lenient in thy judgment, stern history, and for once at least let "mercy season justice," for thy iron pen too, moves at the beck of Fame. It was a Christian poet who said

"Ambition first sprung from the blest abodes
The glorious fault of angels and of Gods."

And the great John Milton, more generous still, has called it "the last infirmity of noble minds."

Wolsey perished in sight of his goal. The star of his fortunes was obscured when advanced full near to its dazzling zenith; his bark went down hard by the shore of the blissful isle to which it was bound. His fatal letter which promised to implicate the pope and confirm the friendship of Henry has met the eye of that jealous prince. The great secret of his heart is revealed, and the astonished Cardinal knows the bitter fact.

"Oh colder than the wind that freezes
Founts which late in sunshine played,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed.
He felt it, deeply felt, and stood,
As if the tale had froze his blood."

But we will not enter the sacred sanctuary of that smitten soul as it bows down in the dread presence of Eternal Majesty, and yields its naked sensibilities to the scourge of awakened Conscience. The bright vision of glory is gone from it, the last spark of ambition flickers faintly on its inmost altar—hope is dead, and along its silent chambers is hung the gloomy pall of Despair. Still that great man

scorned to quail before the gaze of earthly potentates. Disturbed in these sombre meditations by the approach of Norfolk and Suffolk with the sentence of the king, he forgets that he is a prisoner, and addresses them with an air of conscious superiority, in which mingle looks of pity and contempt, as though he scarce deemed them fit for his most menial services.

"Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! And how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin."

But the most touching scene in the story of Wolsey is the one which represents him taking leave of the gaudy world and leaning his broken spirit on the bosom of the infinite and everlasting God. The words of that withering sentence have sunk into his soul like the dull tones of a leaden bell, and he breathes out a single murmur against the ingratitude of his king:

"Oh! Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Oh! what a subject for the artist is that bowed, yet noble form—that serene countenance in which blend the forms of humbled ambition and majesty as he bows to the burden of his misfortunes, and resigns himself sweetly to the decree of inexorable Fate. Turning away from the scenes of his recent power and splendor, he exclaims,—

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And there he falls, I do: I have ventured,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.

Should a kind Fate ever grant us a visit to the land of our fathers, we would seek out the resting place of the great Cardinal, and weep a student's grateful tears on the dust of Oxford's most noble benefactor. We would remember the low origin of the youthful genius, and the brilliant parts of the accomplished courtier. We would muse on the splendid virtues of the prelate, and the stern justice of the chancellor. We would contrast the princely munificence of the patron, and the unswerving loyalty of the subject, until we had no heart to think on the infirmities of the man. There would we enshrine our sincerest respect, our deepest regret, and our warmest love; and departing would we carve on his honored tomb those beautiful and pertinent lines of an unknown poet:

"There are roses that wither before they expand,
And bubbles that vanish when grasped in the hand;
These are hopes that are crushed when brightest they seem,
And glories that fade like the joys of a dream."

STANZAS.

Robert Stewart.

Perched on a rock, I proudly gaze
Upon the world below.
A broad champaign before me lies,
Where streams like brooklets flow:
The tree is dwindled to the shrub,
The palace to the shed;
Man to a speck—small as the grub
Brushed 'neath his thoughtless tread.

The eagle is my comrade here:
Our mantle is the cloud—
The wild wind whistles in our ear,
Its music sharp and loud.
The sun looks down with colder ray;
The hoar frost lies around;
Our rock with age and tempests grey,
By scarce a shrub is crowned.

Alone! Alone! yon bird and I,
Our lofty seat do share.
No meaner wing may soar so high,
In fields of upper air—
And man will seldom dare the steep,
Where wild goat never stays;
Round which the raging whirlwinds sweep,
The death-winged lightning plays.

Oh! that his royal wings were mine!
I'd leave the bird his throne:
And cleave the air to loftier shrine,
That might be all my own.
I would not brook a rival near
My chosen place of rest—
Compelled to feel a jealous fear,
Lest he o'ertop my nest.

Vain wish! at risk of life I gained
This cloud-king's airy home;
Yet pride elate at height attained,
Pants higher yet to roam.
'Tis ever thus! though blessed with all
That makes a heaven on earth:
The spirit still, in conscious thrall,
Sighs for immortal birth.

T. S. N.

LIZZIE LEIGH.* *Richards.*

THERE are moments of joy, and moments of sorrow for every soul; times, when all is sunshine, and every sound that is wafted to you on the breeze, is the music of Heaven, and times, when gloom gathers round and icy coldness chills the life-blood of happiness, and every

* A Domestic Tale from "Household Words," by Charles Dickens.

smiling face you meet, gives fresh poignancy to your sorrow. How does the heart revert to the joys, that but a few fleeting hours since crowned its days, and sigh for their return ! How does it call up before its review, the long lives of its sins, and magnify and enumerate, till "one a thousand seems and tenfold more hideous," and you can only sigh :

"Had I died an hour before this chance
I had lived a blessed time ; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys ; renown and grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of."

It is the contrast between sunshine and gloom, that makes us more fully appreciate the pleasantness of the sun's return. It is the discord that interrupts the succession of chords and gives variety to that which would otherwise become dull *monotony*, that enchains our hearts to its melody. It is vice that sets off virtue in its most attractive garb, like the rainbow on the bosom of the dark, retiring cloud. And it is the consciousness of the innocent Past, that presses on our memory and makes the Present seem almost intolerable. We dream of the relics of the bright spring time of Childhood—the story-book, the ramble, the cloudless happiness, the childish offense, the tender pardon, the never-failing sympathy, care and anxious guidance—these are melancholy things—portions of our inner life, which are gone forever,—definite, yet incomprehensible—familiar, and yet so strange, that we instinctively shrink from them, as from the presence of angelic purity. We stand still and gaze upon that childhood as a pleasant spectacle,—we see the little figure moving about, laughing, dancing, weeping, quarreling, repenting, praying, sleeping, and we smile, wonder and love, and are quite startled to remember after all, we have been looking at ourselves.

And yet, how much sorrow might be saved in this life, were it not for the Faculty of Dreaming. It is not so much that events in themselves are afflicting, as that we have dreamed of a possible Future, so different, that what actually befalls us has all the bitterness of disappointment. Though Experience may have taught our Reason utterly to disregard our anticipations of the future, and though we well enough know that they have no real existence, fancy will still

paint her pictures, and we cannot help comparing them with the reality. Some may call this a weakness—some a sin—but the utter eradication of it would seem to be the last triumph of self-discipline. Casting our eye back and gazing upon the vivid Past, we see how narrowly we have often times escaped happiness: looking forward into the shadowy future, we see a “hundred bright possibilities” almost within our grasp, yet perhaps never to be reached. If gardens, beautiful as that early Paradise, when fruits and flowers came forth unasked and unsought; where storms, cold and dreary, and blasting heats, were strangers to its clime; where was nothing venomous or hurtful—but a calm alternation of golden sunshine, and “star clothed” night—if these lie out unveiled before us, we will reverently adore and praise Him—the Eternal—the Great Infinite Source and Essence of love. But if it please Him to cover our sky with clouds, and to leave us to communion with bitterer tears than those which spring from ideal sorrows—let us not merely look into the black darkness, but farther and beyond, to the “golden fringe of dawn,” that presages returning day—grateful that though deeper gloom envelope, He has granted us the “lesser light” of Hope, which carefully cherished, may “grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.” For, in the glowing and poetic language of another, “Who is there, who cannot remember some sudden brightness on the horizon of life, some secret nest stired by the unconscious foot, and sending forth in an instant, a gush of Heavenward song—some hour of unlooked for joy—some salvation from grief that seemed inevitable—to reproach him for the veriest beginning of misanthropy and chide him back to thankfulness and hope.” Oh! let us remember that the “shadow of an Awful Presence” is always upon us, and safe and still within that guardianship, let us ever look above. Such were the reflections we indulged in, after perusing the sorrowful tale of Lizzie Leigh.

We had left behind us the bustle and busy excitement of the city, and safely ensconced in the indulgent corner of our traveling vehicle, began to muse. We thought of the pleasures we were about exchanging for the dull and hateful music of prayer bells and recitations, and a sullen silence and martyr's resignation, pervaded our spirit. Wrapt in such contemplations, heeding not passing time or events, we were suddenly brought to a state of consciousness by the offer of this little novelette. To beguile our thoughts and leisure, we accepted the offer, and comfortably arranged, prepared our mind for a do-

mestique, taking the precaution, however, of girding up our loins, fully aware of the humorous tendency of our author. But the first sentence opened to us something different than we had anticipated. Death and the solemn realities of life, we supposed to be themes our author never dealt with, and accustomed as his mind had been to run in channels of the light and mirthful, we commenced a little incredulous as to the success of his undertaking. But, a few pages were soon skimmed over and our miseries were lost in those of the widowed mother, sorrowing for her erring Lizzie. There is something so pure, so natural, so simple in this short tale, that we cannot but commend it as a work calculated to open the heart to the sufferings of injured innocence and enlarge it for its mission of love. It is eminently a tale of woe. So unpretending and seemingly insignificant in its appearance, we ought to apologize, for noticing it at such length. Our only apology may be gathered from our introductory reflections.

It opens, with a beloved husband and father, breathing forth the prayer of forgiveness for his sinning daughter, as the untried scenes of Eternity open to his spiritual eye. Stern and almost uncompassionate for the foul shame, she had brought on the fair fame of the Leighs, his anger was softened in death, and the prayer of mercy was the crowning scene of his life. The mother, restless as the troubled ocean, sighs for her long-lost daughter, and will not be checked in her determination to search her out. The natural gush of maternal feeling is so beautifully portrayed here, that we cannot forbear making a single quotation. "I *must* go and seek our Lizzie. I cannot rest here for thinking on her. Many's the time I've left thy father sleeping in bed and stole to the window and looked and looked my heart out towards Manchester, till I thought I must just set out and tramp over moor and moss straightway till I got there, and then lift up every downcast face till I came to our Lizzie. And often, when the south wind was blowing soft among the hollows, I've fancied I heard her crying upon me, and I thought the voice came closer and closer, till at last, it was sobbing out, 'Mother,' close to the door, and I've stolen down and undone the latch before now, and looked out into the still black night, thinking to see her,—and turned sick and mournful away, when I heard no living sound, but the sigh of the wind dying away. Oh! speak not to me of stopping here, when she may be perishing for hunger, like the poor lad in the parable." She knows not whether she is dead or lies a wretched child of sin and sor-

row in the streets of Manchester. "She may be dead. But God will not let her die, till I've seen her once again." Home is forsaken with all its endearments, its monuments of innocence and sorrow, its "fresh breezy outlet," "its far-stretching view over moor and hollow," for a year's residence in the crowded and noisy city of Manchester, whither she knew her Lizzie had been betrayed by her foul seducer. Days grew to weeks and weeks to months and no Lizzie was found. The son, who had accompanied the mother, had accidentally gained the acquaintance of one of those rare and priceless sisters of charity—young and modest, moving noiselessly, speaking gently, yet affectionately, ever binding up the broken heart, and administering the oil of gladness to its sorrow,—outstretching the hand of plenty to its need, and drawing out and upward its holiest Love,—whose loudest praises are spoken in the tears of the poor, and whose truest Epitaph is written on their memory. This acquaintance proved the key that unlocked the mystery of Lizzie's fate. For in her hands was the little child of Lizzie Leigh, who was cared for and cherished by the scanty pittance of an unknown hand. The death of this little one brought to light the poor, heart-broken mother.

Happy and secluded in the hollow of the Upclose Farm, live now together the son and foster-parent. And there too dwells the widowed mother, with her long lost—but now found treasure, reclaimed by the "early-calling-home," of the little unconscious sleeper, whom now neither tears nor sobs, nor loving entreaties can ever waken. "Many hearts bless Lizzie Leigh," for "every sound of sorrow in the whole Upland is heard there—every call of suffering or of sickness for help, is listened to, by one who is ever sad and rarely smiles—but whose smiles are as sad as others' tears." She weeps bitterly for the dark stain upon her, and "prays always and ever for forgiveness." But,

"The dark grave
Which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim
The fatal doubt, once cast on Woman's name.

The greatest charm of "Lizzie Leigh," lies not so much in the character of the personages, as in their remarkably simple, yet perfect delineation. The author, (to speak in a seeming paradox) has attempted no plot. He has merely presented us with a narrative, which is being ever enacted in life's real drama—to the agonizing truth of

which, many a heart-broken maiden and mother can attest. The mother of the heroine is no ideal creation. That parent's heart that bleeds to day over a poor wandering child, whose only guilt seems to be innocence, will tell you in the silent tear and half broken sigh, it is not Fancy's painted picture. She reminds us of our own young days, and of

"That hallowed form that's ne'er forgot,
But, lingering, haunts the greenest spot
In memory's waste."

There are no sullen tempest clouds, from whose depths we might expect the angry burst of grief—no dark, deep tide of passion muttering vengeance on him who stole the beauty of innocence and virtue from "the Lord's anointed temple"—but, sorrowings, like the troubled Ocean that cannot be at rest.

The touching pathos in the death of Helen Burns, we confess, is almost equalled in that of the half-orphan child, and the revealing of that agony-stricken mother, moaning over her own infant, "an unconscious sacrifice, whose white lids are just covering forever the blue violets of eyes and from whose pale lips no murmur will ever come."

For naturalness, simplicity, pathos, and vivid description, we pay our highest tribute to the author of this tale. He has entered so into the still chambers of the heart, and has so moved its strings, we are compelled to admiration. Oftentimes have we found relief from our melancholy and the dull routine of our duties by reading his *Pickwick* papers—but we can now testify to the calm happiness springing from the harmony of a double sorrow. Such a delicate appreciation of the feelings of the heart, we know in no author, and it is for this, he is so popular and justly celebrated. There is one avenue by which he always finds access to every heart; but we find him as searching in one of opposite extreme. He portrays, in no shallow, unreal manner, the varied forms of human life,—portraits, as matchless as they are real and perfect. There is no beginning, no middle, no end, and no grammar—nothing in short, of what is generally understood by the word *style*. He weaves no tissue of sickish sentimentality—nor does he ever use the cold voice of reason to still with its icy tones the fever of that malady, whose very consciousness seems an allurement, rather than a pain. There are some authors,

who by their knowledge of the secret mysteries of the heart—its various windings and its different points of access, draw all around them into their sphere of attraction, like the great centre of the Solar System. So Dickens will be ever lauded by the mass, for he unostentatiously and imperceptibly wins the spirit by his merry mood or his saddened grace, compelling disgust for the follies and vices of the age, or inspiring love for its socialities and virtues—by his portraiture of a Pickwick, or by his narrative of a Lizzie Leigh.

D.

THE LAST OF THE SOPHISTS. Karr.

A TALE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

CHAP. I.

It was gay summer alike on the shores of the Propontis and the southern plains that stretch from Taurus to the blue Mediterranean;—a summer, too, of unwonted gladness, even for that land of cloudless skies. But neither gladness nor quiet were known among the people of those favored provinces. Long years of persecution had whilome saddened the vales of Asia Minor; and though the dome of St. Sophia had echoed to the story of the cross, and the successors of Constantine had professed to listen and obey, yet the land was troubled, and the times rife with change. The persecutions of rival sects had taken the place of the persecutions of the pagans of the west; the bishops of the fourth century, if less bloody, were no less intolerant than the emperors of the second. But, it seemed as if the wrongs of Athanasius were now about to be visited upon the whole christian church;—days which they hoped had gone by for ever, seemed to be coming on; and Arian and Nicene forgot each other in the fear of a return to the old Pagan rites again. A warrior monarch sat upon the throne, and the fierce legions of Gaul were prompt to do his bidding;

—already from the long deserted altars, smoked the sacrifice; and crowds were thronging to the temples, where for years the long grass had waved from out between the untrodden pavement.

It was a summer night, as we have said;—the moon was rising over the peaks of Taurus; the murmuring Cydnus yet lay in the shadow of the huge mountains; and the towers of the distant city, Tarsus, were just tipped with the pale beams. On the eastern shore of the classic river, where a Roman road, winding through heavy copse and olive groves, took its way over a stone bridge that spanned a rapid stream, tributary to the main river, a tall figure might have been discerned, walking to and fro, for some half hour, and pausing at each end of the bridge to listen. Impatience seemed to have quickened his steps, for his heavy riding boot rung sharper on the solid bridge, and starting upon the road, he proceeded to the turn, where he stopped to gaze and listen. At this point the moon shone full upon him, through a long avenue lined with trees, revealing a man of seemingly powerful frame, enveloped in a traveling cloak. A cavalry sword, trailing under the cloak, and his gait, as having apparently satisfied his curiosity, he moved back to the shadows, gave token of his military profession, though his dress in all other respects was that commonly worn by travelers. He had reached again the dark bridge, and stood leaning on the extremity of the stone parapet, when light steps were heard, and a group came round the turn. The soldier drew aside under the trees, as if to reconnoitre without being observed, and after the lapse of a minute, a curtained litter, used by the ladies of those times, was borne swiftly past him by two slaves. Arrived upon the bridge, they stopped a moment, and then went on a few paces, when they were arrested by the call, "Myra." The slaves set down their light burden, and in obedience to a command from their mistress, threw aside the curtains;—the soldier rushed from the thicket, and received the lady in his arms. "O Myra, 'tis a happy hour. I feared you would not come."

The lady answered not, but turning to the slaves, she pointed to the dense grove opposite, and bade them retire. Then throwing aside her long veil, she turned to the soldier, and in a low, sad voice replied:

"O Glaucon, have we met at last? And to meet thus!"

"Yes, dearest, to meet thus, I have long waited here;—Per Heracle! I was about to ride straight up to the forbidden mansion."

"Had I not feared you would, I had not come to night," replied that same low, mournful voice.

"Then you did not come to meet your early playfellow? Has two years' absence so lost me your regard?"

"Do not meet me with reproaches, Glaucon! O! I have suffered;—you do not know——"

"Suffered! how has sorrow reached thee, Myra? Had I but known of it!" and the soldier drew his arm closer around her.

"Nay," said the maiden, disengaging herself, "I have known pain that thou couldst never lull. Keep me not on the road here; 'tis no fitting place for Myra; why did I come this night? My father,—O, my father——" and her voice was stifled in a low sob. The soldier gazed on the weeping girl, as if stupified for a moment, and then, supporting her in silence to the corner of the bridge he led her to a rude seat, formed by the projecting base of a pillar whose shaft supported the extremity of the first arch, and where the heavy foliage hid them from the road. Seating himself by her side, he took her hand. The stream swept on from under the arches; but, it was deep and noiseless; and the soldier gazed upon his companion's face, without uttering a word, for a minute or two. He seemed to be trying to read her thoughts; but the averted face and drooping eyelids, gave him no clue. The robe thrown back from her head, fell in graceful folds around her shoulders;—the dark tresses were confined by a fillet, from which a single gem sparkled; it was not light enough to see the tears on her cheek; and in his long scrutiny, he was unable to learn from the sorrowful, yet placid expression of her countenance, aught of the nature of that grief which had burst forth a moment previous.

His voice was low, but deep with emotion, as he addressed her:

"Two years, Myra! it seems yesterday, when I left these banks and grim old mountains. You were ever smiling then; and how quick my heart beat, that last evening! I have seen camp and court since then, but this heart beat quicker to-night, while I was pacing yon bridge, than in all those two years since we parted. I hoped to meet glad welcome from my Myra. I thought you told yon slave, that you would meet me here, because of some romantic whim. I looked to see the graceful, sprightly girl, who teased me with her waywardness, and then gladdened me so with her smile. But, tell me, dearest,

why you weep?" She tried to answer, but her utterance seemed choked.

"Try to be calmer, Myra. When the moonlight strikes on that dark stream, we part again;—but, tell me but one little word; do you still love me?" He bent forward to catch the whisper; the maiden seemed to make an effort to control her emotion, but her voice was broken:

"Glaucou, I—am a —" a fresh flood of tears interrupted her.

"What mean you, Myra? What has happened?"

"I am a—christian, Glaucou."

The soldier dropped the trembling hand, and rose to his feet as in astonishment.

"Per Hercle! You, Myra! A Christian! And so you must not love your heathen Glaucou, longer. O! who has enticed you to that gloomy faith? Well may you weep! Were we not happy as we worshipped in yon ancient grove? I do remember, on those sacred days, amid the long processions of fair virgins, how I loved to look upon the fairest flower of Tarsus at their head! You can not be a christian, Myra! Who forced you to the outward deed? I know your heart must be true yet."

"I left the groves and temples of my own desire. You know not of the faith—it is not gloomy;—'twas hard to tell you, Glaucou; I have long looked with shuddering to this hour. But it is done; and we must part forever."

"O Myra! say not so! A brighter time is coming;—when the religion of our forefathers is brought back, and the whole Empire turns to the old shrines again, you will come too. And that day's almost here, Myra. The gods have interposed at last, and they whom we adored so long in secret, shall soon be honored in the open light of day. I go to the Imperial city, even now; and when the Emperor returns, a conqueror from the east, he will bring back the Augustan age, again. And you will promise to share my joy, and crown my honors, Myra?" The maiden rose, and in a tone, that seemed to have caught some of his own enthusiasm, replied: "Never can it be! I am not that thoughtless girl, you knew two years ago. I have been sobered and saddened, but I have been cheered, Glaucou;—not a seat by your side on yon imperial throne could draw me from my faith, or give me recompense in the loss of that I hope for. Yet, do not think, Glaucou,"—and her voice was soft and tremulous again, "that I have

forgotten my early friend. I wished to meet you once again ; and the son of Antioch's philosopher would be a strange guest for my father's hall. But see, the stream is lit now by the full moon. I must return."

"You must not go, Myra. I can not lose you thus. Why should you come at all, if you only wished to tell me you had ceased to love?"

"I thought—I thought, you would be better pleased to hear my story from my own lips. I wanted to explain the reason of my change. And you will not call me fickle, Glaucon? You will forget me ; but you will not think hard thoughts of Myra?" She turned with pleading look to the soldier ;—but his head was bent, and tears were on his rough cheek.

"Are you so hurt, Glaucon? Do not weep ! I can bear to be sad, myself ; but you,—I always fancied you happy."

"Happy ! I have been happy ;" his voice was deep, impetuous, "but I was hoping. O ! say, Myra, before we part, that you love me. I will learn your religion ;—at least, I will never say word against it ; be mine,—fly to-night. I will find a priest of your own faith in Constantinople. My life will be a burden without you."

"You talk madly,—madly, Glaucon. Know you not, that your life were endangered, should the stern watchers of our church recognize you?"

"But we will fly. Once in the Imperial city, the companion of Julian is above all danger. O, Myra, speak ! What reck's it, whether thine or mine be the true faith? Have we not faith in one another? Will I prove false? Ask your heart; tell me, dearest, what says it? He clasped her hand, and drew her to their former seat.

"Consult your heart, Myra. If you are happy without me, I submit. If you still love me, yonder is my steed."

"My heart, Glaucon ! O ! 'tis wild—it says, I know not what. I am not happy without you ; but, do not tempt me. Should I yield, I must be wretched,—wretched, with you. But, ere we part forever, I will own, if you will promise to be cheered ;—I own, Glaucon, that I have never forgotten you ; I can never love another. But do not look so, for I can not see you more. I shall be dead to this bright world ere long. And if you will not forget me, you must think of me as one no longer of earth." She rose, and drew her robe closer, as about to leave him ; but the motion was arrested by the soldier :

"No, Myra; if you love me, you go not thus. What mean you by this death? Are there vestals in your faith? Or are you wasting with disease? Is the air chill to you?"

"I can not tell you this, Glaucon. We have no vestals. But, a holy man from Egypt has been here, of late, and his words are weighty. He will unfold still more his plans, to night; and I must hasten to regain my home."

"Egypt! I have heard somewhat: I can guess your meaning. O, Myra, do not yield to him. I know not your religion much;—I will say nought against it, here;—but, I do know, that He, who made this world, never meant to shut out his children from its beauty. And, Myra, how much difference is there between my faith and yours? When we walked through these groves, and saw the solemn rites, were we not sincere in our worship? Believe me, 'tis the cold philosophers who separate us; our hearts worship alike a good Being in the skies. We never bowed to the dumb stone; we looked beyond. Can you not teach me all the difference? If I renounce not openly the faith of my forefathers, I will yet try to love all that you love."

"O! I would joy to teach you all I know. But there is that in our faith, you do not dream of. 'Twill teach you to tear down your heart's idol. Perhaps, the first sacrifice must be your Myra. I would you knew our mysteries. Then I were sure, that we should meet again. Promise me, ere I go, that you will learn them; and Myra will be happy."

"Will Myra promise to be mine, if I return, a Christian, from this distant war?"

"I can not. No! I can not promise. I have two hearts, I think. One follows with you. I fear I can scarce bring it back. But then, another tells me, I must leave you. You talk so lightly of returning a Christian. Nothing will gladden me so, as to hear it; but I shall not see it. But go not to the wars, I pray you, Glaucon."

"Why, Myra? Those barbarians are foes alike to your faith and to mine. Shall I desert my Emperor; or leave my country unprotected? Those of your faith march in the same ranks."

"Yes, but for them our whole church prays. O! if I had known that you were of the number, how I should have shuddered when they prayed that the Apostate Emperor, and all who sought to aid him in his foul designs, might perish in those distant wilds."

"Do they so pray? Now, by the gods, they deserve that the whole

tide of eastern lances should sweep over these plains. The Emperor and his legions are the bulwark of your churches and your homes. That is no manly heart, that seeks the destruction of its rulers, when they put themselves in peril for their people. Is your faith then, so cruel? But you did not wish this, Myra?"

"I would pray, rather, that the Emperor might be better;—but, how fierce you are. O! Glaucon, you are all a soldier; you are far from christian;—see, your hand is on your sword, even yet. But I pray you, let me go now." He led her in silence to the road, and summoning her slaves by a call, assisted her into the litter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDITORS' TABLE.

Karr -

"—And some have greatness thrust upon 'em"

We be five decent, sober citizens; but over modest, good Reader; we fear us, indeed, all unconscious of what little merit we may possess. We had hoped, that in this ancient corner of our paper castle, we might fire our squibs unseen. And why should we not? Have not great deeds been done of yore, by *incog.* heroes? What damsels were rescued from feudal strongholds, by knights of closed visors? How did the unknown 'Junius' shake the pillars of the state; and how did the hand that traced the 'Vestiges' shake the pillars of the church! What military genius can compare with 'Old Ironsides,' who, safe behind his cotton bags, mowed down the splendid columns of Pakenham?—Why then, we say, should not *le noir* be ours; and the whole five go forth as black knights, to bring divers distressed damsels safely off from the jaws of *ennui*; and in these well built barriers, have our monthly tilt for the amusement of those who know and respect 'the ropes,' and the edification and incitement of the next Freshmen? Verily, we should have boldly disregarded precedent, and, like our great countryman, 'taken the responsibility,' but for the suggestion of a long-headed friend. "Never do," quotha, "never do, fellows. Better book your names and be seen." "But, Runt, our names are so strange and harsh; they would be matter of ridicule; there is neither melody nor sense in them." "Get worse ones," was the consoling reply, "get worse, if you don't. Sophs great at baptizing; stand Sponsor for Junior any day;—impudent set!" Runt's reasoning was conclusive.—We five, then, stand somehow thus:

In the first place, and taking the body *in general*, we don't smoke. (It is earnestly hoped, that the Editors' scale of moral character, will, in view of this fact be brought full up to *max.* Or, in lieu thereof, if, among the 'powers that be,' there is yet a true Antivenenean, any of 'that scattered yet lovely remnant,' who,

in this day of half creeds, still sighs for the platform of the old covenant, we hope that he, if any such there be, will gladly respond to the call of spirits kindred to his own;—that he will visit us in our affliction, and —— subscribe for two copies.) As we said, we don't smoke; and since our door is open, you need not stand, coughing and winking your watery eyes, or fanning away the dense clouds with your hand, and gasping, after the manner of a respected Professor, upon a like occasion: "B——, are you here?" Moreover, we occupy one chair apiece, and carry ourselves discreetly. Our rendezvous is the *Ultima Thule* of North College. In yonder red cushioned chair, sits the venerable drum-major. A sombre, but, by no means, misanthropic expression prevails upon his countenance. In consideration of his uniform gravity, his compeers style him "*Patriarch*;" and as such the old man passes. In his personal characteristics, there is nothing to be remarked, save that he bears with the patience of Dominie Sampson, himself, divers jests of his companions upon a pair of somewhat extensive 'gum-caoutchoucs,' vulgarly styled 'over-shoes,' whereof he claims to be the *sole* and indisputable proprietor. "Ah! *his* foundation is sure." His chum, on this subject, is wont to affirm, that on a certain stormy evening, when about to attend a lady, whose slippers were a poor protection from the dripping pavement, the Patriarch, in his blandest manner made offer of *those* overshoes. And the story goes, that to his great discomfiture and bewilderment, the lady gravely replied, that "*she would like one*; she could desire nothing more." It must, however, in justice to the Patriarch, be added, that he charges this to be a gross misrepresentation and perversion of the simple truth. He explains "that the offer was not of over-shoes, but of —— something else." The word '*one*' might have been used, on the occasion alluded to, but it had reference to a unity of very different nature; and as to the last clause,"—here the Patriarch is wont to look complacently round the admiring circle, "what more could she desire, gentlemen?" In the silence succeeding this triumphant appeal, we will try to seize the expression of another of our little group.

The occupant of the corner chair is, to our mind, a choice representative of a race nearly extinct; we mean the Pilgrim Fathers of New York,—the heroes immortalized by a thousand legends of the noble Hudson. The blue eye, rendered listless in its expression by a peculiar and habitual turn of the eyelid,—the deep shadow thrown by the chestnut hair over the dome of thought, seem to give token of speculative power. But, don't imagine, that yon *Diedrich* is a dreamer of the Kant or Fichte school. Not he. It will be long before he raises a fog about the '*problems of life*.' Yet if it be "the prerogative of genius, to startle the mind with great truths compressed into the form of terse, racy proverbs," then is *Diedrich* a man of genius. What though his philosophy be better adapted to the meridian of '*Sleepy Hollow*,' than the University of Gotha? If he shall gather '*yahs*,' and concoct doctor's stuff under the gable end of some old Dutch mansion on the banks of the Hudson, yet may he none the less merit the title of philosopher, than if he were brewing the moral catholicon in some Paris club or Leipzig gymnasium. Go to, ye who fancy, that the mysteries farthest removed from vulgar ken are the only province of the philosopher. There is in the homely '*pork and beans*' of life, as true philosophy as in its flowers or leaf-crowned

forests ;—and Diedrich is the very man to find it. And yet, he too has a spice of the poetic ;—the mysterious, believing poetic ; for sure, the superstitious reverence of the old skippers of The Netherlands for ghosts and phantoms and wicked sprites, is a sort of country cousin, (*cousin-german*, Diedrich says,) to the earnest faith of those beyond the Rhine-bank, in things no less intangible, and perhaps, much more unreal. Now, Diedrich has the true spirit of those, his forefathers, who have left their legends all along their ancient homes, witness their 'Spyting Duyvel creek,' and their classic "Hurlgate." He holds to the verity of the Flying Dutchman,—nay, it hath been asserted, from his strange and eccentric visits to the recitation room, that he is closely allied to the wandering skipper ; and it is further urged, in confirmation hereof, that he has been known to haunt a certain *garret* not a thousand miles from here. But this is mere surmise ; there can be no doubt of his lineal descent from the old Knickerbocker line, all his fantasies above mentioned to the contrary notwithstanding. Oft, perched on his saddle-bags, in nightly rides adown the Highlands, or on the wilds round Stony point, he will be gazing at the monster steamboats on the star-gemmed river—their red fires glaring over the water ; and muttering to himself of quaint old ballads :

"The dim blue flame that lights her deck,—

Or,

"The hand that guides her is not of this world."—

Here our lucubrations are interrupted by a loud voice : "I say, Diedrich ! Old Knick ! or whatever your name be ; 'I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought : An old *lord of the council* (class) rated me the other day in the street about you sir ; but I marked him not, and yet he talked very wisely, and in the street, too."

"Thou didst well, Sir John ;—for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it."—

The individual thus rebuffed, claims our attention. "A good, portly man, f'faith, and a corpulent" fills the chair before our Franklin, armed with his favorite instrument, the tongs. "For his voice, he hath lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems." Yet has he a commanding air, and as a man of *ton*, stands *facile princeps* in our corps. Sir John hath been in the wars. Albeit, he essayed the battle, Chinese fashion, with paper helm and wadded boots, yet did he make deadly onslaught on the foes of Hungary ; and still preserves a relic, namely, the foot, spurred and half-booted of an Austrian hussar, the which he purchased, it is whispered, from the original Irish captor. Perchance in his hot valor, he had exhausted himself on some dark column of grenadiers, had not his taste soon called him to the classic grounds. Now, Sir John is by no means one of those travelers who "can tell you only as the result of their wanderings, the price of liquor in the four quarters of the globe." Come to our window some night, and hear his vivid descriptions and his illustrations of the classic scenery from that around us. "Yon is Olympus ; there Jove shakes his locks"—

"And brings wet weather,"—growls Diedrich, who has no fancy for the classic."

"Tush ! for a Dutch pack-horse. Diedrich, thou art an illustration of the influence of scenery upon character. Had you been reared among these mountains, you would have been better able to read the glorious poets of old Greece."

"Great! 'tis n't too late yet, Sir John; only insure me a 'first class,' and I'll spend the term among your old hills."

"Insure a first class! Better put Pelion on Ossa. Ah! it brings us back. Yonder is Pelion, far beyond the winding Peneus. And who can not fancy this the valley of the Muses?"

"Muses!" echoes Diedrich, starting to his feet, "the man will have our old brick church the Parthenon, next. The mud-daubed fields of Old Hadley! Donner wetter! Just take a fancy of mine to cap the whole;—Fancy the corn waving along the banks of Peneus, and the river gods shivering round the spiles of the old bridge, and the sacred nine in good tow aprons, presiding over the broom-making and tobacco-curing. Faugh! Influence of scenery on character, Sir John! Take a little Dutch common sense. Your Greek will be a sight-seeing loafer anywhere; and your Yankee will be looking out for water privileges in your Peneus and big crops in your classic valley,—I don't care how many generations of his fathers have gazed on the scenery, or how often he may have scrambled over the mountains."—But none of these sallies move the learned knight;—Diedrich cannot put him out of temper; still from his vast mine of lore, he will bring gem after gem, and seek to set them for you in the landscape round. Nay, if you take not heed, he will make you imagine that the good dames who throng (?) to exhibitions are the long procession of some festal day of yore;—you will almost hear them, taking up "the choral strain of the Grecian daughters: To Athens! To Athens!"

Of the fourth of our corps what shall we say? "Would he were fatter!" Not all the superfluous muscle of Sir John could bring up *Cassius*. "He hath a lean and hungry look." He moves among us like some young astrologer of Araby, worn with his ceaseless watch;—still gazing through sleepless nights at the bright worlds on high, even when the flickering taper of life hardly gives light enough to record his observations. Yet *Cassius* can come down to sublunary affairs. He holds the responsible office of Treasurer to the Board, and they who disdain his slight, spare figure, may find reason to respect his pertinacity; for, in all his undertakings, he is "terribly in earnest." He has one trait that's singular enough;—he has been known to rise o' mornings, before prayers, not to "skim" a neglected lesson, or to take a shower bath;—but, to look at the sun! Ah! no wonder that he's thin. He is fair missionary ground; a regular Parsee. (We commend his case to the Hon. Editor of the Tribune, as a proof of the liberal spirit of our *Alma Mater*;—her doors are open not only to all the sects of Christendom; but, the very heathen are welcome to her privileges.) Well is it, for *Cassius*, that he lives in an age of toleration; else his strange habits might have brought him to the stake;—the fourteenth century would surely have burned him for a heretic, or at least, smoked him; for it may be, that he would not burn, any how. But we have strong hopes of converting him to civilized ways, during our editorial course. For, if any thing can break up such a queer habit, surely the trouble and late writing required in getting out an Indicator, will do it.

There is yet one, but why should we describe him? "Not to know him argues yourself unknown." He is, to use the eloquent phrase of an ex-editor, emphatically "universal." Not a joke is cracked in college but *The Middy* has the first

laugh at it;—not a topic is bronched in any company, but he is ready to “argify” it;—not an event can be referred to in the college calender for six years back, but he can say: “All which I saw”; and, too often, “part of which I was.” In all the hooks and crooks of this “parenthesis of life,”—a collége course, he is well versed. We would wager our copy of the laws, (new, by the way, and in excellent order,) that he will calculate better to a second, when the morning bell will stop; and, distances being equal, will succeed in reaching his post, and yet start later from his couch, than any other wight around. Famed for his facility in getting into trouble, and his greater facility in getting luckily out of it, he has been christened after the illustrious Jack Easy: but, since years have sobered him, and since he treads the quarter-deck of the Indicator, we have dropped the too boyish cognomen, and dignified him with the title wherein we first introduced him to you. We should be glad to bring out both Cassius and The Middy with greater detail; but the printer warns us to be short; and we forbear the less reluctantly, for that we expect Cassius to portray himself, large as life, in a dissertation, to be entitled: “An inquiry into the fallacy of the mathematical principle, that bodies are possessed of three dimensions, viz: length, *breadth* and *thickness*,” and “The Middy,” as we have already hinted, is too universal a favorite, to need our description. We expect him to do the “local items” of our future Nos., and warn the evil disposed that

“A chiel’s amang them takin’ notes,
And fuith he’ll prent it.”

Though weak in bodily presence, we are not afraid to trust him with the defence of our corps against all critics, slanderers and condemned authors; for we know him to be one “who never failed a friend or feared a foe.”

We are pained to announce that for want of room, we have had to stop in the midst of the first chapter of our “Tale,” and been obliged to omit divers interesting items, among which is a luminous account of recent “Mysterious rappings in old North.” Our correspondents shall be attended to, in future numbers in the order in which they have come to hand. We have been favored, however, with an effusion of some fifteen stanzas, from which we must make a selection, even in our present strait, addressed “To her who can understand them.” [We should like to be presented to that lady.]

“Come back, gentle Mary, come back,
And visit us ere we shall close,*
Our skies will be lowering and black—
This garden be wanting its rose.

“My thanks for your goodness, fair girl,
Your name I’ll retain as a gem,
More choice than the topaz and pearl—
Bright sparkling in Pomp’s† diadem.

“But, sweet girl, don’t be proud—
Then I’m in the wrong—
My musings are sinful,
And wicked my song.”

Amen!—Etc.

* Doubtless a shoe store or a school.

† An abbreviation for Pompey; and a plagiarism; witness, Shakespeare’s:
“Like a bright jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.”

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THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. III. NO. II.



If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cowper.*

“Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus.”

JULY, 1850.

AMHERST:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1850.

No. 2.

OUR GREATNESS. *Nothington.*

The haze of distance dims the horizon of the Past, and the noon-day sun of time gives a false glare to the Present; so that strong indeed, nay, all-seeing, must be that eye that can comprehend the Present and the Past in their true relations. We compare the times in which we live, with those of our fathers, and are too prone to judge of them on insufficient grounds. The pedant will point you to the vigorous, glowing fancy of a primitive age, and with exultation ask you to equal that in your modern poems. The man of science will point you to the railroad, and the cotton mill, the telegraph and the printing press, and with conscious superiority ask,—what can antiquity boast equal to this? Both may be right, and both wrong. The Present is the child of the Past, and with its innovations and proscriptions, it improves or degenerates from its parent; it retains some of its good and some of its evil; and it is well for any age, if in the aggregate, it is a little better than the preceding.

We Americans are peculiarly prone to boast of our wonderful advance, not only in mechanic arts, but even spiritually. We glory in our liberality of sentiment; when, were we to examine, we might, perhaps, find it to be the effect of a want of the devotion and earnestness of our fathers, rather than any new-born light of toleration. Where there is life-earnestness, there will be a most uncompromising spirit of intolerance. We have often met in prose and poetry

something like this.—“were one of the Puritans raised from his repose to the hurry and bustle of the present time, and shown the vast whirlpool of modern improvements, our immense territory, our commerce, our manufactures, our numerous comforts, he would return to his grave full of wondering admiration.” Could the stay of our friend be prolonged, he would surely find some other features, which would mellow his admiration with a tinge of sadness, and give him, perhaps, a juster estimate of his children’s greatness.

Our father has already examined the machinery of your workshop, let us now show him its spiritual machinery. Let him see if he who presides over all this material power, has increased as much in manhood, as in wealth and opportunity. He finds him much better versed in the news and opinions of the day, than men of the same station in his own time, and his tongue much more fluent and polished for debate; and, at first view, his opinions also seem beautiful; he would have the tenderest care for the rights of all; for, according to him, “all men are born free and equal;” but as he unfolds his views, our friend finds into what this maxim has led the man. He has lost the most noble trait of humanity, reverence for what is higher than himself; he has first lost his reverence for God and his revelation, and consequently his contempt for men and their institutions.

Are we not free and equal, and shall a few statesmen lead us by the nose whither they think best? Are we not free and equal, and shall the poor unfortunate murderer be himself murdered for his misfortune? Are we not free and equal, and shall a set of bigots dictate to us the terms of salvation? Thus our Father hearing the Magistrate, the Law, and the Priest blasphemed, thinks the man ought to be hung, or at least whipped and set in the pillory, and we are inclined to think that it would be a “beneficent whip,” which if not able to inspire an ignoble soul with reverence, should yet make it feel its inferiority by fear.

Time was in New England when every child, whom the minister passed in the street, took off its hat in token of respect; at present, they would more probably treat him as the children of old did Elisha. The change is lamentable; for, men of reverent heart are the salt of the earth, without which society cannot long exist, but will purify and become an archie, and amidst strong convulsions, must be born again. Our safety now seems to depend on those men who by reverencing God, his truth, and the talent he has created, show that they them-

selves are worthy of respect and confidence. And well might the Puritan wonder, with other feelings than those of admiration, at self-styled philanthropists, denouncing the Bible as a self-evident falsehood, because its stern justice accords not with their code of morals, the greatest ingredient of which is a soft, short sighted pity for suffering, which examined, shows itself as the cruelty of the tiger under his delicately colored robe.

Another cause for his wonder, nearly allied to our irreverence, is our want of faith. For how can we reverence that in which we have no faith? If we do not believe in God, in human virtue, nor even in a Devil, what can we respect but hypocrisy, or fear except physical suffering. Yet there are those who openly avow, and seemingly with truth, that they have no faith in any of these things. Said a thriving young man of business whom we Yankees should call *smart*, "for what does your minister preach?" "For the good of his parishioners chiefly," was the reply. "The *good* of his *parishioners*! He preaches for eight hundred dollars a year." Nor was this a rare specimen of our countrymen at the present time; such a spirit is getting to be far too common; for what can be more degrading. Better, far better, to receive the religion of our fathers with their simplicity and with their superstition, and bigotry even, than in washing away their dross, to lose with it their pure gold also.

Notes on the ocean of Immensity, transcient bubbles on the stream of Time, we feel a strange sense of the importance of our improvements, our greatness; wholly inexplicable, did we not consider the deceptive power of habit and the wonderful talent we have of magnifying the material at the expense of the spiritual. The Power of the heavens has kept innumerable suns and planets in regular motion for ages; yet few comparatively feel at sight of these, the awe and admiration which they do at the machinery of the steamboat or the cotton mill; which seem to our limited faculties, complicated and wonderful. Our fathers came to this land when the primeval forests flourished in all their native majesty and grandeur. They heard the voice of the Eternal sounding through the boughs of the leafy wood "like the rushing of many waters." They saw his chastising hand in the fierce and blood-stained visages of the native red-men, and with humility and faith, they bowed to him who, though Invisible is yet Eternal and Immortal. We seem to be in danger, now that those forests have fallen before our ax, those savages before our sword; .

now that we have "annihilated Time and Space," and have called in giant steam to fabricate clothes for the body and letters for the mind; of falling down and worshipping,—not God, but the Devil, and that the worst of devils, Self; forgetting that each pound of power that we use, is a part of Almighty Power.

Our irreverence and want of faith, both proceed from a distaste to justice. "The heart goes before the head."

"Doubt is the eternal shade by Evil cast;
The Vision and the Faculty Divine
Fall when the spirit o'er its Empire vast
Thrones Appetite and Crime."

We first love nothing but the material world, and then believe in nothing else. We first dislike virtue and then have no faith in divine justice. With what feelings must the Puritan, imbued as he is with a sense of the majesty of Right, look on Universalism, Abolitionism, Anti-hanging, and all those *isms*, which have for their prime object the extermination of pain, whether suffered deservedly or unjustly.

Let us examine a little some of the most prominent reforms and see of what manner of spirit they are, whether they proceed from a love of justice, of right dealing between man and man, or if they are not the effect of a cowardly fear of pain.

The Anti-Slavery reform is the most prominent at the present time. Let us see on what grounds, those most actively engaged in it, stand. Are they candid and impartial, desiring to see justice done to all parties? Or are they not rather one-eyed men, who can see no good in the slave-holder, no degradation in the slave? Are we not free and equal, and shall not the ignorant and degraded African be held in equal esteem with the most refined and intellectual of the age? No! Almighty God has made men to differ in respectability and station "as one star differeth from another star in glory," and he does not know his duty to mankind who regards all alike; reverencing none, he will despise all. The history of the anniversaries of New York and Boston, last spring, gives us the very essence of this spirit, in its perfection. The Bible, the Church, and Mr. Webster could not be spoken of in terms too opprobrious for these fanatics, because these did not spend their whole strength in resisting an evil upon which they had looked till their eyes had grown to it, and it seemed to fill immen-

sity. Thank God he has never permitted any evil to attain quite that magnitude.

A reform which we like still less, is the abolition of capital punishment. Some of us have reached such a pitch of sensibility, that we cannot bear that bad men should suffer, though the suffering of society from their crimes be never so great. Our conscience is palsied and our benevolence nervous and wild almost to insanity. A most lamentable change from the inflexible justice and steady regard to right of the Puritan, to the sick sentimentality and short-sightedness of the modern New England reformer.

What wonder is it that crime should increase, when any insignificant person can gain the sympathising voices and pens of thousands, by the commission of crime, who would not so much as have glanced their eyes at him, were he an honest man and a good citizen. We have often thought, while hearing of the poor debtor, the poor prisoner, or the poor slave, that it would be well sometimes to give a thought to the poor creditor, the poor public, and the poor master. Wickedness is not to be loved, because it is weak; nor goodness to be blasphemed, because it is powerful; for power is not always injustice, nor is helplessness the most distinguishing mark of worth.

The feeling of our fathers was different. They felt that there was an evil greater than human suffering; there was a law for which, if broken, no human suffering could atone; and if their sense of the majesty of the law led them sometimes to be too severe, it was a severity growing from a healthy and vigorous public conscience, and was far better than the pale, sickly philanthropy of the modern New Englander. We love sometimes to look back and contrast the devotion and zeal, (perhaps mistaken) which led the former to hang the Quakers, with the luke warmness of the present time, which feels no jealousy except for its purse, no devotion except to Mammon.

But we would not be mistaken for one of those, who in looking at the greatness of the mighty dead, can see no good in the living. The Puritan would see in this generation, much to encourage him, aside from tools, toleration and reforms. He would find, though we had vibrated like the pendulum to the opposite extreme from where he had stood, that there was still a tendency to gravitate towards the center of truth. Here and there, on the horizon of the spiritual night, he would see, though obscured by clouds of sensuality, bursts of splendor from a dawning sun of truth, clouds of ancient wrong slowly

breaking up and the morning stars of heaven "dim-twinkling through;" and amongst those sitting in this darkness, a few noble souls who can see and distinguish this true light from the false meteors, which deceived thousands for so long a time.

Our vast territory with its great facilities of intercourse, the general dissemination of knowledge and more than all, the religious spirit created in our hearts by our fathers, all speak in a language not to be mistaken, "Behold old things are passed away and all things are become new." Every age is a transition from the old time to the new, but ours seems to be so in a peculiar manner; and we young men of the rising generation are to make it a transition either to the worship of Mammon, to sentimentality, anarchy and death in convulsions, or to the true spiritual worship of the one God; to love of truth and honesty of life. Our course for the last fifty years seems to have been like that of a current among rocks and rapids. We have left the gentle inclination, and now hurry on directly forward, and again wheeling in an eddy, rush as impetuously with a retrograde motion, till we a second time come round and continue our headlong course; then in our thoughtlessness we dash against some rocks which checks us for a moment and then is forgotten. But it is the nature of violence to die young of very fatigue. The roaring flames may consume the forest in a few hours, but the silent power which causes the oak to grow, must work for centuries to repair the loss. We too are burning the rubbish of antiquity in order to prepare the seed-field of time for a harvest, fitting for the future. Let it be good seed, well sown. Each can bring one devout heart to the work, in which way only, can a millenium of any sort be achieved. That we are in a transition state, renders it extremely difficult to compare impartially the Past with the Present, so as to form a correct judgment of their relative worth. But one thing is clear, that it is for the youth now to determine, whether the dawn shall burst forth into the splendor of the rising day and light of the world, or shall turn to ruddy lightnings and a storm of destruction and death.

FLORINE. *Briggs.*

"He called her by the familiar epithets of the old endearment, but she only answered him by sobs—wildly, passionately. She kissed his hands, the hem of his garment, but voice was gone."—*Zanoni*.

Oh take her gently in thine arms,
And press her to thy breast,
Let every by-gone term of Love
In kindness be expressed—
In deep and tender thoughtfulness,
Oh speak to her in tones
Of the old and sweet endearment,
That her heart most fondly owns.

Yes! press her to thy heart of hearts,
So trusting is she now—
So wildly do those burning lips
In kisses meet thy brow;
So tenderly those sweet eyes shine
So earnestly thro' tears,
That they could blot away the grief
And bitter fault of years.

She is thinking of the olden time
When she was but a child,
When with those deep and tearful eyes
Into her heart you smiled;
She is thinking how her bosom then
Beat wildly when you came,
And how her life, her soul, her thought
Grew sickened at your name.

She thinks perchance how silent hours
Were dreamed in your embrace—
Without a word of passion
Save the beaming of your face—

And her heart is smiting bitterly,
And her spirit wildly yearns
For those words of old endearment
When the sweet old love returns.

—Thou knew'st she loved thee truly,
When first in by-gone years
Her childish mirth grew saddened,
And her love shone forth in tears—
For a heart that ever smileth
Ne'er knows the blissful pain,
Of one that doubts its maddening joy—
To trust and doubt again.

Once more on its old resting place
That erring head is laid,
Once more that heart beats wildly,
Of its own sweet thoughts afraid,
Once more those eyes beam trustingly
And gaze far in thine own—
And words of pleading gentleness
For colder words atone.

Think lightly of the weary years
That pressed upon thy heart,
And only think and only feel
How blessed now thou art—
Oh weep for very joyfulness,
And love as ne'er before
Thou lov'dst in those untried days—
The trustless days of Yore.

W. M. B.

A NATION'S MONUMENT. *John H. Thompson.*

TIME, in its wasting march, has spared few monuments of former times. It has left us, here and there, a fallen pillar,—a ruined temple,—a crumbling pyramid. Few, even of these memorials remain, poor substitutes as they are for the enduring monuments which, it is alike, the privilege and the duty of all nations to leave for posterity.

Nations have no more right than individuals, to live to themselves. The lessons taught them by experience—the record of their struggles in the cause of man,—the history of their great deeds, are the rightful inheritance of all times. To hand down this inheritance, is the duty of a nation and the purpose of its monuments.

But what lessons do the monuments of Egypt teach? Of what deeds of greatness do they remind us? The traveler muses over those strange inscriptions,—he gazes upon those stupendous structures,—he wanders among the palaces of the dead. But those inscriptions are unintelligible; the pyramid is silent; no voice comes forth from the lips of those sleeping millions. The traveler is sad,—not because one nation has shared the common fate of all, but because it has passed away and left no lesson for man. It has perished,—its influence—its history—its moral lessons—all are gone and it is nothing but mockery to leave behind those piles of granite. The upheaving earthquake may toss those proudest structures or swallow them up forever. The lightnings of Heaven, the storm and the tempest, may shatter them in fragments, or they may remain only to crumble before the silent, but resistless assaults of Time. And even if they still survive, such monuments fail of any worthy end.

There is, however, one monument which will not only endure, but which will also answer the great ends for which a monument is desirable; and that is, a literature deserving to endure,—a literature built upon truth and reared by patient toil and earnest thought. The nation which leaves such a literature, leaves a monument which will bear to all after ages the record of that nation's greatness and glory.

Such a monument Greece has left. Her works of art, still magnificent, are not her real monuments. Those wonderful

ruins have indeed a magic power over the mind, and among those mouldering ruins, the scholar's heart kindles with glowing enthusiasm. But this power comes from another source. Her literature is the real monument of Greece, and this it is which invests those ruins with whatever of interest they possess. It is Grecian literature, which has peopled every hill and vale, every grove and streamlet of that classic isle, with forms of beauty, while over lands, upon which nature has lavished the same rich gifts, brood only desolation and death. It is Grecian literature, which gives life to the fallen ruin and bids the crumbling pillar speak. It is Grecian literature, which calls up from their graves the mighty dead, which reveals to us their forms, robed in the garments and radiant with the glory of immortality, and bids us commune with their great undying spirits.

Those words of eloquence, which two thousand years ago, held in check the Macedonian invader, still fire the souls of freemen and send dismay to the hearts of tyrants. The pages of the Greek historian are yet full of warning and instructive lessons, and their steady light still shines clearly around the perilous pathway of nations. The loftiest strains of Poetry, that have ever charmed a listening world, have been but the vibrations of that chord, first struck by the hand of him,

“Who wandered 'erst from Chio's rocky isle.”

These works constitute the real monument of Greece. When her last temple shall lie in ruins and her last pillar shall have fallen, this memorial will survive. When the monuments she has left, hewn from the living rock shall all have crumbled, there will remain that other monument hewn from living thought. This shall go not with “the cloud-capt towers,—the gorgeous palaces,—the solemn temples;” and its influence, its lessons of wisdom, the glory it commemorates, shall go not even with “the great earth itself.”

Such is the only monument which can perpetuate the name and the glory of our own country. We may not hope that ours will form an exception to the universal rule, that nations are not destined to immortality. But we may hope that, when this glorious fabric, even now rocking to its center, shall be shattered in ruins, there will remain a literature which will be at once our country's highest glory and the world's richest inheritance. We have a language which promises to carry its literature to all nations and all times,—a lan-

guage inseparably connected with the Anglo Saxon race and destined in all human probability, to be spoken by countless millions, who shall people the valley of the Mississippi and throng the shores of the Columbia.

Here is the great work of American scholars. They are called upon to be the builders of this monument; and it depends upon them whether it shall be built of the frail materials of a day, or of the enduring adamant, around which, in after ages, all nations shall gather to read lessons of instruction and wisdom.

J. H. T.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

Gould.

"Now I hold that a man should live as a matter of right, and by authority, and not either by recompense or favor. The knot that binds me by the laws of courtesy, pinches me more than that of legal constraint."—*Montaigne's Essays*.

It is the peculiar work of genius in every age to separate the real from the sham—to penetrate through the Protean forms of actualized life, down to its immutable essence. Thought, in its highest exercise, invariably tends to simplicity; it unmasks imitation—lops off the excrescences of custom—strips falsehood of its stolen comeliness, and pushes back truth through all its emerging channels to its simple and vital unity. "All genius," says Coleridge, "is metaphysical, because the ultimate end of genius is ideal, however it may be actualized by incidental and accidental circumstances."

In glancing over the face of society, we find it abounding in forms, and rites, and canonized customs, which the mass of men bow down and worship, as the true life. By these conventional standards they gauge their consciences, shape their opinions, and mete out the bitterness of their anathemas. Their mental optics are too narrow in their range, to reach broader or deeper than the mere casual facts which chance first to fill their angle of vision; these become their rule of faith—the iron pale which bounds their sympathy and charity for men.

It is said that Chalmers and Carlyle, at their first meeting, parted in mutual disgust ;—a longer acquaintance enabled them to penetrate beneath the idiosyncracies of individual character, and they became personal friends and mutual admirers. There are some men who are unable to distinguish *themselves* from universal truth ; it occurs to them that *their* thoughts, feelings, and tastes, should become the universal standard by which all men should think, feel and judge. They have no power to abstract reality from their own individual consciousness. Having cornered up on their cranial premises, some poor, lone, shivering idea, they call upon heaven and earth to witness the glory of the capture.

Such minds can form no conception of a standard of right, but as a rigid abstraction and a lifeless dogma, having no pertinence to the universal nature of things, but striking the world in a tangent at one point, and forsaking all the rest to eternal discord and reprobation. Times and seasons they regard not. The fathers of the Revolution must be stretched on the rack of morality erected by a modern Peace convention, and "glorious democracy" is the only political panacea for lawless barbarism, as well as the highest stage of civilized intelligence. The Senator of Marshfield, as he lately stood at the heart of the nation, and felt the mighty convulsions along its thousand arteries, grasping the interests of centuries in his giant intellect, as he spoke words of peace and generous concession, some would judge by the narrow standard of local prejudice, and load with the reproaches of cringing servility. It was the remark of a profound thinker, "All extremes are error ; the reverse of error is not truth but error, truth lies between these extremes." Nor is this spirit of ostracism against our fellows, confined to ethics alone, but pervades every department of thought, and modifies all the common judgments of men and things. Why must we ever be passing sentence upon our neighbors according to our own subjective vision and feelings? Why can not we have the magnanimity of soul to leap the paltry inclosure of our own individual biases, and judge our friend by *himself* and not by *ourselves*? To subserve His own omniscient purposes, the Author of Life has scattered His mental gifts among men with an unequal hand—to one this, and to another that—but all things end in a common center. None can say to the other, I have no need of thee ; for each has his great life-work to accomplish, to fill up the grand design of the Infinite. Why then should each denounce his opposite in the converging system

of human life? Why should the philosopher decry the poet as a useless dreamer, and the poet the philosopher as barren and unsympathising? Why should the visionary denounce him of weaker faith and surer tread?—each has his mission, and the world could spare them neither. Is there not room for Plato and Bacon, Locke and Coleridge, in philosophy? Have the ideal and the practical no affinity in human nature? Is there not room for Eschylus and Sophocles in the stern and beautiful of Grecian tragedy; for Milton and Wordsworth, Pope and Byron, in the sublime and pathetic, the rhythmical and imaginative, of English poetry? Must Paul and James be exclusive of each other in Christian doctrine; or Calvin and Channing in the spirit of their polemics? The truly great soul, like the bard of Avon, is “myriad-minded,” able to see, and willing to recognize truth in all its varying forms, and trace it back to its unity in the bosom of the Eternal Mind.

Why is society filled with bitterness and misanthropy, friendships poisoned, and man distrustful of his fellow man? I am not taken as I am, but as I appear;—some protruding idiosyncrasy, some unlucky external, fills the retina of the beholder, and straightway his heart is closed to charity. Why can not heart commune with heart, in the naked freedom which God gave them, repulsed by no distrusting bigotry, and freed from the iron formulas of a conventional creed? It was remarked by those who listened to Lord Chatham, that there seemed something finer in the man than any thing which he said. To compass the full worth of any friend, I must go back of the casual word and the casual deed; behind the outward seeming of his individuality, there throbs a spirit broad as humanity, and unsearchable as the essence of its Maker. We can ill afford to be misanthropists as we journey through this dark pilgrim-land; we have need of all the freshness and fulness that gushes from the untrammelled life of humanity; speak kindly to thy erring brother, for his frailties are many, and his faith is weak, and thy cold distrust is chilling his soul. Let us smooth for one another the thorny path of life's weariness and gloom, for to-morrow we die, and shall all lie upon a level in the grave.

Much is said and written of the respective claims and merits of different authors; and some have deemed it possible to comprise in a

set of rhetorical rules, the constituent requisites of good writing, which should apply with a Procrustean invariableness, to all the changing moods and phases of human thought. But it has ever been the prerogative of genius to overleap the barrier of forms, and in every age it has made sad havoc with the polished and symmetrical rules of a mechanical criticism. The brotherhood of letters is a genuine republic, and repels with a jealous indignation any encroachment upon its legislative right to determine its own mental laws. Rules of rhetoric are the product of thought, and not the necessary condition of its exercise. Critics have begun to despair of being able to confine the power and subtlety of genius within the straight jacket of rhetorical statutes. Thought, and not language, is the measure of intellectual life. And yet the world has played strange games with the little article of words. The satirical remark of Tallyrand, that men employ language to conceal their ideas, we have always regarded as quite too charitable a construction to put upon the vacuity that lurks under a vast amount of current jargon. Words in their invention and legitimate office, to use an expression of Wordsworth, are the "incarnation of thought;" they are an exact and complete embodiment of the mental exercises; embracing no more nor no less. Hence that writer is perfect in his kind, who fully *means* what he says. Styles indeed greatly differ in elegance, point, and copiousness; but what we complain of in a bad author, is not so much the kind and arrangement of his words, as their want of a perfect adequacy to express the man. Emerson has defined the poet as the *word-maker*; and his peculiar power to charm and sway the minds of men, he ascribes to the originality and vitality of his language—his words being coined exactly to himself, and completely permeated and interfused with the energy of his own spiritual nature. Here, if we mistake not, lies the secret of a good writer.

Men of letters may be divided into two great classes—those whose ideas master their style; and those whose style masters their ideas. The former are men of genius; the latter their imitators. The world is ever charitable towards sincerity and naturalness. Let it be convinced that a man is acting himself, and not playing a part, and it will overlook a multitude of sins. Original and earnest thought is too rare a visitor to our sham-ridden earth, to contend over-scrupulously as to the ceremonies of introduction, ere we receive it to our hearts and lives.

We can tolerate the stiff and pompous diction of Dr. Johnson, in reading his own writings, because it is an exact *fac simile* of his mental character—and our idea of the man would be incomplete, if his thoughts came to us in any other garb. But how sorry a figure do his Lilliputian imitators cut in the borrowed armor of the giant! Thomas Carlyle has been regarded by many as the high priest of affectation and verbal artifice; but the fact is, it is his imitators that have made him ridiculous. They have looked on and seen the stirring power of an earnest spirit over the thoughts of the age, and making the common mistake of mediocrity, have thought to work the wonders of the magician, by stealing his fire-words. Hence the world of letters is overrun with these literary apes, pouring forth a mass of galvanized verbiage glaring and bristling at every point with huge capitals and disjointed periods, and twisting their meagre ideas into all sorts of uncouth shapes, and spasmodic movements, to juggle their readers into a belief of their amazing profundity. Few minds have the strength and intensity to vitalize an equal amount of new-coined language with Carlyle; and as his style is more difficult of successful imitation, so none try our patience, and outrage our taste, like those who have adopted his verbal peculiarities, without possessing his genius.

From what has been said we would not have inferred that a style is good, just in proportion as it is the spontaneous clothing of the mind. Naturalness and originality are not inconsistent with the most studied elaborateness and artistic finish of composition. Nor does the defect in a bad style, always consist in an excessive use of words; but in a want of perfect appropriateness in their application. Good writing is what Coleridge defined poetry to be, "words in their most proper places." We may employ more or less; but whatever number we summon to our aid must be put on service. There are no supernumeraries in the verbal camp of a good word-general. Few writers of the present century, have given evidence of more intense and laborious effort in moulding their style, than John Foster—yet few styles are farther than his, from the appearance of anything unnatural and artificial. The strong and sturdy proportions of his mental character are most faithfully depicted in his most elaborate periods. We can almost feel the ponderous intellect and rugged fancy of the man, working themselves out at every angle, through the gnarled clauses, and intertangled luxuriance of his oaken English. Longfellow, of all po-

ets, is the most elaborate, and least imposed on by words. He shaves down the cuticle of verbiage to the very nerves of feeling and sentiment. We have known many a young knight of the quill entertain the greatest alarm lest the wings of his genius should be cropped, by a too rigid revisal of the "first draft." The danger lies not in improving upon ourselves, but upon others.

There is a stern edict in the republic of letters against borrowing. He that appears in his own garments, however meagre and homely, will meet a warmer welcome than he who comes decked in the stolen splendor of princes. As God has formed each individual character to act a distinct part in the drama of life, so that character clad in its native and undisguised utterance, will present peculiar and original attractions, unpossessed by any others. It is narrow and unjust to condemn our fellow because his mental physiognomy is not our own. Cant and plagiarism are the owls and bats of literature that should be hunted from its borders with an unrelenting criticism.

THE APRIL RAIN. Briggs.

It's all in the dusky twilight,
And I sit by my window pane—
Listening, half in Dream-Land,
To the pattering April rain.

The trees stand out in the green-sward
With their arms all grey and bare,
And ghost-like their silvery branches
Gleam thro' the dusky air.

Ah me! how drenched and heavy
Hangs down each pitiful bow—
While a thousand hurrying rain drops
Splash in the pools below.

The day is forsaken and weary,
And the skies hang low and grey—
And never a hopeful star-beam
Smiles out on the faded day.

But the blast goes madly sweeping,
And the storm rings wild and loud,
And the lightning's purple edges
Glare out thro' the sullen cloud.

Oh, dreams of old affections
Come back to my heart to-night,
And throng my soul thro' the tempest
With gleams of some old delight.

Let sweet and remembered faces,
Dear whisperings scarcely heard,
And sighs of angel loved-ones
In my inmost soul be heard.

In the hurry and desolation
Of this pitiless, beating rain,
Bring back to my soul the grieving
For those buried joys again;

The grieving and then the gladness,
That like a sweet refrain,
Bore back to my heart the echo
Of those vanished joys again.

And my soul grows calm with quiet,
And my eyes seem dim with tears,
Thro' whose calm and still reflection
The rainbow Hope appears.

And the stars have come out in Heaven,
And hushed is the passionate rain;
Still I gaze thro' the trembling dew drops
That cling to my window pane.

April 3d, 1850.

W. B.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER. *Martin N. Root*

This world is a scene of contention and strife,
'Tis filled with all malice and woe,
Dispair seems to say, there is nothing in life,
That's worthy of man here below ;
But when gloom is thus holding its sway o'er the mind,
And the soul to its sorrow is given,
A bright angel form, on the wings of the wind,
Says, pointing its finger to heaven ;
Hope on! Hope ever!

The storm and the billow dash wild o'er our bark,
And to death we seem to be hurled,
The past is so gloomy, the future so dark,
We wish we were free from this world ;
But lo! mid the tempest and gloom like the night,
The Rainbow, in beauty is seen,
On its arch is inscribed in fair letters of light,
Gilded, adorned by the sun's latest beam,
Hope on! Hope ever!

Tho' clouds may envelop the sunshine of peace
And darken the joys of the mind,
Tho' the charms of life's pleasures forever should cease
And angrily howl poverty's wind,
Yet tempests are transient, and soon will the sun
The storm laden clouds drive away ;
As he sinks to his rest when his journey is done,
By his last brightest beam he will say,
Hope on! Hope ever!

There is not a woe in this valley of tears,
There is not a care or a sorrow,
No mortal was ever oppressed by his fears,
But that Hope lures on to the morrow ;

Near the downcast, desponding she smilingly stands,
And bids them arouse from their gloom,
And says as she points to the heavenly lands,
Mortal! thy *spirit* lies not in the tomb,
Hope on! Hope ever!

THE LAST OF THE SOPHISTS.

Karr.

A TALE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

CHAP. I.

(Continued.)

Bending on one knee, and with her hand in his, he spoke, too low to be heard by the slaves who stood at a respectful distance :

“ Myra, forgive me, if I spoke harshly. That must be good, which you love. I will try to learn your faith. But ere you go, promise me not to yield to the Egyptian, at least, until a year pass by.”

“ I cannot promise, Glaucon ; but I will not hasten to embrace his plans. I am no longer my own ;—would that you soon may understand my meaning. And now, farewell,—the God of peace be with you.”

“ May every god watch over thee, my dearest ;—think not, I bid thee farewell forever ; I will follow thee to Egypt or the remotest west ;—nay, do not speak against it,—let me, at least, have hope.”

She made a signal to the slaves, and they took up the light burden and bore it rapidly along. The soldier stood gazing at the retreating figures ; as they reached the turn, he saw the curtains still up ;—a long veil flowed without, and a white hand waved its farewell. A moment more, and all was lost to view. Slowly, and apparently lost in thought, he moved to the place where his horse was concealed. He led the steed, a noble one, of Parthian breed, out into the road, and mounting, rode on over the small bridge towards the city. His horse,

restless under his brief stay in the forest, plunged and champed the bits, and drew a rough shout from his rider. "Peace, thou fool! Strange, that one hour should have so changed me. How I had bounded on this road, if Myra had been as she was two years ago! How can I meet this change? My good, old father!—'twould break his heart to have his only son bring home a Christian maiden." He was now on the heavy, triple-arched bridge that spanned the rapid Cydnus, and before him lay Tarsus. The white, irregular walls, here and there broken to the view by waving olive groves;—the peaceful domes and dead silence of the city, seemed to arrest him; he checked his horse to a walk, and bared his brow to the breeze that swept up from the distant Mediterranean. "Ambition," mused he, "would die here. Methinks with Myra by my side, I could forget the glories of the court. And yet, to alter the whole system of my life! These Christians, too, have no care for the beautiful of Earth. They tear away the fairest fabrics of genius; and disdain, even the great poets of old Greece. I wonder if Myra has forgotten the songs we sung, on just such nights? She seemed lovelier than ever. I used to call her, sportively, my Venus; but the whole circle of goddesses, as I have seen them in the marble, cannot rival that soft, mild expression now. By Jove, the Egyptian shall not have her. I will hear his plans this night, and catch another glimpse of Myra, there." He gave his horse the rein, and soon reached the gates. They were still open; and passing through, he rode straight up the principal street. About half way up on his right hand, stood a marble temple, with heavy Doric columns. Apparently, it was deserted alike by priests and worshipers;—but the soldier turning short to the right, rode round into what seemed an open court of a mansion that was continuous with the rear of the temple. He paused by the side of a fountain, whose waters sparkled in the moonbeams;—and, no one appearing, dismounted, and leading his horse, rapped at a small door in the side of a kind of a turret that formed the angle of the building. The door was presently opened by a youth: "How now, thou sleeper," exclaimed the horseman, "must I care for my steed? Where is the priest?"

"He walks in the inner porch. Will you walk this way?"

"Nay, I will find him. Do thou relieve my horse." He entered the low door-way, and taking a small silver lamp from its socket, threaded the passages of the house, till he came upon a circular por-

tico, elevated a few feet above the ground. The moon had not yet risen sufficiently to light the statues round it; and another fountain in the center of the dusky space beneath, murmured gently in its basin. A figure, clad in long robes, advanced to meet him:—"Who intrudes so boldly on my solitude?"

"I crave your pardon, father, for my abruptness—"

"Ah! Glaucon, it is thou? Thou art welcome. I thought thou hadst been on thy way ere this."

"I should have been, father, but for an event that has nearly turned the whole current of my life."

"And what so strange has befallen thee, my son? Comest thou for my counsel or my aid? The son of my earliest friend shall command both. Tell me thy story."

"Nay, father, there is much I cannot tell thee; and for the rest, time presses. I come to thee for aid. Can'st thou procure me guidance to the festal of the christians, to-night?"

"Thou! Glaucon;—what wouldst thou with that fanatic throng?" asked the priest in a sharper voice; "Dost thou design a union with them?"

The tone of the last question seemed to sting the soldier. His utterance was clear and quick as he replied: "I am the son of Libanius, father; are we a christian stock?"

"Nay, my son, I spoke hastily; but why shouldst thou seek the lair of these blasphemers? Hast thou reasons of state? Will thy visit help the good cause? Show me;—I am old, and betray no secrets."

"Father, even while we talk, I am losing the most important hour of my life. This much I tell thee; I go to thwart their plans, and I have need to know them fully."

"But, my son, I dare not send thee. How can I answer to thy sire for this? And dost thou know those iron men? Thy plea for mercy would be scoffed at, should they find thee as a spy on their senseless rites."

"All this is nothing, father; I wear a sword; and a count of the Empire fears not the wrath of gray-beards or of women."

"At least, bethink thee of the scandal to thy rank;—if it get to the Emperor's ears, thou art disgraced."

"Father, I pray you, do not oppose me longer. I must be guided to this place, and that speedily. Hast thou never known in thy home

beyond the sea, and in thy early manhood, an object for which thou wert willing to peril name and fame and even life? Dost thou not keep within thy secret heart, some memory of uncontrolled emotions,—some record of wild, wayward actions, to whose hidden motive thou wilt allow no stranger access? If thou dost so, then have respect to my request; for I tell thee, except I seek this festal, fame and life are less than nothing to me.”

“Do I remember, saidst thou? What know'st thou of my youth? O! my Arcadian home! Have I forgotten thee? Thy voice, my son, is like a voice I loved in youth; she was the sister of thy sire; but for these many years, she has been sleeping by the blue lake in my native valley; and why hast thou opened up that long-sealed fountain in my heart? Dost thou ask this for her sake? Then it is granted;—and yet, for her sake I entreat thee not to go. Thou art much like her, and thy presence ever gladdens me;—'twas therefore that I kept thee here and gained thy sire's consent, that I should guide thy studies. I have ever followed thee and joyed in thy success;—for my sake, rush not on this danger;—thou knowest not the spirit of these Nazarenes in the troublous times the Emperor has brought upon them. Alas! but thou wilt go. These infidels have ever been my bane. They blighted all my hopes in youth, and 'tis their hour of triumph still. It is of evil omen, boy; this madness of thine. I see it;—I see it; it comes too late—no imperial favor can restore our ruined faith. The gods have left this world of ours. I hear again the mournful oracle of my native land. ‘Apollo hath no longer a temple or a speaking grove. The once beautiful stream is dry.’ Go, Glaucon, 'tis the decree of Fate. If thou return not safe, I have yet power to avenge thee;—here, take my signet; if thou art in peril, there is one among them,—a barbarian, but of noble nature; he will for my sake, do thee kindness; he is of Britain, and thy guide will show him to thee. Disguise thyself, if thou wilt thus rush on fate;—thy guide shall be instructed.

He pointed to a side door, and the soldier awaiting no further intimation hastily disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEN AND INK SKETCHES FROM OLD GALLERIES. II.

CATHARINE OF ARRAGON. *Manning.*

"Like ivy, woman's love will cling
Too often round a worthless thing."

On the bosom of the putrid lake, whose sluggish surface never yielded to the stroke of the boatman's oar, and above which hovers the foul pestilence bearing fearful disease on its unseen wings, will the lilly unfold its petals and exhale its perfume. Beneath the poisonous swamp alder, in beauty and sweetness the violet safely blooms; and from the same spot where the reptile coils its venomous folds doth the lark lift her morning song of melodious praise. Earth has no spot of desolation where some object of loveliness will not appear. The traveler, who braves the Simoom and chases the mirage of the desert, takes courage when he thinks of the green shady oasis where he may rest his toil-worn limbs; from the eternal snows of Alpine summits he looks down with delight on the dreaming plains of sunny Italy; and, while the chafed billows break madly over his reeling barque, he is mindful of the quiet old homestead, and the stores of affection treasured up for him there. In the most vicious heart there ever lingers some faint trace of virtuous feeling and generous intent. Dissipation may have converted into an ogre the once manly form, and, like the loathsome vampire, it may now move to its deed of darkness through the midnight gloom; hate and revenge may have gathered those open features into a rigid and repulsive frown, still there dwells "the divinity within," giving proof of its presence in the occasional bursts of spontaneous love, and in the pangs and complaints of a stinging remorse.

Turn we now, where our subject leads, down the silent vistas of the shadowy past. All along do we find ample proofs of the pleasing truth just noticed—here too has the great Ruler of human fortune, propitious to our love of the beautiful and good, caused bright shapes to glide through the darkest eras of history, though often but fleeting and dimly visible to the annalist's eye. When the first man had sin-

ned, and the loveliness of Earth began to fade beneath the blighting curse of the Almighty, angels would come to light up its cheerless scenes with their heavenly smiles. In the cities of the plain dwelt virtuous Lot, and when Ahab made Israel to sin there were still reserved a few faithful prophets who bowed not the knee to Baal. We have not, in the present sketch, chosen a solitary example from profane history by which to illustrate the same position. In the many heroic and guileless lives, bequeathed to us from the darkest and most fearful acts of the world's great drama, is our statement made good beyond doubt. What Englishman's heart does not throb with gratitude and pride while musing on the character of Alfred the Great?—who, on the ruins of the unfortunate Heptarchy, established a throne which has withstood, unharmed, the repeated shocks of surrounding nations, and retained all its youthful vigor amidst the wasting influences of age. His genius rose during that stormy night which preceeded the dawn of modern civilization, and, like the star of hope, did its steady light gleam over the wild and roaring waves of social disorder. He stood where two opposing surges met—where Reason for the first time, on the shores of Western Europe, joined battle with physical force for the mastery of the world. Calmly and majestically did he tower above the tempest, and, by the might of his intellect, rule the billows which strove and broke in the misty depths below. As the Eddystone light-house, that miracle of enterprise and ingenuity, in consequence of its peculiar construction is clenched more firmly to its base by the beating of the waves, so did Alfred gather strength amidst the chafing sea of opposition; and, as that noble light throws its radiance far over the hungry abyss and warns of the breakers which skirt the coast, so did he shine on the bosom of a tumultuous age, and through the long night of barbarism guide safely the ship which carried the hopes of a world.

But we must leave these discursive paths, craving indulgence for having already pursued them so far, and hasten on to the lovely character which has suggested these hasty reflections. Fairer than the bow on the evening cloud its mild colors stand out on the surface of those troublous times which mark the out-breaking of the English Reformation. And here again do we feel inclined to pause and take a brief survey of society in Europe at the time when Henry VIII. mounted the throne of England; at least so much of it as relates to the condition of woman, since otherwise it would be impossible to

place a just estimate on the virtues of this amiable princess. The age of Chivalry had passed away long before Catharine landed on the shores of England; the knight of the Cross no longer went forth to fight against the Infidel under the guiding star of his lady's favor. That passionate fondness for sworn obedience to the will of some chosen mistress, which was a distinguishing feature of the middle ages, had lost its ardor and begun to languish, since the return of the Crusaders. Only here and there could an instance of it be found in some wandering and brain-sick enthusiast; and it finally almost ceased to appear, after the conflict which decided the fate of the Spanish Moors, and leveled the glory of Grenada in the dust. And perhaps it was well that the spirit of Chivalry perished from society. The importance which it gave to woman was rather nominal than real; with all the homage paid to her beauty, she was little more than a menial—"a splendid slave." It was some creature of fancy that the warrior adored—whose charms he extolled, and under whose patronage he fought. Could we rend away the glitter of imagination and ornate diction, with which the novelist imparts a power of fascination to the most serious defects of his mediæval hero; could we come at the real condition of woman in those gaudy camps and courts, and see what was the protection and respect shown her, but little should we find to admire in the soldier's code of honor, and much to mantle the cheek of common humanity with shame.

Reaction ensued, as is ever the case when some prevalent notion, based upon fancy, loses its influence in the light of events which disclose its real character. Men began to see, in the violation of the most sacred obligations, in the inroads made on the peace and happiness of the family, and in the loosening of all those appliances which bind men together for mutual sympathy and support, that the institution of Chivalry was but a specious and showy contrivance, beneath which all law might be trampled under foot and the foulest misdeeds perpetrated with utter impunity. Fathers saw their sons fall daily about them, the victims of a passion as cruel and wanton as that which clamored for the blood of the Roman gladiator; mothers wept in secret over the ravishment of budding virtues which had promised to be the solace of their descending years; and society lifted up its sovereign voice against that law of honor which served as a cloak to the blackest dishonor, and made merchandise of the dearest rights of common humanity. But a change from the worse is seldom for the bet-

ter, especially where, as in the present instance, passion, and not reason, takes the lead in reform. Human nature, unrestrained by a sound philosophy, is prone to vacillate between extremes, and seldom rests at the "golden mean," where alone it can find its true happiness; and hence woman had little to hope immediately from the decline of Chivalry. We shall see to what fate society doomed her next. During the enthusiasm which kept up the wars of the Crusaders, the royal cavaliers in a measure neglected home attachments, and suffered the spirit of loyalty to grow cold in the hearts of their subjects. Meanwhile the temporal dominion of the Pope had greatly increased, and the sovereigns of Europe, upon their return from the battlefields of Palestine, found it necessary by means of every possible alliance to fortify their kingdoms and stay the fearful progress of spiritual power. The age of Catharine was not distinguished from all others for diplomacy and political intrigue, since these have been prominent features of every age where intercourse has existed between the people of different nations. But the cold spirit of policy, which had crept into the courts of kings and the hearts of courtiers during that period, seems most unnatural in contrast with the dazzling exhibition of enthusiasm and religious zeal which immediately preceded. Alliance by marriage became the most common means by which sovereigns sought to strengthen their power at home as well as increase their influence abroad. This system of policy soon grew to a passion, and the most abhorrent and unnatural connections were formed without the consent or knowledge of the parties most intimately concerned. Where a due regard is paid to the laws of nature and common sense, no objection need be made to the practice of intermarriage between the heads of nations; but here the tenderest affections of the heart were unscrupulously used for binding together the fragments of disrupted kingdoms, difference of age, character and condition being wholly overlooked in the general haste to establish and strengthen temporal power; and no wonder nature revolted, and children reaped the bitter fruits of parents' indiscretion, in the violation of marriage vows and the constant jealousies of a faithless domestic life. Sorrowful beyond conception was the lot of woman under the practical workings of such a sentiment. When *she* yields her heart to the object of her choice, it is from no mercenary motive; she has no sympathy with that love which is called forth by circumstances; any other than that based on personal attractions is, in her eye, spuri-

rious ; and, even in the midst of the most deadening influences, she ever looks with inward scorn on all attempts to traffic in that wealth of affection which is the aliment and the glory of her nature.

It was to this heartless system of policy that Catharine fell a victim ; and, in the firm endurance of a long life of misfortune and neglect consequent thereon, did she display a character whose virtues will ever claim the respect and emulation of her sex. Fortunate had it been for this noble lady to inherit the obscurity and freedom of the peasant girl ; for then had she escaped the wiles of state intrigue, and amid the pleasures of a private life felt the sweets of that affection which formed the very texture of her delicate mind. But thus hath it ever been. The same storm which uproots the pine and lays its glory in the dust, passeth harmlessly above the lowly shrub, and leaves it to greet the returning sun with a fresher coronal of bright green leaves. Catharine had been reared in a country to whose name will ever be linked a thousand remembrances of all which makes woman most honored and loved. The charms of music, the beauties of the Castilian tongue, the fame of Columbus and the splendid virtues of his patron queen, have thrown an undying interest about the history of whatever relates to the fortunes of Arragon. We naturally expect to find in the favorite daughter of Isabella all those gentle and amiable qualities for which the Spanish lady of the sixteenth century was so deservedly celebrated. She had been carefully educated in all the observances of the Catholic religion. In those majestic cathedrals, through whose darkened window panes the sun cast a sombre light, where the contrite worshiper told his morning rosary and knelt with downcast look before the sacred crucifix, had the solemn pageantry of the Romish ritual moved before her guileless mind. There had she listened to the plaintive tones of the Ave Maria, and the exulting strains of the grand Te Deum ; there sat beneath the austere teachings of the prelate Ximenes, and bowed daily with the devout Isabella at the shrine of the suffering Jesus, until her susceptible nature yielded to the mysterious influence of that religion which hath ever a spell for the pensive and trusting heart. With a disposition naturally confiding and thus trained from earliest infancy, Catharine was ill-fitted to meet the dangers and responsibilities which awaited her maturer years. The tender and unsuspecting maiden—the frail flower of Castile—was destined to feel many a rude northern blast, before her native gentleness could

be subdued and the more solid virtues of her mind brought out. Most patiently did she pass through her bitter ordeal at the English court; and to the end of her eventful life she displayed an uprightness and fortitude of character which were befitting the heroine of those perilous times.

First betrothed to Arthur, son of Henry VII. and heir apparent to the throne, she was left the widow of that prince a few months after marriage, whereupon her hand was solicited and obtained for Henry, (then a lad of some twelve summers and six years her junior) contrary to the expressed wishes of both. From a connection thus inauspiciously begun, little but misfortune could with reason be expected; and these probabilities were more than justified in the events themselves. It is to the graphic pen of Shakespeare that we are indebted for the most faithful delineation of her character which has reached our times. Most touchingly has he portrayed those scenes of pain and grief through which she passed during her stay at the English court. Catharine was not ignorant, from the beginning, of the slight hold she had obtained on the affections of the king; and hence she had recourse to all those arts, of which woman is the acknowledged mistress, to restrain his wayward heart and bind it more firmly to her own. She lost no opportunity of proving her loyalty to his will; by every possible attention she showed how completely her happiness was bound up in his, and bore all his coldness and infidelity without a complaining word or a look of reproach. There was that in the even tenor of her life, in her unaffected piety and ardent attachment to Henry, from which the dissolute monarch could not turn away without feeling a pang of remorse. Her influence among the nobility was silent and unobtrusive, yet none the less pervading and powerful. She appears but seldom on the surface of affairs, still her path is distinctly marked, as the darkening foliage tells where the hidden stream glides on in its noiseless course. Oh! there is something divine in that noble fortitude of woman which can look calmly and uncomplainingly on the decay of her fondest hopes. To know that the heart which once melted at the music of her eloquent words is growing indifferent and cold; to feel those affections which were wont to cling so fondly to herself, one by one, dropping off from their attachments and stealing away elsewhere; to see the contracted brow, the averted look and the formal greeting; to hear the harsh word, the impatient retort or, what is worse, no reply to her whisper of love, and yet shed

not a tear save in secret—it is this delicate feeling of pride which makes woman a subject of mystery ; and man's ignorance of that native shyness, which hides and broods over the deepest sorrow, has often pierced her hurt spirit with a still keener grief. It is not through lack of sensibility that woman brooks with a show of content his neglect who receives the wealth of her heart. She hides the blow which has been wantonly dealt, and only in the increasing paleness of her cheek gives token of the wound that bleeds within. All this did queen Catharine endure, and in musings of a kin with these were her lone hours passed ; yet she disdained the making of any disclosure to her faithless lord.

But Henry ventured too far in his way of alienation from this amiable princess. There is a limit beyond which even woman's love never goes, and woe to the man who dares pass that line—who trifles with her affection until a feeling of indignation usurps its place ; for then, though it rend her heart, will she smother the instinctive modesty of her nature and vindicate the wrongs she has suffered in contempt of publicity and the "world's dread laugh." We can not think that the poet had a less lovely than queen Catharine in mind, while so aptly describing the sudden chill which came o'er her love for the unworthy Henry.

" May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her tendencies again ?
Oh no ! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no !
Make her a slave ; steal from her rosy cheek
By need'ess jealousies ; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain ;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion,—all
That makes her cup a bitterness, yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh ! estrange her once, it boots not how,
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'er mastereth not."

When Catharine, the daughter of Ferdinand and the queen of Henry VIII., saw in her maid of honor a rival for the favor of the

king; when the last contrivance of her inventive love had failed, she ceased to hope for the return of her lord's affection, and sought means of redress in the resources of despair. She knew the scruples of Henry—that he was by every possible device goading on his reluctant conscience towards the shameful spot where his passions had already arrived; she dreaded the decision of the Pope to whom he had secretly applied for a bill of divorce, her spiritual adviser was the crafty Wolsey, himself catering to all the whims of Henry in furtherance of his design on the papal chair; she saw herself a weak female without a protector in the midst of a scheming court, till at last she overcame that delicacy which had so long covered her injuries, and had recourse to the influence of her nephew the emperor of Germany. Never did female heroism achieve a nobler deed than was witnessed at the sitting of that fatal court, which had met but to sanction what a wonton passion had already done. At the call of her name, Catharine rose up in the presence of those haughty dignitaries and expressed her disdain of the charge preferred; and then, bending her calm look full into the guilty face of Henry, she told with an unfaltering voice the story of her wrongs; and never did deeper shame and consternation overwhelm a royal tribunal than when, at the close of her touching appeal, she passed with an air of unutterable scorn from that hated presence, and sought consolation in the religious exercises of her private apartments.

The marriage relation of Henry and Catharine was annulled; in the strength of a deeper piety and a calmer faith did that unfortunate lady pass what remained of life, safe alike from the stratagems of ambition and the cares of state. Yet never, even to the moment when her pure spirit passed from the scene of its struggles, did she breathe a complaint at the ill treatment of Henry. She died in the soothing trust that her wrongs were due more to the intrigues of wily courtiers than the waning affection of her chosen lord. The last words she was ever heard to utter were addressed to him, and ran thus: "I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things." However humiliating such an expression might seem to her wounded pride, still there is a beauty in the sentiment, since it shows the constancy of her devotion, and the noble generosity with which she could forgive the man of her love.

We claim to be no blind worshiper at the shrine of woman; history holds up the fact that she has borne her share in the guilt of those

crimes which press heavily on the world. And yet, when we think on such characters as that now dimly sketched, smiling on in their purity though linked to baseness, hiding deep in their hearts the slain hopes of affection, and passing off to their rest amid the whisperings of love, we are fain to pay the tribute so delicately given in the following lines.

"Ah, there's many a beam from the fountain of day
That to reach us unclouded, must pass, on its way,
Through the soul of a woman; and hers is wide ope
To the influence of Heaven as the blue eyes of Hope;
Yes, a great soul is hers, one that dares to go in
To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,
And to bring into each, or to find there, some line
Of the never completely out-trampled divine;
If her heart, at high floods, swamps her brain now and then,
'Tis but richer for that when the tide ebbs again;—
What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and sour
Could *they* be as a woman for one little hour!"

EDITORS' TABLE.

Richards.

Let foke bode weel and strive to do their best,
Nae mair's required.

Burns.

Contentit wi' little.

Burns.

Worthy Reader, "Doomed," as we are, "to Immortality,"—the poetic language of a contributor—and with deathless renown flashing full in our face, we take our pen to gossip with thee. We have much to say unto thee, and our hearts are full, but "you maun be content wi' little;" for we have struck our colors to the Fair Catharine of Arragon, whose virtues charmed us and whose sufferings unmanned our firmness, and we could not forbear allowing her a large share of our Table. We are glad we have her,—(her presence, of course, we mean, dear reader,) for she adds much to the vendibility of "No. 2," as well as enhancing the popularity of No. 1.

We would feign have spoken of our body corporate and have given you some glimpses into our port-folio, where lies the treasured dust of dragging prose and

bootless rhyme. Nor was Sleepy Hollow with its Hero, to occupy an inconsiderable portion of our Corner. Suffice it to say on this point, that Diedrich has had a delightful sojourn in that wizard region, and can speak with veritable certainty as to certain events, which took place in its vicinity, and the stories so industriously circulated abroad. Since it has been most villainously stated, reported and publicly promulgated, and since it has gained universal credence by some obscurity in the setting forth of his clanship and the mystery hanging round his origin and occupation, that he stands in the relation of Son to Old Knick, the *Patriarch*—therefore, know all all men by these presents, that, whereas, he may have been in some past time familiarly styled Young Knick, and moreover have suffered divers jests upon himself, on account of his title, profession and the striking resemblance in his name, to the cognomen of the aforesaid Patriarch yet, he doth publicly and solemnly declare, aver, and asseverate that there is no such connection, relationship or tie that binds him in any way, manner or condition, to the above *Patriarchal* Knick.

Indulgent reader, since we were last before thee, laurels have been won both on the stage and on the field, both by the pen and at the mouth of the cracker, by divers aspirants for fame and glory. Some achieved them, but we verily fear us that more had them thrust upon 'em. From The Divine Right of Kings and the Stability of Republics, to the "Dignity of Astronomical Pursuits," from the spirit and valor of Grecian Warriors, to the "True Philosophy" of a North Amherst Steam Engine, and a jointed telescopic tin pipe, painted blue and "yaller" (the deep azure concave of Heaven bespangled with its starry hosts, were most beautifully imitated in the designs exhibited on the exterior of this wonderful instrument—The author of "The Blue Inkpot of Heaven" must have certainly had this model before him, when he penned that immortal simile)—not a subject was left untouched nor an idea advanced, nor a soul captivated. * * * We are rudely broken in upon, and so we are at the end of our tether for this month. *Vale*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Woe! for their own hand-writing shall testify against them."—We feel it our duty to expose the author of the piece over the signature of F., for his gross attempt at bribery. Though we should be highly gratified, at the subscription of "four extra copies," we would thus publicly inform him, that no interest, however dear, no friendship, however close, and no bribe, however large, shall lead us to sacrifice our independence as judges and critics, or our character as men, and more than all induce us to publish the "Picnic at Chrystal Pond." * * * "Who is the Happy Man?" We will tell our friend that it is he who gets the following advice as deservedly as the author of the above query,—if you have, in sober earnestness,

———"Set up to be a wit,
The best thing you can do,
Is down again to sit."

"In a Horn," by A. S. We were in doubt, whether the ingenious author was in that fix himself, or *vice versa*. "The Ox knoweth his stall and the 'as' his master's crib." * * * We cannot see how the publication of "Agricultural Science" can materially effect the growth of sheep, or collaterally the price of putty. * * * "Our Sentiments," and "Stanzas to the One I love," are on the docket.

THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL,

CONDUCTED BY STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

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VOL. III.  
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Published monthly during each collegiate term.

CONDITIONS. \$2.00 per annum, payable on receipt of first No.
No subscriptions will be received for a less term than one year.

✉ All communications or subscriptions to be addressed (post paid) to "Editors of the Indicator," Amherst College, Mass.

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VOL. III. NO. III.



If the world like it not, so much the worse for them. — *Cooper.*

"Alii multa periciunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

AUGUST, 1850.

AMHERST.
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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THE INDICATOR.

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No. 3.

THE MYTHOLOGIES OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH OF EUROPE. £. 7.

Among the nations of Old, whose gods were the work of their hands, wide differences can be seen in the character of their deities; differences as wide as the separation of latitude, and marked as the varieties of custom and complexion. In them we can trace the nature and taste of the people to whom they belong, and discover what they considered the very essence of divinity, as well as their ideal of heroic perfection among mortals.

The mythologies of the North and South of Europe differ as widely as their climates, and the character and genius of their different inhabitants are stamped upon them.

The South of Europe is full of beauty. There it possesses the soul as an instinct, and the love and desire for it are co-existent with life. The delicious climate, the serene sky, the luxuriant vegetation, the gorgeous lights and colors that stream around the landscape—all educate the eye and inspire the soul to crave and exalt beauty. The imagination is surrounded by all that can make it sensitive or poetic, and develops itself to its largest capacity. This natural training was reflected in the lives of the people, their language, their painting, their statuary, their writings, their Olympus and its divinities. Their gods are prodigies of mortal imagination, powerful in strength

and of rare beauty. Their human perfections are described; their tall stature, the grace of their proportions, the lightness and freedom of their movements, their hyacinthine locks, the fragrant atmosphere around them, the rosy neck, the radiant brow proclaim the man as well as confess the god. Their gifts and graces and faults are of human origin and conception. Their anger vents itself, their regard is manifest after the manner of mortals. Their superhuman strength is employed against wild beasts or material obstacles. Humanity enters into their very essence, but with greater power of acting out their impulses, be they worthy or base.

In the number and variety of their gods, this imagination is seen in all its potency. Besides the great divinities, whose home was Olympus and whose worship went on in temples and marble fanes, there was a host of lesser lights to rule the day and night. The groves were peopled—there Pan and the Hamadryads wandered, each tree owned a fair spirit. Titans and Cyclops stalked at a distance among the mountains, and the voice of their play came on the winds in the twilight. The rivers were gods. The Ocean held a monarch, Sea-nymphs and Nereids sported on the shore in the moonbeams, and afar off over the waves shone the gleam of their white arms and the leap of their dolphins in the crested foam.

In their mythology, matter and spirit are peculiarly related, or in fact confused. Life—the life of the soul, they gave often to dead matter, and yet denied the gifts of life—as speech and manifestation—to spiritual presences. The vegetable and animal kingdoms had a wonderful union. The laurel held a prisoner, and the mournful sighs of the woods were the wails of thousand captives. Volcanoes were the struggles of gigantic natures for freedom, and fire was the very principle of life. Spirit, as it were, was subjected to material control, and the fetters were strong and galling. Their worship was external; rites and sacrifices of flesh and herbs, the giving of days to feasts and processions, and revels long and wild suited best the people and their gods. There was no element of true worship, of true sacrifice—no self-denial about it, except in rare and single cases; but in their religion, as in their lives, they gave themselves up to indulgence, revelling in conquest and magnificence, in all that could gratify their senses or enhance their perceptions of loveliness. Selfishness and self-pleasing were at the roots of their whole character. The love of beauty possessed their souls instead of being possessed by them, and

so proved a snare and temptation and final destruction, as it always is, when conqueror instead of conquered. It is a glorious servitor but a bad ruler.

Turning to the stern Northmen and tracing the influences that form their character, we see that their mythology, too, grows by as certain laws as the flower from its root. Their rugged climate, with which they were engaged in perpetual warfare for life itself and the means of life; their long, wild, desperate chases through the eternal snows and over the perilous passes of the mountain to meet and encounter the fierce bear on his own grounds and savage in defense of his cubs; their summer with its freshets and avalanches from the mountains, its hunts of the wild boar in the forest, its long clear twilights, when old men told the story of Odin and Frigga and their mighty son Thor, to the children who trembled and drew closer to their mothers before the mystery and power of those who dwelt in Valhall—all these influences, and many more, acted and reacted to make them and their gods.

They feared and loved their gods as superior beings, far above mortals and unlike them. They conceived of them as vast shadowy forms, of immeasurable dimensions, living in regions of unapproachable cold. Their lives and occupations were not those of mankind. They made war with the wicked giants, who wished the destruction of the world and rebelled against them. They contended with the Wolf Fenris, the Giant Skrymniss, and defeated the wiles of Loke, the great adversary of gods and men. The mornings they spent in warfare with these, or in benevolent deeds to man. In the latter part of the day they sat in council, grave and decisive. There were the destinies of nations fixed, and knowledge and justice bore rule. The rude inhabitants of the north feared to sin lest the wrath of the high and mighty ones should fall upon them,—but love to supreme and superior excellence also controlled them. They consecrated their lives to their gods, felt continually under their protection and within their care. The hardships and privations of their daily lot, trained them to self-sacrifice in their worship. This was, in proportion to their knowledge, true and reverent. Their gods were more godlike than those of other heathen,—for the faith and devotion of their nature reflected itself in the divinities they created and loved.

By taking up some of the deities common to both with some other common notions, and comparing them, the differences will be more fully brought out. The character and position of the Roman Jupiter

and Greek Zeus, are well known to our readers. He was the conqueror of the Titans, the head of the gods, the ruler of the earth. Powerful he sits upon his throne with the thunder in his hands, and punishes the guilty among gods and men where he can. He presides over the weather, and men pray to him for a fair day or a gift of rain. But his was an external government merely. He did not create man, he does not rule over his thoughts. He neither inspires him with bravery nor teaches him reflection.

Occupying the same place as sovereign of gods and men in the Scandinavian myths, is Odin—the All-Father, the creator of man—and not merely of his bodily form, but, as the Edda says, “Odin gave him a soul; Haenir, reason.” These children of nature placed the soul above the reasoning faculty, and allowed an inferior deity to grant the latter gift. Odin, too, was the giver of the runes—the inventor of the first alphabet. The ancient Icelandic Mythology calls him “The Author of everything that existeth, the eternal, the ancient, the living and awful being, the searcher into concealed things, the being that never changeth.” It attributes to him “an infinite power, a boundless knowledge, an incorruptible justice.” The people of the north were forbidden to represent him by any image as all unworthy of him; or even to confine his worship within four walls. In the woods alone, or under the great dome of the sky, could they give him due honor or fit sanctuary. No fates were above him to whom he must bow, but he was above necessity and above destiny. Is he not more of a god than Jupiter?

Keeping in mind the Venus of the Romans, listen to the description of Freya—the goddess of beauty, of love and of poetry to those whom the Romans called barbarians. She grew up in solitude from youth and dwelt secluded in the halls of her father Odin. Exercise and a simple life lent their charms, and every noxious influence was averted. Her employments were to tend the goats as a shepherdess, and wander over the hills of Asgaard, and learn the lore of the gods from the lips of Odin. The fame of her beauty and grace reached the country of the Niflheim and two giants went forth to capture her, but her brother Thor—the northern Hercules—was her protector. So sheltered and unconscious of her rare gifts she attained her goddess maturity. Then came Thot—the representation of sheer intellect among the gods—and wooed her; but she shrank from him and feared his dark and moody face, until she saw her power over him,

and how brilliantly his eyes glittered, and how eloquently came his words when she was with him. Then she consented to be his bride, and make him smile and be gentle through her songs, and their home together was to be in poets' hearts. Alas! has not the gentle goddess left some of our latter-day poets to the dark and tyrannous rôle of Thot, and has not Thot denied his vigor and strength to some under Freya's sway,—and should these spirits ever be separated? This myth resembles several ancient fables of Greece and Rome—Venus and Vulcan, Plato and Proserpine,—but none of them are as significant of truth, or so simple and noble as this.

But the flower of northern fable is the story of Balder—the Apollo of the north, every line of which is full of beauty and meaning. Balder! the good and the beautiful—the beloved of gods and men—the appointed sacrifice to the power of evil for a time! Never was he known to do wrong;

“ His life did flow
From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream,
In whose calm depths the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.”

His whole history is touching. We see the affection of his mother who asked an oath of all matter that it would not harm her son, and the willing joy with which every thing promised out of love to Balder. The triumph of the good Frigga over the destined sacrifice averted comes then, and directly upon this his death contrived by Loke, the northern Satan, who slew him by the hand of his blind brother Hoder with the mistletoe,—a plant Frigga thought too feeble to fear. Next, the momentary exultation of the principle of evil, or Evil itself, which will be so terribly avenged at the last day. All these stories are beautiful and noble in their outside, and doubly so from the deep moral they hold. This myth seems to shadow dimly forth the death of our Savior; and may it not be possible that these Northern tribes, in emigration from the shores of the Baltic and Black Sea, had brought some fragmentary knowledge of the Christian faith, which accounts in part for their purer conceptions of divinity. Balder nobly baring his breast to the arrows of the gods and dying in obedience to a decree of his Father, the Almighty, to rise again and

conquer Loke at the last day and bind him in chains forever, is not a thoroughly Pagan idea. The ignorance of the one who killed him that he was his brother, the agony and sorrow of the gods, the mourning of men, the groaning and darkening of the earth—all these particulars have something of the Scripture story about them.

The difference of the two mythologies is seen in their ideas of heaven and a future state. Hades was in the center of the earth. Its approaches were only through deserts and barren fields, and dark streams flowed on its borders. Cerberus, a three headed monster, stood at the gate to guard the sacred precincts. All the dead were obliged to carry a small piece of money into the unknown regions of spirit, and comply with the laws of the material world even there. Heroes were admitted to the honors and pleasures of Olympus. There they reclined on golden couches on the hill top and breathed the purer air, while Hebe poured nectar and ambrosia for them. But for the common herd, little was prepared. Had they lived virtuously, the green flowery meadows of the Elysian fields gave their ghostly shades a vacant contentment of indolence. For the deeply guilty horrible punishments were prepared, and for indifferent sinners desolate habitations in barren plains where they wandered in joyless silence. Had any died without burial, they were refused a passage across the Stygian lake and must wander on the cheerless shore an hundred years.

Though the heaven of the Northmen hardly resembles that of the Christian, it differs widely from that of the Greek and Roman. Immediately after death the soul was transported to judgment. The bad were confined in caves of ice, or variously tortured, while the good went to the halls of Asgaard and were placed in immediate communion with the gods. There life went on in a thousand employments full of happiness. They were exercised in all manliness, and taught wisdom by the gods. At their banquets, while the mead and hydromel flowed around, the oldest and sagest of the gods detailed to them the creation of the world and its history, its destiny for the future, the laws which uphold and govern it together with the firmament and its stars. There the mother met her son and the wife her husband,—for honor to woman was a part of their religion. Thus by every noble training, they were prepared to be fit helps to the gods against the terrible giants of wickedness, in the final conflict of good and evil.

The spirit of the two religions differed; one living in the past for its highest ideas of excellence, the other projecting itself forward. The one had its bye-gone age of gold when the earth was fresh and perfect. Then men were all holy and noble. Equality and freedom ruled; tyranny and rebellion were unknown. The earth yielded her increase plenteously without toil, and the seasons came in due order without delay or disappointment. Nature and humanity alike were perfect, and love filled every heart and every life. But, alas! that time was gone, never to return. Never would man be wholly good again, never would the world be filled with truth and purity. Their future was an iron one, and they submitted to its sway without seeking to illumine its dimness or to contend with its power. Retrospective, they gave up the future, and let the present depart without wrestling with it for a blessing. With the eye of faith the Northmen saw a great time coming. At their last day, when the wicked giants were subdued and Loke bound in chains, this earth was to be made glorious. All evil was to be banished from the hearts of men, and nature assume a rarer beauty. Then would this world be a fit abode for gods and spirits purified by death, and peace and joy would reign. This hopeful, progressive spirit entered into the very life of their religion, and was a large element in helping to keep it pure and living, in contrast to the death and dissolution that threatened all things in the Greek and Roman faith.

For a final contrast of the two Mythologies. One is full of decay and destruction, the other of youth and promise; the one is twilight deepening into night, the other the dawn of the day. One is old age with its dotage threatening it; the other fresh childhood with all its possessions but its helplessness. One is emblemized by the glorious temples in which its gods were worshiped,—so matchless in beauty, but lighted only by torches which, when extinguished, left not even the odor of frankincense behind; the other by the great dome of the sky, with but the lights of nature, 'tis true,—but they were constant, permanent, changeless.

Dr. Minner.

THE world is so empty, if one thinks only of the mountains, rivers and towns in it; but to know here and there some one who harmonizes with us, with whom we live on even silently,—that converts this terrestrial sphere into an inhabited garden.

GOETHE.

MARY. *Briggs.*

There was a maiden once—so fair—
So shy in look—yet so beguiling,
With wealth of changeful golden hair,
And eyes so bright and ever smiling—
That fain thought I—so fair was she—
It should be writ in Poesie !

Her name was like a Poet's dream—
And that sweet name, they called it MARY—
A word of gentle sunny sheen—
Tho' names may, like young maidens, vary—
And MAX with woman's wayward will
Had sometimes gleams of APRIL still !

But often on some dreamy day,
Out where the old green woods were swaying,
And the glad sunshine's every ray
Seemed with each bird and floweret playing,
And misty air and sunny beams
Grew tempting full of foolish dreams,—

Then would she sit in quiet mood,
With thoughtful face and gentle tone—
I dreamed the spirit of the wood
Had come to tryst with me alone,
And speak such earnest words as tell
That human hearts may love too well ;

Such exquisite sweet thoughts as rise
From souls that artless passion moves,
And mounting upward thro' the eyes
Betray the heart that loves,
And whisper, ere the lips can part
That Love lies brooding at the heart.

That Love—Young Love—oh who can tell
How much there is of maddening pain
For one who loves too deep—too well—
To be beloved so back again—
To be so loved and yet to see
All that he loves droop hopelessly.

Ah me! I look upon the Past
As o'er some book of faded flowers,
Where joys, now crushed, too sweet to last,
Remind me of those vanished hours ;
And every trace those leaves impart
Is pressed more deeply on my heart.

The touch, the tone, the melting look,
The half reclining gentle pressure,
The keeping time with hand and foot,
To some Love-ditty's murmured measure,
While with her fingers soft and fair,
She smooths the tangles of my hair ;

And how thro' long and silent ways
We wandered in the sunny weather,
As light of heart and full of lays
As any wanton bird in feather—
And every word that she would say
Seems ringing through my soul to-day.

There was a maiden once—so fair—
That I shall ne'er forget it—never—
Though time may silver o'er my hair,
And I may seem as calm as ever—
For dreams whose guidance ne'er can vary,
Are trystings still for me and MARY.

W . M . B.

UTILITY IN ART. *E. B. Smith*

It is well that there are ties binding all, in some degree, to the practicalities of life. It is necessary there should be such ; but few there are who do not, at times, wish to break them. Our being and a love of intrinsic beauty are inseparable. This love, whether bestowed or not on Him in whom is the perfection of all beauty, fastens itself upon His works as seen in nature, and upon man's as seen, more especially, in the higher orders of Art. Hence is it we long for deliverance from the dull routine of every day duties. The life-like productions of the pencil and the marble chiseled into the insignia of intelligence become unchanging centres of attraction.

But though it is the peculiar influence of Art, as exhibited in the first efforts of genius, to engender a distaste for what the popular mind calls utility, can it be supposed that such Art is indeed without its use? Certainly not; for if the most delicate sensibilities of our nature—alive as they are to every nice distinction of thought and feeling—are not necessarily distortions but the results of the highest culture of all our powers, to deny utility to Art would be, virtually, to demean ourselves and close our sight upon the brightest ornaments of mind. The use of a thing may be concealed; yet this is not proof that it has no existence. The star that but faintly beams on mortal vision, may be a sun to beings of another sphere. The utility that emanates from the sweet expressions of a Madonna, or from the angelic form standing amid the solemnities of "The Last Day," is too subtle for recognition on the retina of every eye, and too gentle in its nature effectually to impress every heart. Means, the world over, are adapted only to their ends. The softest strains of music sound first and linger longest only on the ear whose sense is the most acute. There are thoughts profitable only to him to whom they belong. There are shades of coloring on the canvass fully appreciated only by him who put them there. Beauty there is, too, of proportion in Statuary and of harmony in the numbers of Poetry—beauty, such as is no less select in its admirers than it is rare in itself.

But Art, considered in relation to any people, is useful as a means

of disseminating ideas of excellence. Such ideas existed, undoubtedly, in the Grecian mind long before they became embodied in external forms. They were, however, peculiar only to a few leading spirits of the age. It was not until some masterly hand had brought them forth and given them a tangible existence, that anything like definiteness concerning them was arrived at, even by the most thoughtful. Much less were there means of a ready communication of them from one to another. As soon as they began to be represented by material objects, data were given for establishing some general truth. These objects, so far as they were perfect representations, became guides to other and higher ideas of excellence. Thus, step by step, the Grecian intellect arose to its loftiest contemplations. Could it have reached these—the summit of its glory—without the aid and the cultivation of Art, it might as well never have reached them, as respects the influence such elevation would have exerted upon the world. Art is the evidence of thought—as are lights in the firmament evidences of the orbs there, rolling on in their grandeur. It is the language in which an age exhibits its most striking characteristics, and through which it addresses itself to every succeeding age. But for the skill of Apelles, the richness of his conceptions could have enriched those of no other, either of this or of a former period. Their purity and simplicity would have remained the occupants solely of a single brain, whereas they have been the property of nations, and still are of those whose tastes lead to the study of ancient Art.

Every age, like every face, has something which makes it different from every other. To secure this prominence of feature is, as has been implied, the prerogative of Art. Necessary, then, to a portraiture of our own time, the Artist, while as by intuition he culls from the past what is in itself as it should be, must consult the exigencies of the present—must see what its most prominent features are. It is only a proper subservience of the influence from ancient skill to present wants, that can confer upon ourselves the true and the only desirable use of Art. There is no longer a devotion paid to painted or sculptured gods and goddesses—no longer reverence for deified men—no more demands for expressions of monarchical sternness or of warlike severity; unless to render these what they are destined to be,—objects of deeply settled aversion. The fact that different subjects require different styles, is not more true of the prose production than it is of that of the pencil or chisel, of the Poet's pen or the

Minstrel's harp. Hence, as there is a departure from the supernatural to what is natural—from the terrible to what is innocent, our own age demands, and, if we mistake not, has already, in some measure, acquired in every department of Art, less of that boldness which inspires us with awe, but more of that blending, that harmony and simplicity which win our love; less too, perhaps, of representations of material beauty, but certainly more of that which is emblematical of the spiritual—and in *this* alone, is to be found the ultimate utility of all Art; to which let every mind aspire with a zeal as warm as it is laudable.

HINTS FROM SCIENCE. *S. Hitchcock, Jr.*

THE highest and noblest use of all science consists in the application of its various principles to the enjoyment and wants of mankind. And though some sciences contribute more than others to this end, yet they all assist in forming that foundation of human happiness, from which if one stone be wanting, the superstructure of social and intellectual pleasure at once begins to totter and fall.

Some branches of science only discover what conduces to the ease and luxury of our bodily natures, while others expose to us that happiness which gratifies the taste, and fills the soul with real and enduring enjoyment. Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Metallurgy are making additions to bodily happiness; while Philology, Mental Philosophy, Geology and Astronomy are so far advanced into the penetralia of mind and space, that they increasingly delight and improve the higher powers of our nature.

Many facts in science are often held out to us as analogical examples for action; and the whole material world is full of events and phenomena which induce every reflecting mind to gather wisdom therefrom.

Therefore we would venture to suggest that Botany is a science which will enable us to derive some analogies to mental science, and give us a few practical hints.

Plants always seek the light. No plant thrives where there is a want of sunlight and heat. But there are human beings, and those who are not always the residents of dark cellars and caves, who, unlike vegetable natures which always grow towards and seek the true beams of the sun, seek and obtain no light at all, save what will assist the gratification of their bestial and groveling propensities. Such persons in this respect bear no comparison to the veriest weed that subsists on a dunghill.

All men do not, like every individual in the vegetable world, in the first place penetrate deep into their storehouse of nourishment and support and then send forth their branches upwards and around, but continue to dig down and still downwards, blinded by their own prejudice or folly until they discover when it is too late, that the walls of their pit are about to fall in upon them, and overwhelm them in their misguided search for the means of culture and happiness.

Almost every plant is confined to a certain geographical district of the earth's surface, and a departure from this is most sure to bring the greatest deterioration and probably extinction upon whatever individual dares to cross the Rubicon of its assigned territory. Would to God that all *men* understood their mental and social distribution, and did not suffer themselves to step over the boundaries of their intellectual capacity, and thus introduce into the world such a stock of exotics, mongrels, half-breeds and parasites, as hang around every green thing in science and social life, with the same insignificance as flies buzz around a honey jar, or as the mosquito pours his lullaby into the ears of a sleepy mortal.

Who that has seen plants cut down, torn in pieces, or removed from their native soil, and yet exerting themselves to their utmost to live and prosper, can fail to turn his thoughts in upon himself and inquire if he has always manifested such a determined spirit when the weapons of slander, adversity and misfortune have fallen upon him in their full force, and seemed sure of his destruction?

"The odor which flowers yield when crushed" have ceased to be merely the words of the sentimentalist, and are alike the proverb of the moralist and the text of the divine. And the fact that the nearer you completely destroy the flower the more fragrance it exhales, teaches a lesson which many a man has yet to learn. Forgiveness, though one of the richest human virtues, has often to be possessed, only when its acquisition enhances the regret of so late an accomplishment.

The primary division of the objects of Botanical Science is, into the Flowering and Flowerless plants; or what is more strictly the truth, plants with visible fruit, and plants having no visible flowers and fruit. Men also might be included under the same divisions. For we all will admit that there are persons whose acts are obviously seen and by whose fruits we know them; while on the other hand we can see no results from the efforts of many, either because they are not fruit-bearing or we have not the proper means for its discernment. And this analogy is the more striking, since, as in the vegetable economy some bear their fruit in an obscure place, and give it to the world for use only when the exterior—that part which seemed to be the most important—has gone to decay, while the essential part is concealed in the soil or covered by a hard and unpolished surface,—so do we often discover a man who, under an apparently cold and heartless manner, bears a soul, that is alive to all the tender feelings and impulses of our nobler natures, which upon a great and trying emergency are called forth into their highest exercise.

Every individual in the vegetable kingdom grows either internally or externally. Thus is it with human character. For some men—and we will not slight *all* the ladies—seem to themselves to grow and thrive prosperously, if they do but increase by constant external accretions. They think at least that the world will suppose them to be in a perfect mental spring-time of growth, if they can keep up a fair show of smiles, pleasant words and other externals, while they are indeed whited sepulchres, their ugliness being concealed only white-wash deep, by the continual application of which they are enabled to keep others ignorant of the uncleanness and putrefaction within.

But there are some men—nor will we here omit the fair sex—who, though they grow like endogenous plants from within, show their increase and true beauty from without. Their whole does not consist in exteriors, nor is their inner life bound up in themselves alone. They grow not by accretions from without, but the secretion of their own individual natures from the true elements of growth constitute their means of advancement.

To such specimens as these we point, both in the natural and social world, as perfect specimens and worthy of our imitation. These are examples of the purest earthly perfection, and of those who may truly wear the badges and insignia which ever distinguish the truly great of earth. Would that our lower world were better filled

with such superiority! And most joyfully will we hail the hour when through the long and dark vista of futurity, overshadowed by human frailties and imperfections, we can see a glimmering of the dawn of that glorious day which shall give to the world such intellects and hearts as shall make our lives seem to pass away as in a garden of perennial flowers with celestial fragrance and paradisaical splendor.

H.

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THE DERANGED.*Briggs*

From out the rusted prison bars  
I gaze upon the widening plain,  
From the still rising of the stars,  
Unto the dusky dawn again.

Across the moor far up and down  
The long thin shadows stretch away,  
Ribbing the dark and sterile brown  
Into far stretches still and grey.

Dim visions of a past regret—  
I moan thro' all the sultry hours,  
And sometimes wonder if there yet  
Are living things like leaves and flowers!

I hear the rustling of the wind  
Up in the top o' the Poplar tree,  
And dreaming pray with listless mind,  
That some sweet air come down to me;

Some air that whispers on its wings  
Of azure mountains far away—  
Of lonely vales and hidden springs,  
And children leaping at their play.

Oh ! such a sound would bring again  
The dreams of former happy days—  
And woo perchance my wayward brain  
Into old by-gone phantasies.

I know not why at night the skies  
Are burning with a myriad fires—  
I only know that constant eyes  
Are wildering all my soul's desires.

The late moon coming up of nights  
Tides me with long-ebb'd thoughts of love—  
Brimming me with old worn delights  
Down whose far depths fond faces rove.

I see an old man with grey hair—  
A maiden shrinking from her sire—  
A maddening crash—a blinding glare—  
And then my soul again is fire.

Ah ! I could sit me down and weep,  
And call Her dear name o'er and o'er—  
For Love is never half so deep  
As when Remorse is at its core.

Dear God ! The murmurings of a sea  
Lies past and vexeth those sweet hours,—  
When former things that used to be  
Come drows'd with sweet-humm'd bees and flowers.

I hear the ticking of a clock  
That murmurs all the day aloof—  
I hear the playless branches rock  
In lonely pauses on the roof.

I never hear the silly birds  
 I used to hear long times ago—  
 I wonder if the woods are stirr'd  
 By songs and coming breezes now.

I wonder if in lonely dells  
 The violets spring with veined heart—  
 If still the rain sweet-perfumed swells  
 The wind-flower's purple leaves apart.

I wonder if a thousand things  
 I used to love in long-past hours  
 Still live—and in my wanderings  
 I dream of low-breathed winds and flowers.

Oh God! that pale face comes again—  
 I hear Her pleadings soft and low—  
 Oh God, Oh God! My brain, My brain!  
 I cannot bear this curse of woe!

Away! ye dreams with maddening wings—  
 Oh! rest ye burning restless pow'rs—  
 I wonder if there be such things,  
 Such dewy things as leaves and flowers!

W. M. B.

*S. Minner.*

Flowers upon the coffin of a maiden.—Do but strew flowers upon her! For ye once were wont to bring her garlands on her birthday-festivals. Now she celebrates her greatest one; for the bier is the cradle of heaven.

*Jean Paul.*

Remembrance is the only paradise from which we cannot be banished. Even the first parents could not be driven from it.

*Jean Paul.*

## THE LAKE POETS.

P. S.

A "Retrospective Review" is never out of time; for in whatever literary era a writer may have flourished, to whatever school he may have belonged, the examination of his works involves a consideration of the principles of literary composition. These principles belong to all eras, and all authors must be tried by an application of them to their respective works.

The fundamental laws of literature are all included in the saying of a wise teacher of writers to one of his pupils. Who the teacher was, and who was the pupil, I do not now remember; but the saying is too comprehensive ever to be forgotten. "Look into thy own heart and write" is the instruction which he gave. All who have any experience in writing, all who have spent any time in observing the effect of literary efforts upon the minds of readers, know that much truth is wrapped up in this saying. Its general truth is exemplified in the common remark, so often made with respect to a popular writer or speaker, 'he seems to have said just what I would have said myself.' The feelings are touched in those who make this remark. He that has given occasion in his writing or in his speech, for the utterance of this remark, has not merely appealed to the understanding of his readers or hearers, but he has awakened their sympathy. He has shown them that he has experienced what they have experienced, he has felt as they have felt. The quaint remark of Emerson about the preacher who droned forth a sermon, from whose empty verbiage it could not be guessed whether the man in the pulpit had ever married a wife, or called a child his own, or lost a friend, or whether he was rich or poor, and from whose annoying dullness he was glad to turn away to see a demonstration of living goodness in the falling snow flakes, as he looked out of the church window,—turns our attention to numberless instances of the general truth of this instruction. We have heard men speak in pulpits and in forums, as if they knew human life in every thrill of its joy, in every shudder of its fear, in all the feebleness of its sadness, and in the bounding liveliness of its hope. And again we have heard men in the same high

places, who seemed to be beings—we will not call them of a higher or nether sphere, but of a sphere extern to human sympathies. And as men have spoken so have they written; some in real apathy, some in affected feeling, and some with the soberness of truth and with the fulness of a real human life—stretching out from their closets a warm hand to grasp the hand of their reader, and looking at him with an eye of fellowship, calling up to remembrance the saying of the wise man of old, “Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.”

But to look into one's heart and write so as to produce the effects that honor the better class of writers to which we have alluded, one must live in the practice of a maxim to which as much value should be assigned as to the one already quoted. “Think as philosophers do, and speak as common people do.” High culture, profound thought, and intelligible language are perfectly compatible. And to accomplish the scholar, the thinker, the writer, a full obedience to these two maxims is quite sufficient. For to think as a philosopher, implies acquaintance with the thoughts of men who have lived before us, with the deeds of the great workers in the Past, with the recorded experience of ages, and with the gathered contributions of the explorers of nature as well as with the workings of our own minds, and with the few things which we can do and feel and make for ourselves. Philosophical habits—so called—without learning, by which is meant the knowledge of what the race has learned, are but empirical whims; philosophical habits with learning, are the reasonable purposes of men trained to their business, purposes that have become fixed by constant action according to them. To look into one's heart and write when nothing is to be seen in the heart but trivial emotions, circumscribed thoughts and principles unreflectingly adopted, is to do a vain thing.

But still the accomplished man, the scholar, the thinker, the writer, must regard his learning, his thinking, his skill in what he knows and thinks, as his means of looking into his heart and showing what is there; because it is only as his heart beats truly to the heart of the race that he can produce anything which men of his own age will regard, and which those of other ages will not regard as obsolete.

In approaching the subject of our remarks, such reflections as the foregoing naturally arise. The Lake Poets, the most distinguished of whom—Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey—are the only ones

whom we shall particularly notice,—the Lake Poets have been often spoken of as men given up to the transcribing of spontaneous emotions, the narration of trivial events, the cultivation of a loose habit of thinking, and the innovating exemplars of an undignified style of poetical writing. Nothing is more unfounded than this charge against them. The feelings that they express are the feelings of reflecting men; the themes of their verse are the workings of the human heart; and the events narrated by them are chosen to illustrate its workings, in men of every grade of human condition, and in every stage of life. Their contemplations of nature and of art are enlivened by the remembrance that the world is the dwelling place of men, and by the thought that the world without is in some great sense the minister to the world within. Their thoughts are deep, and their expressions are suited to the phases of their thought. Their style can seem undignified only when we forget that the web of life is woven of many threads—that the association of ideas is regulated by no conventional rules, and that homely words may express the finest feelings—that the touches of nature are not to be portrayed in euphemisms, and that many hearts can feel that the words that we despise, have reached their depths, and awakened chords of many tones, which would never have responded to the measured speech of mere martinets in literature, unused to the realities of the battles of human life.

One of the earliest of the poems of Wordsworth, and one of the first that we were made acquainted with, is the cottage girl's reply to the stranger who inquired of her the number of her brothers and sisters. It used to be printed with the first line of the first quatrain rhyming with the third line, thus:—

A simple child, dear brother Tim,  
That lightly draws its breath  
And feels its life in every limb—  
What should it know of death?

It is now printed without the address to "brother Tim," but though more dignified as it presents itself in its altered dress to the eye of a stranger, I am not sure that it is improved by the change. The poet had been communing with childhood. In the mood of mind induced by that communion, he writes a rhyming epistle to his brother. There is a realness about the original poem which I always miss in reading that mutilated line. It is such expressions as this homely

address to a brother, that have fastened upon the style of Wordsworth the epithet of undignified. But in such expressions often lies the whole of what may be called the pictorial power of a writer. By pictorial power, I mean the power to make you see more than is described; as a good artist in painting often, and in sculpture and in statuary always, pleases you best by what he makes you see in your mind's eye, but what it is impossible to portray on the canvas or embody in the marble. In this little ballad we have all the peculiarities of this great poet. We see his freedom from conventionalism, his love of the beautiful, his deep sympathy with human feeling and his exquisite delineation of the scenery of the mind—the power which he has to make you see the very thoughts and feelings and imaginings of the mind, in any circumstances which he chooses to array before us. Who can read “We are seven,” without knowing how the little maiden felt, and what she thought of the indissoluble tie that bound her to the buried and absent of what was in her mind an unbroken family? Who cannot see her memories of sister Jane and brother John,—the one present to her fancy moaning to be released from a bed of pain, and the other flitting before her in the active sports of winter, and then vanishing into that little green grave by the side of her sister's grave? And then the two at Conway, and the two on the sea, were as vividly present to her as the two by whom she sat on pleasant evenings in the church-yard to eat her supper; and she all alone in the “church-yard cottage” with her mother was as much in the midst of the “seven,” as when the family circle was unbroken. If it were not for its very homeliness the poem would have no charm. It is the naturalness of the picture that is presented in it, and the sympathy with that naturalness which we feel, that make the poem charming. And the thought that the poet has of what he is describing, that the natural affections and simple thoughts of man's heart are his heaven-provided preparation to receive the truths of a spiritual religion—this thought becoming visible to us and confessed by us to be a true thought, causes us to pour out to him a libation of unmeasured praise.

The “Idiot Boy” has been ridiculed for its homeliness by those who are blind to its wise scrutiny of the mysteries of human life, and its clear enunciation of the law of merciful retributiveness in Providence; a law, according to which the soul burdened with guilt is urged to wholesome repentance or vexed with a dissatisfied feeling of in-

security in the concealment of its misdoing. The "Excursion" has been spoken of with commendation for its profound reflections upon life, and with censure for putting such reflections into the mouth of a mere pedlar. But there is nothing wonderful in this. The land which has given us an Ayrshire ploughman, might well give us the pedlar of the Excursion. Scotland is full of people, educated, as utilitarianism would decide the question, above their condition. But the Lights and Shadows delineated by Christopher North have made us reconciled to this needless culture, which brings the light of great things into the ingleside of the small farmer, and makes men christian philosophers without making them proud.

Besides this pleasing view of a Scotch pedlar's being able to think as the Wanderer of the Excursion thinks, there is another view, not pleasing, indeed, but true. In Great Britain, the scholar at the University is not always fortunate in bringing his talents to a good market. The humble student who lays up treasures that none can take away, may have no opportunity for gaining a favorable position for displaying them. The rich living is sometimes given to the favorite of the patron rather than to the well read scholar, and in the humble walks of life may be found men who are fit for higher ones, but who, having been prepared for one profession, are not able to enter another; and who, though they can think and speak well, have no tact in popular authorship, and no opportunity or no inclination for the mercenary work of the literary hack. The former cause is prevalent in Scotland, but throughout Great Britain the latter cause is not unfrequently operating to show us cultivated minds in low life.

It is not our intention to review the Excursion. Whatever may be said of its want of incident and its violation of the conventionalities of poetry and of life, it is acknowledged by the most reflective of readers, to be a wonderful and beautiful presentation of the power of faith in Providence to make men see in earthly vicissitudes, the workings of Him "unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid," and to be glad in the work which He performs unceasingly.

The Deaf Man is one of the most pleasing pictures in this extended poem,—a poem abounding in sketches of life, showing the power of quick thoughts of Providence to compensate every seeming ill, and enhance the enjoyment of every acknowledged good. This sketch is a perfect picture, and while it has none of the alleged low-

ness of expression which in the estimation of some mars the beauty of his earlier poems, it is like them in true description, and viewed in the same light, the earlier poems are as beautiful as this, of which the Deaf Man is so beautiful a part.

Horace Smith, in the *Rejected Addresses*, has given an imitation of Wordsworth's manner, which is not only amusing as an imitation, but valuable as a demonstration that a manner may be imitated without exhibiting anything of the spirit of the original. A caricature cannot lessen our esteem for what is great, though we cannot help laughing at the extravagances of the mimetic art.

Coleridge is charged with the same faults that have been complained of in Wordsworth; but what has chiefly been alleged against him, is unintelligibleness. Of his homeliness, a single instance shall suffice. One of his early poems is an unfinished one in the ballad style, founded upon a story of rural life. A young man wooed a maiden, the daughter of a widow youthful in her middle age, and possessing many of the attractions which once distinguished her among the village beauties of her birth-place. In speaking to the youth about her daughter, she was observed by him to mingle in her talk disparagement of the girl, with commendation of herself. She at length threw off all concealment, and in a passionate avowal of her misplaced attachment, declared the daughter all unworthy of such a man, incapable of appreciating him; and ended with the offer of her hand and fortune. At first astonished, then horrified, then bewildered, he was overwhelmed with emotions in which a fearful sense of the ludicrous predominated, and he rushed from her presence with a burst of laughter. She was mortified and enraged; and in her bitterness she cursed her daughter and her intended son-in-law. The young people were married. Sadness settled upon the young wife—for, estranged from her mother and forsaken by her mother's relations, she lived a lonely life. One friend only was their almost constant guest. The poet thus describes her daily ministry of kindness:—

But Ellen, spite of miry ways,  
And weather dark and dreary,  
Trudged every day to Edward's house  
And made them all more cheery.  
O! Ellen was a faithful friend,  
More dear than any sister!  
As cheerful too as singing lark;

And she ne'er left them till 'twas dark,  
And then they always missed her.

Now this is quite colloquial ; and why should it not be so. The last line especially is homely, though not perhaps much more so than the fourth ; but both of them are full of expression. That it should be colloquial, is the plan of the poem. The story is said to be told by an old sexton in his seventieth year. Another expression occurs in this poem, which is not only homely, but seemingly parenthetical ; but in its place it is peculiarly truthful.

The gentle Ellen  
Did well nigh dote on Mary,  
And she went oftener than before  
And Mary loved her more and more ;  
*She managed all the dairy.*

I can *imagine* a criticism on this last line, but will only speak of what strikes me as peculiarly felicitous in it. It is indeed an instance of the *curiosa felicitas*, for which Coleridge praises Wordsworth. The old man seems to pause in his narration and look into his memory to find something which should show the entire devotedness of Ellen, and Mary's dependence and thankful confidence. In this parenthetical and homely line, what a story is told—what an array of pictures does it present to us. The sad wife bewildered with that dreadful imprecation—the innocence of a household where such a place could be filled in it by Ellen, with no jealousy on Mary's part—not that her dairy keeping tells all this by itself, but as the chief part of the household work, it shows that Ellen was needful to Edward as Mary herself—the kindness of faithful friendship—all these come up to view as we think of the old sexton telling, in what seem to him the fittest words, the indispensableness of Ellen to that young farmer and his ban-stricken wife.

Of such homeliness and pictorialness combined, we have already spoken in what has been said of Wordsworth. It is to be defended on the ground that what awakens our sympathy with real feeling, is not only allowable, but praiseworthy in poetry. But we must pass from this to the graver charge of unintelligibleness so often brought against Coleridge.

Much of the unintelligibleness of Coleridge's poetry arises from his taking, in relation to his reader, the position not of a story teller, but of a pointer-out of what is passing before his eyes and his readers, too,

and of a co-listener with his reader to the words of another. The Ancient Mariner printed with side notes is less unintelligible than it would otherwise be, and perhaps with such assistance from the Author, Christabel might have been better understood before this time. Christabel we will for the present leave without comment; but the Ancient Mariner is a story which need not be passed by because it cannot be intelligently read. The sights seen by the Mariner may be accounted for by calling them dreams of delirium, before and after he was saved from the ship where all but him had died. But the killing of the albatross, the hatred of the sailors after he had killed it—the terrible remembrance of his sins and his sufferings—all these show the fearful risk run by any one who indulges in contempt of his fellow men. The machinery of the poem is mythological; and remembering this, there is no need for our accounting without supernatural agency, for the visions of the Mariner in the manner intimated above. We may read the whole poem as a parable on the power of brotherly love, showing the misery wrought by a want of it, and the recuperative action of it in a heart restored to sympathy with men, and reverence for faith in the mind of another. The lesson taught in it is a noble one, and it is taught by a teacher who has well read the human heart.

But to excuse the faults of these writers is not our main purpose, but rather to defend their position. They are the poets of the inner life—not the life of circumstance, condition, and visible action merely, but of the heart and mind. In pursuing their chief object, the portraiture of real life, they have ventured boldly into regions unexplored by other poets, and they have shown in some instances too little regard for usage and the habits of thought long prevalent in the world. They have dared to make their principal topics what Shakespeare himself, who could describe life in all its aspects, handles but incidentally. This is their great offense. They are not dramatic poets, and no poets before them except dramatic and epic poets ever attempted the display of life as it is. Didactic poetry, before these men arose, was but the musical arrangement of maxims. Descriptive poetry was the delineation of a world without men. Pastoral poetry was the picturing in words of unreal scenes, amid which men and women moved as the players in a theatre. Cowper marks the transition between the world of poetry, before and the world of poetry after the Wordsworthian era, or as it is sometimes called the Lake

School era ; and whoever reads his verses, feels that he is listening to the prophet of a new dispensation.

Southey indulges in more conceits than any of these poets. His new blank verse, with unrhymed quatrains and parallelisms, was in itself too great a novelty, without the added strangeness of the distinguishing characteristic of the school. The world was offended with such disregard of its decrees. But even his poetry is winning a high place ; and it will yet be unfashionable to speak only of the eccentricities of a poet, who has showed that his wild attire was not the dress of a harlequin or a bedlamite, but of an inspired bard, albeit he came from an unknown country, singing of barbarian themes, in a language unheard before.

Two of these poets have been distinguished with the laurel,—and it is widely said that in crowning them, England did honor to herself. But their fame depends not upon the patronage of the great ones of the earth, nor upon the judgment of critics. They have written for thinking, feeling, life-experienced manhood ; for hopeful, all-questioning youth, and for childhood—ready in its sports to stop and listen to a song of life, and lay up in the memory that which shall make music for the ears that will be deaf to the sounds of the passing hour, but delighted with the melodies of the times gone by—melodies unheard by other ears, heard by them amid visions which none but they can see.

They have their feeble imitators, men who think that silliness is simplicity ; ignorance, freedom from the tyranny of schools ; innovation, reform ; and rudeness, manly independence. But they will stand when this profane crowd have passed by, as the builders of a marble temple, in which they who love truth may worship together, and go forth to the work of life in the spirit of soberness. Then it will be seen that their mission was not to level social distinctions, but to ennoble all life ; to make men feel that to honor one another is, each in his own place, to work with a brotherly feeling for “all sorts and conditions of men” above him and below him.

R.

THE BROKEN HEARTED. *R. Stewart.*

He seemed to love her, and her youthful cheek  
Wore for a while the transient bloom of joy ;  
And her heart throbb'd with hopes she could not speak,  
New to delight and new to ecstasy.  
He won that heart in its simplicity,  
All undisguised in its young tenderness,  
And smiling, saw that he, and only he  
Had power at once to wound it or to bless.

She gave to him her innocent affection,  
And the warm feelings of her guileless breast ;  
And from the storms of life she sought protection,  
In his dear love, her home of earthly rest.  
In this sweet trust her opening days were blest,  
And joyously she hailed her coming years ;  
For well she knew that even if distressed,  
There would be one kind hand to dry her tears.

He left her—and in trouble she awoke  
From her young dream of bliss ; but murmured not  
Over her silent sufferings, nor spoke  
To any of her cruel lot.  
You would have deem'd that he had been forgot,  
Or thought her bosom callous to the stroke ;  
But in her cheek there was one hectic spot,  
'Twas little—but it told her heart was broke.

And deeper and more deep the painful flush  
Daily became ; yet all distress seemed o'er,  
Save when the life blood gave a sudden rush,  
Then trembled into silence as before.  
At once too proud, too humble to deplore,  
She bow'd her head in quietness—she knew  
Her brightest prospects could revive no more ;  
Yet was she calm, for she had heaven in view.

She loved, and she forgave him—and in dying,  
 She asked a blessing on his future years;  
 And so she went to sleep, meekly relying  
 Upon that Power which shall efface all tears.  
 Her simple turf the young spring flow'ret wears;  
 And the pale primrose grows upon her tomb  
 And when the storm its simple blossoms tears,  
 It bows its head—an emblem of her doom.

### THE AMERICAN, THE MODEL STATE. J. L. S.

The primary end of government, says Mr. Macaulay, is purely temporal. Its paramount object is, to protect the persons and the property of men.

Though, as a matter of theory, this is not the highest idea that can be conceived of a State; yet, practically, that State secures the greater happiness of its subjects which is constructed with prime reference to their temporal good.

It was natural for men who had brought civil constitutions to the perfection of human wisdom, to endeavor to make them answer the highest ends of our being. Accordingly, there have always been sound legislators to contend for the religious element in the State, claiming it as the duty and prerogative of every civil compact to support and enforce some form of Divine worship. Still less strange was it, that the Church of Rome should league its spiritual with the temporal powers for the propagation of its dark and monstrous schemes. Thus have grown up those alliances of Church with State, whose fierce workings have deluged Christendom with blood, and rent the Old World with convulsions.

Sick of these scenes of bloodshed and persecution, and weary of waiting for the dawn of deliverance from the spiritual despotism of Europe while the night of tyranny gathered thick and black around them, our Fathers founded in this western hemisphere a new Republic, destined to realize the grandest conception of civil and religious liberty.

We claim for the American State that it embodies in itself the simplest and truest idea of government. It arrogates no spiritual power. It proposes to itself purely a temporal end. It achieves that end.

It would unquestionably add much of sanctity to the State, if it could be made an efficient engine of religious education, and of building up a pure and holy church. But while He, who has bid us respect the "powers that be," has given us no authority for such employment of human legislation, reason and experience teach, in like manner, that such is not the legitimate province of the State. The relations of the individual to the State are those which concern him merely for this world. He demands of the State the protection of his person, that he may live secure from violence and dread; the protection of his property and reputation, that he may enjoy unmolested what is of right his own. He looks to the State for those regulations that are adapted to produce tranquility in society,—to ensure the mutual recognition of rights, and make every man deal justly with his neighbor; for those policies that will inspire enterprise, foster wealth, and add to the comforts and conveniences of life. He looks to the State to enforce a system of intellectual education,—conducted on those principles of morality that are universally admitted,—because intelligence and morality are the basis of all law and order. He looks to the State for an enlightened legislature to make laws, an incorruptible judiciary to interpret them, a faithful and efficient executive to enforce them. Provided with such a safeguard in the civil compact, he is qualified to pursue those ends that best promote his happiness, and that are the highest of his being.

He does not ask the State to teach him religious truth—that is within the compass of the powers which God has given him. He does not ask the State to build him churches or pay his priests. It shall not say to him *Subscribe to the tenets of this creed*, or pay tithes for building up the pillars of *that faith*. It shall coerce his assent to no State formulas of doctrine or practice. It shall inflict no disabilities upon specific habits of conscientious thought and action. It shall erect no privileged orders, civil or ecclesiastic. But whether the subject build a church, or found a college, or establish a bank,—whether he devote himself to a scheme of internal improvement, or of evangelizing Pagans,—whether he worship according to the canons of the Christian, or of the Mohammedan,—if he believe with the Protestant.

or with the Papist,—if he be Arian, or if he be Socinian,—or if he be no worshiper, and hold to no religion;—the State shall recognize in him a constituent member of its community, subject to its laws, liable to its penalties,—entitled to its full protection, its most sacred care. It is the business of the State to protect the institutions of the people; not to force institutions upon the people. It shall scrupulously guard all churches; it shall establish none.

It is one great end that men live securely and happily in their worldly estates; it is another great end—and none can be more distinct,—that men worship God in spirit and in truth. The former government can compass; the latter it cannot. Life, security, comfort, prosperity—these are objects dear to all men; and the people will love and vindicate the government that secures them. But men have always differed very widely in their views of religious faith and practice,—and no where have they been so tenacious of opinion. The State that adopts the religion of the majority, alienates the minority. If it profess the religion of one sect, it arrays against itself all other sects. By an attachment to religious faith which is stronger than every other, and whose depth can be accounted for only by the magnitude of the interests and hopes that are hazarded, the partisans of every sect are ever readier to shed blood for their own church, than to pay money to government for building up another.

It ought never to be denied that the propagation of sound religious truth is the noblest use of power. It ought never to be denied that the mission of the Church is diviner than the mission of the State. But we will not therefore pull down that which is higher to build up that which is lower. We will not entangle the State with a sacred duty which does not belong to it, and which it cannot discharge. Men will not be taught of government. It has been well said that “falsehood, though no match for truth alone, has often been found more than a match for truth and power together.”

Such is the American State in its scheme and structure—good as a contrivance of human wisdom, because its end is single; good as a form of government, because its end is attainable. It secures all that can be secured of temporal happiness by well-directed means. It secures all that is most precious in freedom of religious thought and action, by leaving religious duties and religious worship unlegislated upon. To legislate *upon* the religion of a State, is to legislate *away* its religious freedom.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way ?

\* \* \* \* \*

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves "

*Shaks. Timon of Ath.*

Tabulae et Editores

Semper sunt confounded borcs.

EDS. IND.

Most gladly do we come again, dear READER, to grip your honest hand. We don't believe in bows. Strike us, but don't stand off yonder striking attitudes. We are never half so awkward as when doing the profoundly gracious. We never called ourselves anybody's *humble servant* in the world. Mannerism we detest, and above all in students. When we get to be Doctors of Divinity, we will give you sentences of 'orthodox and solemn sound,' and 'nailed wi' scripture'; or if we ever edit the 'North American,' we shall feel bound to speak like oracles; but heaven forefend any premature profundity—we mean in our Editors' table. We have the complacence to believe that all the great questions in morals, politics and literature generally, are handled just about as well as they conveniently could be in the earlier pages of our sheet. We hope therefore, dear Reader, always avoiding that familiarity which breeds contempt, to be on the very best of terms with you. As students, acting for our fellows, we beg leave to speak as students, and we trust our strictly collegiate garb will not be to our prejudice, even with our most sedate readers. We are youths, but very sensible youths, I ween, and we heartily rejoice in the prospect of finding you such good and sensible company. We hold the very best conditions of friendship to be those which admit of a warm and honest shake of the hand; therefore, once more, *Salve! Da nobis manum!*

'Tis done—finished! No. III. is the world's. A fortnight since, we found the following remarkably unique epistle in the handle of our door.

Sir John,

The Printer is after you with a sharp stick.

Truly yours, Middy.

With a recital of the weary days and nights spent, since this somewhat startling suggestion as to our editorial duties, in preparation for our third appearance, as well as with the many misgivings which our utter inexperience has continually forced upon us, we will not fatigue you. Editors are too apt to complain. We, at least, who write intend to be a choice exception. Indeed, if you could see us in our easy chair with a pen behind each ear patiently working out our sheets, in contrast to the knotted visages and torn hair of the editorial herd in general, we are confident we should present a most comfortable aspect. You would take us at once for just the best fellow in the world. Though our duties have been a weariness to the flesh, and our midnight lamp somewhat derogatory to our character as a genius, we have toiled in behalf of our favorite journal with real pleasure.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of our Yale Literary. It appears under a new quintumvirate of Editors. We give them a brotherly welcome. We notice also among our exchanges the Home Journal, admirably conducted by N. P. Willis. It gives us a rare weekly treat—a rich dessert to the cold dry victuals of our text-book life. Cassius has also effected an exchange with the Greenfield Democrat.

## TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We are most certainly encouraged in view of the increase of matter presented us. We had stipulated with our printer for an additional *form* in our number, and had in anticipation a rare set of articles therefor; but the bustle incident to Commencement has forced us to abandon the plan. Be not surprised, however, if we appear with eight extra pages at any future time. If we do not adopt this as a permanent change for the present year, which for several reasons is impracticable, we shall strenuously recommend it for a future volume.

We regret the non-appearance of the "Tale" in the present No. The author will redeem himself in our next.

The section or two of unintelligible *greek* caption precludes the possibility of our ever printing the contribution entitled "The Sea."

"Pompeii" has been in our hands sometime, but is as yet unexamined.

"Thoughts" may possibly appear in our next. It needs too much trimming for our limited time.

The letter of the unfortunate Soph. who appeals to us in "despair of ever becoming popular," and the one in the *femal* hand, in which it is suggested that the "most noble Five take unto themselves *other five*," are reserved—the former for a future answer, the latter for serious consideration.

Many thanks to our friend for his choice German translations. They are fine in themselves as well as very convenient.

The apostrophe to the "fell bolt" that "came among us" in the storm of the other day, is a rare production. The following verses will serve to immortalize the event.

"Bright scintillation, vivid spark!  
(E'en now I hear the roar!)  
With lightning wing it peeled the wall,  
And bust right through the floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And when another shower comes up,  
With visage black and *gory*,  
Soe'er the shafts begin to fly,  
Heaven spare the Observatory!"

"Farewell to the Seniors" will be better spoken in another place. "Thoughts at the close of the year" also, are decidedly too melting for the season.

Other pieces are before before us, containing some merit.

# THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. III. NO. IV.



If the world like it not, so much the worse for them. — Cowper.

"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:  
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

OCTOBER, 1850.

AMHERST.  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.  
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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# THE INDICATOR.

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VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1850.

No. 4.

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BURNS. *Webber.*

There is no truer saying than that the history of the world is the biography of great men. In the drama of life so far acted, a few leading minds have played the prominent parts, subjecting all things to their own mastery, and guiding and controlling all by the resistless energy of their own wills. It is by an acquaintance with the lives and characters of such men that we gain any just notions in regard to the past. In their characters we see shadowed forth the distinguishing features of an era just in future; and in the manner in which they were received, is clearly exhibited the age in which they lived. For great minds always live in advance of their age, while their generation, aroused by the call of its master spirits, bidding it onward, must still linger one moment to bury *the fathers*. Not only does utility, but pleasure also, invite us to the study of the lives of distinguished men. Memory, as she backward flies over the uneven pathways of the past, folds her wings for rest hard by the tomb of a departed hero, to drink in the sweet melody which comes *even* from the grave of buried greatness, and to admire the beauties that cluster around the consecrated spot. So a traveler, journeying over the rugged mountains of the East, oftentimes descends into some sunny vale, and, charmed by the sweet music of a shepherd girl, sits him down at a sparkling fountain, to admire the flowering landscape, where nature smiles in primeval loveliness, so strangely contrasting with the rugged cliffs, and cloud-capt summits that environ it.

In the hovel of an Ayrshire peasant, on the 25th of January, 1759, was born the man who occupies the first place among the Caledonian Bards, and whose memory will be fondly cherished by all the admirers of poetic genius—ROBERT BURNS.

Old Scotia, the land of a Wallace and a Bruce, may well boast of her heroes, her statesmen and divines; but not the least will she pride herself in the Bard of the plough, who set forth her glories in immortal verse, and who sung of those purer, holier scenes, where loved ones meet around the domestic hearth.

If to meet with and overcome extreme difficulties, be an index of greatness, then Robert Burns was a great man. Born and bred in poverty—deprived of an early classic education—living in an age the most unpoetical—by his own energy he gained that degree of eminence in the literary world to which few, in the most highly favoring circumstances, have been able to attain. It is with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain that we review the checkered scene which the life of this distinguished man exhibits. We would drop a tear of sorrow for his infirmity—of pity for his weakness, while we reverence the mighty genius of his intellect, by which he won a name and praise that every succeeding age will brighten.

At the age of twenty-three, we hear of our author as a flax-dresser in the town of Irving, living on oat-meal, and that borrowed, absolutely loathing his very existence, and wishing to bid adieu to the toils and disquietudes of this weary life. Certainly this is a strange feeling for a young man at his outset. What is the cause? Doubtless we should say he was in a fit of the *blues*. Was it hard work and poor fare that troubled him? In a few words taken from a letter written to his father, we may learn the cause. "As for this world," says he, "I despair of ever making a figure in it. I foresee that poverty and obscurity await me." Ambition! Yes: Burns was ambitious. He felt that he had talents which, if in circumstances such that they could be exercised, would enable him to act an important part in the busy world around him. He groaned under the weight of poverty that was pressing him to the earth. His agony was the struggling of the spirit within him, trying to break the fetters that bound him to low sordid pursuits, and panting to commune with higher intelligences, to breath a diviner life.

Burns was ambitious; but it was a lofty ambition, founded on conscious merit, and aiming to elevate the social condition of his country-

men. There are those who regard desire for distinction, when exhibited as a prominent trait, evil and dangerous. But we must consider it one of the moving, life-giving elements in character, especially literary character. Show us the man who is ambitious for *nothing*, and we are ready to assert, he will attain to it.

The conviction that he possessed talents of no ordinary cast, was forced upon him by a careful observance of those around him, and a still more careful study of himself. Although he had, in after life, better opportunities "to catch the manners living as they rise," Burns was from early youth, one of the closest observers of mankind. Gifted with the rarest social qualities, he enjoyed free intercourse with every caste of society. In this way the great map of human nature was spread out before him. He saw, as it were, drawn out on canvass, the lights and shades of character, and read men as understandingly as he read books. Aware of the importance of self-knowledge, an eye was ever turned within. Not unconscious of his own weakness, nor insensible to his own merit, he knew the ground on which he stood, and calculated his chances of success. Here is the secret of that confidence with which, under so adverse circumstances, he risked his fortunes in the uncertain tide of popular favor.

A thorough acquaintance with the ways of men, begat in the mind of Burns that spirit of independence, which he ever manifested. Nothing caused him so much chagrin as to see a rich and noble *fool*, rolling about in pomp and splendor, attracting the notice of the world; while the man of humble birth, though rich in mind and soul, was doomed to obscurity. For he felt that

"The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that."

Our author's first visit to Edinburgh has been considered by all his biographers the most important event in his history, and the manner he demeaned himself there, proof of extraordinary character. It is wonderful that he could so soon change his rustic habits, and mingle with ease in refined society—the idol of all the gay circles in that populous city. His gift in conversation is said to have been no less remarkable than his poetic genius. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, found in him an agreeable companion, and all loved to *hear him talk*. No one loved society better than he; especially the society of the gentler sex. The ease of his manners, the generosity

of his nature, and his ability to please, won universal praise; and there was no home at which the Bard of the plough was not welcomed. But all this prosperity did not intoxicate him. Though sailing smoothly in the popular breeze, he felt he was no other than when struggling against wind and tide. All efforts to draw him into public life, in a different sphere of action, were unavailing. He knew *himself*, and could not be tempted. There is nothing more interesting in his personal character, than the kindness he manifested towards the guardian of his tender years. If one thing especially excites our admiration, it is his self-denial in leaving the refined society in which he had mingled and retiring to private life, that he might care for his mother and for her to whom he was united by the dearest tie.

Here the scene of his life changes. The noon-day of prosperity has passed by; dark clouds are gathering around him. Prejudice began to find its way into society not entirely without reason. Burns was a man of strong passions and appetites. His good humor and keen wit were fully appreciated in those places of dissipation he too often frequented. The strength of his appetites increased by indulgence. He gave way to intemperance and licentiousness. It is with regret we follow him to the haunts of vice and witness the prostitution of his noble powers. It would be folly to attempt to excuse his guilt; but if we take into consideration the strength of his appetites, the peculiar temptations; and more than all, when we think of the agony he felt as he found his former friends deserting him, and thought how he must bear the ills of life alone; when all these are considered we say, there will be found quite as much room for pity as censure.

It remains to speak of Burns as a poet. Here his character appears in its liveliest coloring. Here, in the poet, all his powers of thought and feeling blend in entrancing harmony.

There is in mankind a searching after *ideal* excellence which cannot be found in real life. The noblest offspring of this spirit is poetry: hence a dark age is most favorable for its production. The age in which Burns lived was most unpoetical. A few centuries had passed by since human nature awoke from the "slumber of ages"—the moral world was rent as by an earthquake—the enginrey of Heaven besieged the citadel in which sat Christ's Vicegerent on earth, and the foundations of that blood-cemented fabric were shaken; and at the time of which we speak, it remained only like some ruined

tower which excites our wonder as we contemplate it in the awful grandeur of decay ! The new doctrines of religion which had grown out of the vital principle brought to light by the Doctor of Wittemberg, were subjects of restless dispute. During all this time great changes were taking place in the political world. The mind having thrown off the yoke of spiritual bondage began to question "The divine right of kings." The spirit of the puritan rocked in its infancy by ocean waves, had grown to giant strength "amid the howlings of the western wilderness," and not only had it built a Temple of Freedom there, but was threatening to overturn the despotisms of the Old World. Before the eighteenth century closed, the fires of the French Revolution were kindled and dense volumes of smoke rolling up to heaven darkened every corner of Europe. Such was the era—one of mighty events indeed, but for this very reason most barren of poetic element. Such was the age in which the Bard of the plough seized the harp of nature and struck out notes of melody. The voice of music as it came from the Low-lands of Scotland, sounded strangely pleasing on the great battle-field of life. The world could but listen to it.

The ancient Bards of Greece and Rome living in an age of superstition, could roam at will through the gorgeous realms of imagination and bring forth their marvels of beauty as they sung of gods and heroes deified. Not so with the Scottish Bard. He lived in an enlightened age, when life seemed *real*. Hence the necessity for originality, which is a peculiar feature of his poetry. No poet wrote before as he wrote, for no one before felt as did he ; and the emotions of his soul dictated his verse. His poetry was not the product of an intellect without soul, grown up a monster of might in the gloomy shades of abstraction ; nor of an imagination soaring in regions of ideality, out sight of life's real scenes ; but of an intellect dwelling among men, refined and elevated by a *heart* alive to all that is dearest in human sympathy.

The beginning of his poetry he tells us, "You know," says he, "our custom of coupling together man and woman in harvest. The companion of my fifteenth year was a sweet creature, who unwittingly initiated me into that most delicious passion which in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our sweetest blessing here below. Among other things she sang sweetly, and it was a favorite reel to

which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. *Thus with me began love and poetry.*" Love, the purest earthly sentiment inspired his song—nature was the Temple of his eloquence, and the universal heart of man bowed to its mastery.

All writings destined for long life must touch some chord of human feeling. "Of the making of books," saith the Wise man "there is no end." But the end of most books *made* has come to pass in the day of their beginning. Some wishing to exert an influence on the world when they shall have gone from it, have winged their thoughts with words and sent them forth, doomed to the sad disappointment of seeing their public offerings consigned to the literary charnel-house, there to furnish a bed for the loathsome insects that crawl among the printed leaves. The productions of a few others have survived from age to age, and will survive till the end of time, imperishable as the immortal genius that gave them birth. The reason is clear. The former were superficial observers of human nature, and strove to pander to passions ruling at the time, but transient and dying as the objects that excited them. The latter learned to fathom the depths of the soul, and touched those springs of feeling common to all in every age. Burns knew that if he would write any thing to be remembered, he must touch the heart; therefore he seized this strongest universal passion of the soul, and breathed forth the "divine words of song."

One of the principal effects of his poetry was to elevate the social condition of the Scotch peasantry. The social condition of the lower classes was degraded. Female virtue was dishonored and marriage valued only as a means of gratifying animal passion. In many of his pieces true love is described in all its strength and purity. This is true of the poem, "To Mary in Heaven." Burns had met with Mary Campbell, and the charms of modest beauty won his first affections. They lived "one day of parting love" on the banks of Ayr and separated to meet no more. Death came and severed the tie that bound two willing hearts; and now he could only pour forth the feelings of his soul in those touching lines which no lover can read without wishing his sentiment as pure. And most beautifully he portrays the happiness of domestic life in that master poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." There in the cottage, love to God and love to man blend together, as rain drops meet and mingle into one.

The peasant who should read this description must feel the truth of what the poet expressed.

“ And certes in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.”

Thus did Burns by his poetry fill the peasant's heart with content, and engage all in vigorous efforts to make their homes the abodes of purity and peace.

One cannot fail to be impressed with the purity of sentiment exhibited in his writings on subjects of a moral nature. And more striking does this seem, when we take into view the crooked paths he made in the journey of life. Dew-drops may gather on an old gray rock, the violet may hide its blushing face among thorns, and a tree laden with the choicest fruit may stand in a wild forest. There is in this something quite analagous to the strange commingling of opposing elements in human character. So with our author. Endowed with a lofty intellect and susceptible to the noblest emotions, he was at the same time under the control of debasing passions. We have no inclination to mention the crimes which mar the beauty of his character; nor is this the place to speak of his private life. But we should be unjust did we attempt to conceal his weakness, or excuse his guilt, which serve to illustrate how little dependence may be placed in a man possessing the rarest excellencies, ungoverned by religious principle.

Patriotism had much to do with the poetry of Burns. The Scotch are remarkable for a strong attachment to their native land. Old Scotia has many a spot dear to her sons, hallowed in the blood of her chivalrous ancestors, who fought in defence of their homes and kindred. No Scotchman reads the tale of Wallace and of Bruce, without having a national prejudice poured into his veins “ which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.” In this respect, Burns is a fair representative of his people. A reverence for Scotland and her heroes, amounting to devotion, is clearly seen in the songs of her great national poet. Who could see him kneel at the tomb of Bruce, and pour out a libation of tears over his honored dust, without feeling he possessed the true spirit of the departed hero. And how it would have cheered him, when he felt the rising tide of prejudice, to have known that his memory would be cherished in a nation's heart, and her noblest sons would bring their offerings to deck his rural grave.

The oft repeated assertion “*Poeta nascitur not fit*,” is verified in

the Scottish Bard. Bred to the plough, without the advantage of early discipline, he has enjoyed a popularity only equalled by the best British writers. Nature made him a poet — lighted up his passions with poetic fire, which would rage and foam till they vented themselves in measured lines. There is a great deal of poetry *made* "now-a-days." If Horace should again appear upon earth, we fear he would have occasion to repeat—

"Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim."

A man may have talent — he may be an able writer; but if the Muse was not present at his birth, he had better eschew rhyming. There is a peculiar power which eternizes the true poet. This our author possessed in a high degree. Every stanza he penned, came forth baptised in the spirit of poesy, and every line breathed thought and feeling which find their way to the heart, and leave an impress there never to be effaced.

"Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear."

We should like to speak of the different kinds of poetry of which Burns was master; and gladly would we enrich our pages with quotations from the immortal Author. But we have already continued our essay too far; and we might add, that the avidity with which his poems are read is sufficient evidence of their worth, and renders farther comment unnecessary. We will close the subject with an additional remark.

The hero of an hundred battles may in his day reap the honors of conquest, but the star of his glory shall fade into darkness, when the lamp of life goes out. Not so with literary heroes. *They* rule the world from their graves. Burns did not live to see the influence which his writings were destined to exert on mankind. He did not conquer the prejudices of his age. He died in obscurity. But his poems will live with undying energy while the triumphal arch of a sanguinary victor shall moulder in ruins, and the superb mausoleum of a tyrant shall grow gray and moss-covered in a wilderness, where no human eye will read the inscription, which tells the story of him whose dust sleeps quietly beneath it. Carlyle in speaking of Burns has justly observed "it is the tomb of the fallen we contemplate;" but it is the tomb of the *mighty* fallen.

## TO THE NAUTILUS.

Where Ausonian summers glowing  
Warm the deep to life and joyance,  
And gentle zephyrs nimbly blowing  
Wanton with the waves, that flowing  
By many a land of ancient glory,  
And many an isle renown'd in story,  
Leap along with gladsome buoyance,—  
    There, mariner  
    Dost thou appear  
In fairy pinnace flashing,  
Through the white foam proudly dashing,  
The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,  
The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.

Thou the light sail boldly spreadest,  
O'er the furrow'd waters gliding;  
Thou nor wreck nor foeman dreadest,  
Thou nor helm nor compass needest,  
While the sun is bright above thee,  
While the bounding surges love thee,  
In their opening bosoms hiding;  
    Thou canst not fear,  
    Small mariner;  
For though the tide with restless motion  
Bear thee to the desert ocean—  
Far as the ocean stretches to the sky—  
'Tis all thine own — 'tis all thine empery.

Lame is art, and her endeavor  
Follows Nature's course but slowly;  
Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,  
Still improving, perfect never.  
Little Nautilus, thou showest  
Deeper wisdom than thou knowest,  
Lore, which man should study lowly.  
    Bold faith and cheer,  
    Small mariner,  
Are thine within thy pearly dwelling,—  
Thine a law of life compelling  
Obedience, perfect, simple, glad and free,  
To the great Will that animates the sea.

## THOUGHTS.

*Benjamin.*

We instinctively venerate the majesty of Greatness, whether seen enshrined in some colossal combination of matter, or whether from the throne of a noble and commanding intellect, it beams forth with a lustre that pales the splendor of the most gorgeous material structure, or seen arrayed in its divinest forms in the temple of a magnanimous heart. We look with wonder upon the massive piles that rise in solemn grandeur from the plains of Memphis, the mysterious, majestic monuments of a sepulchred dynasty. We feel ourselves in a more august presence when we stand at the foot of Himalaya, and look up to her lofty summits, clad with snow, veiled in cloud, the home of giant elements, the cradle of the avalanche. So when we turn from those "palaces of Nature," and from some projecting cliff look over the waters of ocean, when sullenly moaning under a clear heaven, or lifting up its mad howl and deafening roar, cloven into yawning abysses by the rod of the Storm Spirit, we feel that it is an awful and sublime spectacle, and bow to its mastery. But when we explore the unmeasured depths of the azure heavens, where roll and sparkle the stars of God, through whose vast expansions lie the trackless journeyings of the Eternal One, whose word wakes worlds and systems from chaos, whose smile robes them with light and glory, whose frown strews their mighty wrecks over the wastes of the aerial ocean, there distils upon our spirits from this display of the grandeur of creative might and the amplitude of its creations, a profound awe that pervades the depths of our being. But all material magnificence is overmastered by the sublime energies of a great intellect. It erects works of more enduring nature, of loftier altitude than pyramid or mountain, as restless in its workings as the ever-heaving ocean, soars on bold wing through the heavens, penetrates the abyss of immensity, follows hard after the footsteps of the Eternal, turns its keen scrutiny upon all phenomena occurring around it, analyses its own subtle being, and attempts to measure the infinite expanse of the divine attributes. Not satisfied with what is visible, in the strength of its creative energy, it summons into being forms of ideal beauty and grandeur, and embodies them in verse, in marble, or upon canvass. Its own character

gives a complexion to the scenes around it. If the seat of purity and love, it invests the universe in robes of loveliness, and fills all its fullness with the echoing songs of an ocean of melody; if it harbor impurity and hate, it finds deformity where all is symmetry, and hears harsh discord even in the living Harp of Inspiration, and the deathless harmonies of the Heavens. Mighty then are the energies of the mind, the field of its action, the actual and an ideal universe, but the duration of its being is eternity. In the far future, the mighty spirit wont in its weariness to repose with folded wings on the bosom of its great Father, shall be arrested in its wanderings over his wide realms by the sight of the mouldering vestments of Nature, thrown out on the side of the high-road of eternity, and reflecting upon the magnificence it once enveloped, sigh over the dissolution of a gorgeous organism, and exult in the deathlessness of its own being, and the unfading glory of its own high destiny.

Of all species of greatness, the highest is moral, or true goodness, or magnanimity of heart. Now God hath made goodness a noble and beautiful thing, impressed upon it a simplicity the most touching, a sweetness the most winning, and a majesty the most overawing. In his own nature it exists in its highest conceivable symmetry, perfection, and power, and sheds a mild and mellow radiance over all his other attributes. The whirlwind of his breath may pass us, rending rocks and uprooting forests, the earthquake heave, and yawn, and engulph, the fiery deluge follow, surging and desolating, yet in the whirlwind, or earthquake, or deluge of fire, God is not. Before the still small voice of his goodness, the prophet in the clefts of Horeb wrapt his face in his mantle. His goodness is the center, the heart of his Infinite Fullness, and encircles all that Fullness as with a zone of glory. 'Tis not then in the possession of power, of sublime energies of action, or of mighty capacities of intellect that man is truly great. Clothed with these energies, men have in former ages performed deeds of martial prowess, worked their way from obscurity to thrones and heights of fame, and filled the world with their renown; while living, received plaudits, honors and worship; when dead, their statues have adorned, and their deeds been recorded on the walls of the world's Pantheon, but for their names no place was found in the Book of Life. For martial renown, for the seat of absolute dominion, for self, they labored and the world breathed the freer as their meteor-like career closed in darkness. These were not truly

great. He is great, who with these endowments, sees "nothing worth living for, but that divine virtue which endures and surrenders all things for truth, and duty, and mankind." He listens to the voice of conscience and of God, and through peril, and toil, and death, pursues it, feels the heavings of the great heart of humanity, and is ready to be offered up for her good; carries the torch of Truth into the gloom that clouds it, is touched by the groans that come up from an enslaved people, and hurries to its rescue; throws the strong arm of his protection around Freedom, and shakes the Throne of that Despotism that would enchain her; undepressed in the midst of disaster, encircled with pomp and splendor, meek and humble, confiding in God in the darkest hour, and with submission obeying the summons of death. In him there is a broad grasp of mind, in it revolve gigantic schemes, the energies of a God, he seems unconscious of it;—an inflexible energy of will,—before it obstacles are as the green withes that bound the Hebrew giant; an earnest sincerity, for he lives surrounded with awful realities; a deep earnestness, for he has a great work to do, and is straitened till it be accomplished. Beautifully commingling and intertwining with these severer virtues, like the rich clusters of a luxuriant vine among the boughs of the sturdy oak, are the softer qualities of strong, pure affections, tender sympathy and a noble generosity. Home gladdens with his presence; to the aged parent he is a staff and a solace, the tear of sorrow he loves to wipe away, the poor hail him as their friend, the sick man knows his tread, the widow and the orphan find in him a constant protector. Death, that comes to all, removes him from the earth, yet it is little of such a man that is perishable. His name and deeds are embalmed in the grateful memories of a nation and a world, in whose history his life has been a blessed era. His fame grows brighter with revolving ages.

High above all the heroes of antiquity, standing out on the relief of history, "in the solitude of his own glory," we see the character of Washington, simple, harmonious and majestic, combining in itself all that is beautiful in piety and goodness, noble, in a well-poised intellect, sublime, in a lofty patriotism. In storm and darkness sank the star of Napoleon, "the scourge of nations," on sea-girt Helena,—peacefully did the "Father of his country," beneath the shades of Mt. Vernon, breath out his great spirit into the bosom of his God.

## THE SUICIDE.

A dreary and a dismal day,  
A night as drear succeeds,  
The stars shine forth with feeble ray,  
And home each rustic speeds ;—  
But see ! what female shivers in the gale ?  
Her face is wan with care, and deadly pale.

Time's finger has not traced those lines  
That mark her death-like brow ;  
Some secret anguish undermines  
Her frame, and bids it bow.  
Her tresses, prematurely turn'd to gray,  
Are suffer'd now to wander as they may.

And lo ! upon her sunken breast  
A helpless infant lies ;  
Its arms close round its mother press'd,  
It neither sleeps or cries,  
Its eyes on hers all stedfastly are bent,  
And seem almost to pierce her dread intent.

Now where a stream flows strong and deep,  
Her falt'ring steps she turns,—  
Each star seems brighter watch to keep,  
With brighter radiance burns.  
The moon, her misty shroud now laid aside,  
Glides, like a ghost, to watch the Suicide.

The stars, reflected in the stream  
With ghastlier light are shown ;  
And each a fiery eye does seem,  
That glares on her alone.  
Her baby seeks her face in mute appeal,  
But there despair has set its iron seal.

And now she gives her babe a kiss,  
And falters forth a prayer ;

Now bends her o'er the dark abyss,—  
Throws back her flowing hair;  
One look to heaven—then plunges in the tide,—  
Her infant's murderer and a Suicide!

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## TO A FRIEND.

Oh, give me immortality!  
A name that never dies!  
Resounding as the murmuring sea,  
Forever heard that e'er shall be,  
Till lost in vast Eternity,  
A herald to the skies.

I ask no fame in battle's sound;  
*That* is not fame for me;  
Be not *my* brow with laurel crowned;  
Let not a host my throne surround,  
Salute me king, and to the ground  
Bend low the servile knee!

My fame, dear friend, is this: that in  
Thy breast some thoughts may dwell  
Of him, who seeks thy praise to win,  
Who thinks it cannot be a sin  
To wish to dwell fore'er within  
A heart so pure. — Farewell!

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In the midst of a garden when the year was in its spring time, stood a dry and withered tree. When the mild sunbeams poured down their flood of light and heat, and freshening dew drops fell, what-e'er had life-blood coursing in its veins, woke up from its wintry slumber, and answered back to the reviving influence in green leaves and fragrant flowers. Thus, I thought, is it in the Church of God. When the Sun of Righteousness sheds down its beams of light, and grace descends in fruitful showers, the living will revive, while death, un-nourished by the manna-dew, stands out more deathlike than before.

## PEN AND INK SKETCHES FROM OLD GALLERIES. III.

## HERMIONE.

"Ye who believe in affection that's pure and untainted,  
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,  
List to a mournful tale still sung by the pines of the forest,  
List to a tale of love in Acadie home of the happy."

In passing through the long lines of the portraits of nature's artist, let us pause awhile, and examine a little unpretending sketch from his own fancy. 'Tis a Madonna, on which he seems to have expended the richest colors of his pallet, mingled with exquisite softness and beauty, and in whose mild features, he has sought to limn the purest and holiest characters of the human heart.

Not once alone has the serpent entered Eden's bowers and crushed in his foul embrace all that was happiness before; but often has this the burden of the world's great tragedy been repeated, and other pairs have been banished from their heart's happy paradise, where, gleaming through a thousand avenues, the sunshine of pure affection, softened every shade. To such an one our author leads us, and though he portrays not from life, where shall we look for nature's faithful history if it be not here? As we follow out the varied scenes which bring the virtue of Hermione, the heroine of Winter's Tale, into fuller development, and note the wild suspicion to which it offers so mild, yet so firm a resistance, we can but feel the force of the poet's language, when contemplating similar scenes,

"Alas for truth!  
It hath so many counterfeits. The words  
That to a child were written legibly,  
Are by the wise mistaken, and when light  
Hath made the brow transparent, and the face  
Is like an angel's — virtue is so fair —  
They read it like an over-blotted leaf,  
And break the heart that wrote it."

It was once a boast of Richelieu, that he could make treason or heresy out of any three words in any language. Though there is no

little of vanity expressed in this assumption of the wily diplomatist, yet so great is the uncertainty and ambiguity of language and the ingenuity of man in interpreting it, that where there exists the disposition to question, there seldom is wanting the opportunity. In Literature, Philosophy, and Theology, there have ever arisen the most violent controversies, from exegetical differences, and even the pure teachings of the Savior, clothed in language so expressive, yet so simple, never found freedom from the sophistry of those who "sought how they might take him in his words."

To a still ranker growth does this misconception attain in the actions of men. Though actions often speak louder than words, they speak in a language which few can read correctly. Whose experience cannot bear witness to some time when his motives were misjudged, and deeds prompted by incautious innocence, were imputed to impurity and guilt? Verily, there lives not on the face of the earth, that pure man, whose actions, even though

"He pass on, untainted by gross thoughts,  
And walk as he were in the eye of Heaven,"

can bear unscathed the scrutiny of his fellows, if it be but guided by jealousy and suspicion.

Hermione, the noble queen of Sicily's lord, is the innocent victim to whose sacrifice we are pointed. We are permitted to gaze but for a moment at their yet undisturbed happiness, when love flowed through every word and thought. In this glance we see her as the affectionate wife and the kind hostess, gently but firmly urging the still longer delay of her husband's friend. She succeeds, and while all are rejoicing in the bright prospect of friendly intercourse, a storm, like the sudden tempest in the summer sky, burst upon them. 'Twas a terrific storm, for the demon of jealousy rode on its wings, and guided its course. Jealousy is ever maddening; but it grates upon us with strange harshness when as in a moment it crushes every generous feeling in the breast of the noble-hearted, but too impulsive Leontes, and threatens to stamp him as the murderer of his earliest friend. There is something in the suddenness with which it bursts into view, which may strike us as unnatural; but we must remember that our author has sought to portray passions, results, not times or causes; and this absence of gradual developement, we think, adds greatly to its force. It strikes us much as it would strike those who should witness its

manifestation, but who could not watch its progress in his mind. So does the roar of the mighty cataract break with quick, but dreadful meaning on the ear of one joyously gliding down the placid stream but just above.

When Hermione hears the terrible accusation from her husband's lips, she shows no manifestation of offended pride, no burst of indignant boldness, but in astonishment that such a charge should come from him, answers :

"You, my lord,  
Do but mistake."

So in like manner, Hero, in another play, replies to a similar charge :

"Is my lord well,  
That he doth talk so wide?"

Here, in the calmness of innocence, she seeks but that he will retract his words, doubting if he is conscious of their awful import.

"How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have published me? Gentle, my lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly, then, to say  
You did mistake."

And when all words and efforts avail nothing against the restless frenzy which urges him on, and she is ordered away to prison, her integrity still bears her up, and she even strives to cheer her weeping attendants :—

"Do not weep, good fools,  
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress  
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears  
As I come out."

Still calm, she submits to her husband's commands, and in quiet resignation the daughter and wife of a king walks a felon's cell. But when her infant daughter is taken from her and cast forth on the desert waste, and her princely son pines away at his mother's dishonor and disgrace, till nature, answering to the sickness of the soul, bursts its bonds, then her heart is broken, and Leontes has cast away a gem, of more value than his kingly crown.

Sixteen years pass by, and Leontes, too late convinced of her inno-

cence and his own error, still mourns his guilt, and cherishes the memory of the loved, though lost Hermione. Now, with his new found daughter, he goes to view a famous statue of her whom he cannot, nay, would not, forget. 'Tis like, so very like that all her wrongs and all the loveliness of her character rush back upon him and choke the full tide of his heart. When lo! the statue descends from its pedestal and Hermione, the object of his youthful affection is again, living, breathing, loving, in his embrace.

Description cannot give the beauty of this little sketch. 'Tis the peculiar province of the *drama* to make the heart shine through the words; to *paint* character without *describing* it. His power in this is one of those features which make Shakspeare the prince of dramatic authors. In very many English and in all the earlier French writers, unless we except Corneille, there is too much of the declamatory and descriptive, too great a disposition to *tell about* nature, its feelings and passions, rather than to *exhibit* them.

But it is needless in this age, when the writings of Shakspeare are "familiar as household words," to speak of the beauties of those pages where is painted man's noblest nature, and woman's sweetest character; and from which purity shall ever find mirrored back its own likeness, as moonbeams from the quiet lake.

We turn again to take one parting glance at our subject. There is beauty in the patient resignation which she exhibits under the bitterest wrongs. 'Tis not the calmness of indifference, and there is something beyond even that meek fortitude which makes woman so lovely in suffering; there is that strength of character we are wont to attribute to the great.

"Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have  
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown."

What love can be more faithful than that expressed in her last words to her husband when sent by him to prison?

"Adieu, my lord;  
I never wished to see you sorry; now  
I trust, I shall."

'Twas a maxim of French philosophy, that "whatever is beautiful

is true." Though we cannot assent to this as a general principle, we will say, that in the picture before us, there is truth in its beauty, and beauty in its truth; truth and beauty pure and delightful as the breath of the morning from a garden of flowers.

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### HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

*"I am a converted Sherman Jew, and will not lie."*

*"It ish not much vorth."*

#### DEAR INDICATOR:—

The mutations to which we are all liable, and the usual means of locomotion employed in New England, have brought me to the village of Choptank, situated on the Atlantic sea-board, with only a few intervening miles of marsh, which render navigation to the town impossible except at high tide. The face of the country, though uneven, presents no mountain to relieve the eyes of those who from dwelling farther inland are accustomed to look for such objects, neither are the hills regularly arranged, like those along our river vallies, but stand all together in confusion, like a band of militia, or a company of students detected in a private supper. The village corresponds to the scenery around it, and seems emblematic of that inhospitality so often attributed to the descendants of the Puritans. The natives employ themselves in ship-building, and at this moment I can perceive the ribs of vessels standing on the stocks, like the skeletons of departed mastodons. The houses are old and weather beaten, the sidewalks rough and narrow, the children impudent and dirty. Yankee utilitarianism seems to have been wedded to Dutch neglect, and bequeathed to their offspring the vices of both without the virtues of either. The very buildings stick out their corners and elbow the stranger as he passes, and he is fortunate if, while he dodges these, some stone more ambitious than its neighbors, does not compel him to

perform an act which Brutus did voluntarily when, in company with the sons of Tarquin, he visited the Grecian Oracle. (*Vide Latin Reader.*) Indeed the whole village wears the chaotic air of bewildered drunkenness, as if it had dropped down some dark night, and had never sufficiently recovered to tuck in its soiled wrist-bands, or pull on its India Rubbers. The meeting house is very old, and of highly primitive and original construction; and if it embodied (as we are told all edifices should,) the thought of some man, it must have proceeded, not from the Intellect or Sensibilities, but from that disputed territory so often invaded by Theologians,—the Will. Europeans stigmatise such churches as “barns surmounted by rat-tails.” It is due, however, to the one in C. to say that its steeple stood in the majesty of its full symmetry and height, and had never, like some we know of, been stunted or *curtailed*. Hereby hangs our tale.

About the middle of last winter, things in general, and even gossip herself, heretofore considered immortal, had become lifeless. Under such a direful dispensation, the ladies naturally came to the rescue, and took the lower part of the above mentioned church in hand, with the intention of repairing it. This you might think, in blissful ignorance, was the province of the carpenters and joiners, but you will please to understand that it was not their intention to take the saw and smoothing plane themselves, but to set these tools in operation under the direction of others for the accomplishment of the end which they originated. It will be necessary to keep this fact in mind, to prevent that confusion of ideas which results from not understanding definitely the distinction between physical, efficient, and final causes. (*Vide Brown, quo, a quo and ex quo.*) As the best mode of procuring the means most likely to excite the motives of those whose executive powers they wished to employ, they had a Fair, *of course*; and in order to shield it from odious comparison with the one described by Bunyan, and to quiet the consciences of some *verd-antiques*, lineal descendants of the men who banished Roger Williams, they baptised it a Social Gathering. Immediately bran and scraps of fancy silk rose in market five per cent., and the influx of “rag babies” into the world, would have provoked a prudent community to a diligent study of Molthua. They were of all conceivable nations, Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia. The realms of Oberon and Titania, the kingdoms of Pluto, the wilds of North America, and the “old woman that lived in a shoe,” all furnished subjects for the exer-

tion of feminine artistic skill. At length, the day before the Fair arrived, and a stranger might easily have known from the business-like air of the street puppies, that something more than usually important was about to transpire. The friends of fun and frolic walked the streets with elastic step and sparkling eyes, and bore with calmness the fiercely inexpressive gaze of the opposition. Each mater-familias pasted the name of her eldest unmarried daughter on her best loaf of cake, and sought to place it where it would produce the greatest æsthetic effect. An item shall be inserted here as a hint on domestic economy, not intended, however, for boarding houses. The prudent inhabitants of C. went supperless to the evening's entertainment, in order to obtain their money's worth, and rumor tells of large pockets and reticules.

At seven o'clock P. M. the door opened, and about half an hour afterwards I was graciously permitted to accomplish a part of my retribution by entering the hall. It was very cold, and there was no ante-room wherein to deposit hats and overcoats. It was equally obvious that the crowd within would render the wearing of these articles almost impossible. But there was no alternative, and so "accoutred as I was, I plunged in." I had previously been in several crowds, but this surpassed them all. I trembled every moment lest I should irrecoverably lose my personal identity, and instead of being a mechanical part, become chemically combined with the mass. Indeed, that I now exist as an individual, I think is owing to the providential circumstance of my retaining my overcoat. The crowd was as full of eddies as a spring freshet. Brown hats and yellow bonnets circled like the sere leaves of autumn. My efforts were directed to diminish the distance between a couple of friends present and myself, and was making encouraging progress,

"When lo!

A violent cross wind from either coast  
Blew me transverse, ten thousand leagues awry,  
Into the devious air."

Finding myself near the post office, I inquired for letters, and received two, of two quoted lines each, and of double postage; but written—so as to afford variety in unity—in the same hand. I consoled myself, however, with the reflection that original ones would have been worse. The best part of the arrangement was, that having learn-

ed my name, the post-boy came every fifteen minutes to announce another letter for Mr. —\*, —a mode of exchanging specie for paper, worth the attention of financiers. The hum of voices, and the animated appearance of the speakers, reminded me strongly of my first college soiree. I was roused from these recollections by the voice of the Chairman of the Parish Committee proclaiming order, upon which, Peter Aaron Glum, the cynical pedagogue, was called upon for a few sentiments. That gentleman came forward, and requesting the chairman to hold his hat, passed his long fingers through his still longer hair, and making a few preparatory gestures, in order to clear a space for oratorical display, thus began :

“Ladies and Gentlemen of Choptank :—When I survey this mixed and miscellaneous assembly careering on the desperate and brittle brink of a social whirlpool, uttering fountains of vanity, and by the magnifying glass of gossip, enlarging the motes of their neighbors, eyes to the size of ship-timbers, 'tis then my thoughts, as the myriad minded Esop expresses it, are “grand, gloomy and peculiar.” (Great sensation.) I have made an arithmetical calculation, since I came here, by means of the Differential Calculus, and if my knowledge of Isoperimetry is worth any thing, there is something over three hundred individuals present, who possess all the requisite qualifications for solid measure, viz., length, breadth and thickness ; transcending this, it is presumed that many of them have souls. If these persons spend each three hours here, you will perceive that for all it will make nine hundred hours. Allowing ten working hours to a day, you will find by a mental process, which I cannot stop to explain, that this amounts to ninety days, which spent in labor, would furnish my school room with black-boards, and establish a permanent fund for chalk and brooms, which have hitherto been unconstitutionally procured by the teacher. Ladies and gentlemen, this is an enormous waste of time. [*Voice—*‘You had better stop speaking then.’] (Audience in general do not ‘take,’ seeing which, P. A. G. proceeds.) It is due to the ladies of this place, however, (ladies feel for their handkerchiefs,) to say that their extraordinary perseverance (handkerchiefs wave,) might have been more worthily bestowed. (Ladies put up their handkerchiefs, except one deaf maiden lady, who gives hers a grand flourish and faints.) I will do myself the honor of proposing an epigrammatical toast, before I leave the stand. The Ladies of Choptank :—Their cake is better than their company. (The Chairman assures P. A. G.

that a sentiment so derogatory to the ladies will not be allowed.) The 'weaker vessels' well know that I would do nothing to cause the *rouge* to depart from their cheeks; in the words of the lamented Mrs. Partington, I would 'scorn to appreciate the weakest of the sect.' I will therefore alter the sentiment without destroying its beauty. The Ladies of Choptank:—Their company is better than their cake." Three men grasp Mr. Glum's hand, and he retires.

Mr. Robert Blowhard was then requested to favor the assembly with a musical performance on the clarionet. It is but justice to say that he *executed* a solo in the most scientific manner. The music was supposed to be original, as no one had ever heard any thing similar. In the midst of his efforts, the crowd began to move in an eccentric manner, much resembling the dancing of particles of amber used to exemplify the ebullition of water. For a moment I was in doubt whether the building had taken fire, or the assembly were about to engage in a Quaker dance; but both surmises were incorrect, the agitation having been produced by the announcement of "refreshments." Previous inanition and long deferred hope, had given them the appetite of Tantalus, and it was marvelous to behold the rapidity with which the provision was entombed in their sepulchral throats, a rapidity only equalled at Commencement dinners, where remembrance of previous vigorous battles, done at clubs, excites to eager emulation. It required extreme quickness of perception, a most judicious use of the reasoning faculties, a powerful effort of the will, and an exceedingly alert obedience of the muscles, to avoid the effusions of hot coffee and oyster soup, which were perseveringly scattered in all directions. The "worship of the tables" being over, the most devout of the devotees retired, and merriment held loud and boisterous sway. 'Twas not till the "wee sma' hours" that the "Social Gathering ungathered," when I went to my room, and mused on the comparative merits of black eyes and blue, till the breakfast bell of my landlady warned me to retire.

Believe me, dear Ind.,

Ever yours,

—————\*.

## THE LAST OF THE SOPHISTS.

A TALE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

## CHAP. II.

A bronze lamp of grotesque workmanship, was lighting an apartment in a distant quarter of the city. It was a gloomy place. The original figure in the mind of the builder seemed to have been that of a circle, but as if he had begun with his plan at the top, and changed it as he descended, the huge dome, terminating in a dark aperture above, was supported here by a pillar and there by a corner of the wall, while the ground floor was run out into a number of triangular and square recesses, and the apartment had been carried on in length so far, that the dome overlooked only the upper half. On a raised platform, at the upper end of the room, a group sat facing the assembly, whose calm glance and apparent listlessness showed them at home in the scene. On their right, and just in front of the uppermost recess, stood an obelisk of Egyptian marble, bearing a silver lamp, and a parchment bound with clasps of the same metal. What seemed the audience, were seated on cushions ranged round the sides of the room, or on low couches scattered here and there through it. There was not light enough to bring out the features distinctly; but the gray heads and long beards of most of the company seemed proof of men stern and solemn, and assembled to deliberate on some grave subject. In the farthest recess there was a group, dimly seen in outline before the dusky hangings of the apartment, whose long veils and retired position showed them to be females. They had been sitting sometime in silence,—a silence that none seemed disposed to break. Not the slightest breath of air swayed the dark drapery of the room;—the very flame of the lamp seemed a form of polished brass, so steady and unwavering was it; and not the least rustle of a robe gave any sign of life in the assembly. But suddenly, in one of the recesses at the lower extremity of the room a low tap was heard, and one who sat near rose, and throwing aside the curtains, bent forward to listen.

The tap was repeated after a short interval, but slightly varied from the first,—still there was no motion towards admitting the visitor. But at the third rap, varied again from both the former, the listener inside sprung a small panel, and putting his lips to an aperture, whispered something to him without, and then, having applied his ear for a moment, stepped to the front of the platform, and addressed one who sat at the head of the priests :

“The new proselyte, Osmaris, with a friend, asks admittance.”

“Who is the friend?”

“He is of Antioch,—a soldier in the army,—and but recently known to the slave.”

“Doth the slave know the object of our meeting? Hold, I will question him myself.”

After a brief conversation, carried on in whispers, the heavy door was opened, and two persons, clad in long robes, were admitted and ushered to a vacant seat near the position of the females. Their faces were concealed as far as possible by their robes ;—but it might have been observed that the taller of the two held his robe more awkwardly than his companion, and bore his head more erect, as if unused to seek disguise. Their entrance apparently excited no curiosity,—many of the assembly not even raising their eyes from the floor. Still that death-like silence reigned, as if each were conscious of the immediate presence of the Great Object of their worship, and too closely engrossed with the communings of his own heart, to bestow a thought on his neighbor. Suddenly there rang out through the winding recesses of the room, the accents of a clear voice, singing with its utmost energy. The strain went on, but none joined in it for several lines :

“He calls us, and we come ;—

We come from isle and plain-land, height or glen,

We come from kindred, friend, and long-loved home,

To gather round thine altar fire again ;

When shall we come in triumph, Lord, O when ?

When shall our toils be o’er ?

When shall our tears be dry ?

When shall we see the morning hour,

And shout for aye the mighty power

Of the strong arm on high ?

He calls us, and we come;—  
E'en though the pathway lead through storm and sea,  
Through tort'ring pain or shadows of the tomb,  
Still press we onward, Lord, our course to thee;  
O! when wilt thou unveil? when shall the darkness flee?

Father, we call! O come!  
The church thou lovest calls thee in her need;  
High round her bulwarks the white surges foam,  
Hoarse roar the nations,—all their bands are freed,—  
Thou only art our hope;—O speed thy coming, speed!"

The singer was aided as he progressed, by now one and now another, until at the closing chorus, the assembly seemed to have caught the spirit of the words, and the vaulted hall reëchoed back the prayer of every lip: "Thy word perform, O Lord!" The last words of the chorus were just dying away, when a side door, back of the small obelisk we have mentioned, opened, and every eye was at once fixed on the new comer. Seating himself on the front couch, he buried his face in his robe for a moment, and then slowly rising, unclasped the parchment and gazed upon the assembly. His countenance was sharp and unprepossessing. The eye was of deepest blue, but the triangular socket in which it was enclosed, gave it a peculiar sternness, and though cold and dreamy in its expression when fixed on a single object, yet the swiftness of its motion told of energy and fire that needed only to be aroused. The mouth was beautifully formed, even voluptuous; but the singular repose of the lip told of self-possession and perfect confidence. It was held just in its place,—not the slightest pressure of the jaw, discomposed a single line; but it was observable that the position of those lips never altered;—the iron will had taught them to guard its thoughts with a serenity so calm, that the force within, and the sentinel itself should be alike unsuspected. The dark hair was closely shaven,—the cheek-bones, not naturally prominent, were rendered so by the gauntness of the face—and his complexion, from long residence in southern lands, was sallow and sickly.

Having stood for a full minute, facing the assembly, and with that calm, yet glancing eye, impressing each of his auditors with the conviction that upon him alone it was set, he broke the silence with a solemn invocation: "The God of Israel—of prophets and apostles,—Head of the Church redeemed—Leader of all the faithful yet below, be with ye here my brethren, and incline your ear to the word He

bath spoken. Thus saith the Lord :” He proceeded in a voice clear and distinct, and yet low, to read a part of what has come down to us as the first Epistle to the Corinthians. The tone of that deep voice was startling, as it whispered through the hall : “ The time is short. It remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none ; and they that weep as though they wept not ; and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not ; and they that buy as though they possessed not ; and they that use this world as not abusing it. For the fashion of this world passeth away.” Raising his eye again from the parchment, he asked in a significant tone : “ If it be not so, then why gather ye in this dark hall to-night ? Why hold ye not your council in the open day, and in the face of man ? Wherefore hath sorrow overspread the land ; and why do they whose voices echoed yesterday, in every throng, the story of the cross, now whisper with quivering lip, in every hidden nook ?”

“ But yesterday, and thou, old man, wert glad in the fond circle of thy offspring ;—but yesterday, and thou, O youth, wert eager to press on to manhood’s strife ;—and thou, O daughter of beauty, were longing with a heart all tenderness, for years of communion with some kindred heart. O brethren, ye have erred. Ye thought that Earth was good and sought to have your home here. And now, learn ye not, from the storm gathering in the North, the lesson God hath read ye ? Lo, it hath not yet reached you ;—the glad sun of many years is on your land as ever ;—but ye tremble at the prospect only. O ! will ye wait the storm ? Will ye not learn that lesson now ? Hark to his voice ! It comes,—it comes,—“ the time is short ;”—hark ! how the tomb of our great Emperor sends back the hollow sound,—hark, through a thousand idol fanes the echo swells,—even up the dark Nile that voice has rolled, and Egypt sends the solemn echo back.” He gathered energy as he went on. The robe fell low upon his arm, and revealed under the swarthy neck a breast, not brawny nor of a complexion with his face, but though shriveled and meagre, yet white as Northern snows. He sketched with a masterly hand, the progress of the church for three centuries back ;—that strange, sweet voice thrilled as he told anew the story of the cross ; and followed up the wandering twelve ;—the form dilated as he reached the glories of the reign of Constantine ; and indignation and grief, and fear and burning zeal passed by turns over every countenance, as he told the tale of Julian’s usurpation—of the boldness and tyranny of the lately hum-

bled Pagan,—of the might of the legions of the far-famed Gaul, and yet again, of the still greater might of Israel's God,—of the breaking away of clouds, and the glorious day soon to dawn on the church. From this he passed at once to the topic for which he had evidently been seeking to prepare the minds of the audience. He drew a glowing picture of the golden age of Israel,—“when every man did that which was right in his own eyes;” but pointed to a time soon coming of more glorious promise still. His theme was that seized on by visionaries of every age,—the universal brotherhood of the race. In caverns, near the sources of the Nile, the great principle had been brought out,—it had been sealed by the testimony of saints and martyrs, and thousands of the faithful had borne witness that it was the very gate of heaven. 'Twas not to age, far standing on the last shore of Time, that he appealed; nor yet to sorrow, wearied and sick at heart with all this gaudy world. The young, the beautiful, the wealthy, they for whom life's charms were brightest, were his aims; and with a deep knowledge of the human heart, and a strange eloquence, he won his way. Portrayed in the accents of that silver tongue, asceticism lost its rigors and solitude its gloom; this bright world's beauties faded one by one, and it all dwindled to a speck; while the wide domain of the soul expanded with every word, and every one of his audience felt himself face to face with the Infinite and Unseen. He tore away the veil from every heart,—carried that heart back to the days of its rejoicing—and followed it down as it lost the glow of its first affections in the bustle of the outer world. He promised to his proselytes, a lifetime of those first happy days, and that when they should pass away, triumphal honors would await them in the land above; and living green adorn their names through the whole history of the church below. In the full tide of the excitement he had produced, he proposed to select from the audience a number who he had before addressed, and administer the solemn vows at once. “And who will enter first the chosen list?”

“That will I,” responded a young man, whose flashing eye and burning cheek testified that he was laboring under intense excitement; others of the assembly rose, and made like offer of themselves; but the females still remained veiled and motionless. The speaker turned his eye to them, and in a tone modulated to sadness, asked: “And will the daughters of the Church forsake her in her extremity?—Have ye not read of those who stood at the faint dawn, before the sepulchre, and will ye be slow to hail the resurrection of Zion?”

At this appeal, one who had been sitting on the platform, with his head bowed upon his hand during the whole evening, started from his position and gazed earnestly towards the females, as if watching the effect of this appeal. There was an evident commotion among them. Seeming to have formed his resolution, after a moment's observation, he rose, and taking a parchment from underneath his robe, asked the Egyptian in a courtly tone, to pardon the interruption, while he read a few words more on the same topic. The Egyptian, evidently at a loss to fathom his purpose, hesitated a moment, then bowed and seated himself.

The new speaker was young; of stout figure and features large and bearing an expression of frank good nature rather than of intellectual power; but the forehead was massive though hidden by his brown and curling locks. He bore the appearance of one who had in him the elements of courage and power, but whom fortune had not yet buffeted enough to bring out those elements in their combinations, and stamp them legibly on his countenance. He proceeded, without further preface, to read the whole of that most touching prayer, offered by the great Shepherd for the flock he was soon to leave, and dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the words: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." He spoke of the pathway they should follow, as a straight and tried way,—therein the great Shepherd had walked; apostles had trodden it, well satisfied that none other was so direct, and thousands of their followers for three long centuries, had found it sure and true. He spoke of Earth, in all its deformities, as still the handiwork of God, and asked, if amid scenes where the Omnipresent was ever busied, where in bodily form, the Infinite and Eternal dwelt for thirty years, and on which the hopes and fears of the great host above were ever fixed,—if amid such scenes, the people of His choice could not toil and watch and even have joy, for a few fleeting years? Step by step he sought to bring the audience down from the lofty regions whereto the other had raised them;—to the joys of incessant contemplation of the future, he opposed the glow of untiring action in the present: to the much-urged necessity of a passive yielding up of all Earth's pleasures, he opposed the more urgent necessity of pressing on through them to complete triumph;—if the one course insured safety, the other would bring glory, and it were better to hear the plaudit "well done," than the mere invitation, "enter." "And to you, maidens

revolving now the momentous question, proposed by our brother, I too would speak, and warn you to beware;—take not this step without much thought and prayer. Dream not that while you dwell on earth, you can by any possibility, enjoy the full glories of heaven—And least of all, dream not that by flying the work ye are sent to do, in setting an example in this evil day, ye shall merit the special favor of Jehovah. To you, moreover, this seclusion must bring terrors, unshared by those of sterner nature. I cannot yield my brother all the bold assumptions he has made. With all deference to the great name he bears, there is that in my heart that tells me he is wrong, and tho' it may savor of arrogance in one young and unknown as I, yet must I give it utterance. He tells you of gradations in the hosts on high;—how one saint differs from another; and stirs you up to gain a lofty place around the throne. The heart that beats here was once as keenly alive to the call of ambition as his own,—and even while his voice was ringing, there was a thrill, too much like that used often by the war-cry of my island home. But not to speak here of this spirit as one which has no place in a broken heart; even allowing it to be right and accordant with the teachings of our master, and as steady as it is powerful in its operation, I yet ask, can it afford support to woman? Can she be content to toil on through the shadows and the chill, with no hope save for high place and power when the glad morning dawns. Ye cannot; long ere this pilgrimage is passed, ye will be sighing for that communion you are here exhorted to forswear.—It may be that the stout heart of man can look unmoved at many a weary league, so that his longing for distinction be gratified at last; but ye live only as ye love; your human hearts must cling to something human, and when ye have none left to call forth your joys, or sorrows or your toils, ye pine and die." He ceased and reoccupied his seat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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We are happy to present our grateful acknowledgements, to our friend and quondam classmate, who lately so generously remembered us in the distribution of his *wedding cake*. Peculiar reflections were those which arose in our minds when we thought how we were still by life's road side, while he had reached the goal. May the prize which he has so early won, prove like pure wine, ever increasing in value as it increases in age.--Eds.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"'Tis not indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise."

Come, Jack, "Sleep no more, the innocent sleep," roared out the Patriarch, in true classic style, at the door of the Middy, one morning not long since. "Possibly a good reason for getting up yourself, but I'll draw authority for another snooze from it," was the cool rejoinder from the inmost recesses of the bed room. "Well, but its six o'clock." "Just an hour and a half to breakfast," in the same tone. "What'll become of your Story?" "Come, come, old gray beard, clear out—I'm busy," growled the still prostrate individual whose proverbial good nature was proof against anything but *that*. The Patriarch vanished, shaking his head wisely and the Middy again relapsed into undisturbed—*business*. It's a bad habit, Mr. Easy has got into, that sleeping o' mornings, though oftentimes we confess, when he has 'argified the topic' to us, we've been nearly proselyted. At any rate our sympathy with him won't let us leave him entirely undefended.

To be snatched from those delightful wanderings in dream-land and wake to the sober (generally) realities of College life, isn't so pleasant. Its like—Reader, were you ever aroused from you sleep by the alarm of fire? If so, you can imagine—well, the comparison isn't very striking after all, for if the sound of hurried footsteps and the quick pealing of that third alarm, and in the dusky twilight, dim spectres of half robed students tearing across the college yard like so many madmen, should happen to excite in any one, visions of fire, won't there be a most interesting case of coming to one's senses, when he gets into that chapel? We should think there would, *rather*; for if there ever was a place that reminded one strongly of 'Greenland's icy mountains,' it's that. Now, if raising a 'false alarm' is a penal offense, the gentleman who 'does' that bell, ought to be indicted. But then, he's 'backed up' by the Faculty, so we must 'drop' him, and make an appeal to their misguided sensibilities. As you hope for peaceful slumber undisturbed by visions of the pale and scowling faces of those, whose sleep, not Macbeth, but you have murdered, stop that bell,—till breakfast time. As you wish for a single clear idea on any subject whatever, abolish the system of morning recitations. Besides, we have known of bad effects from sudden waking, and should you happen some cold morning to find beneath a fourth story window, the mangled remains of a dead Editor, who had leaped out to save himself from the supposed conflagration, just remember that we told you so. Ha! ha! it's really consoling to think how the pangs of remorse will trouble you. Hokey! if it wan't for certain inconveniences attending such a step, we'd bring that about.

"He that would thrive, must rise at five;" so says the proverb, but it is our opinion that if indigent Master Richard had been a little less anxious for rhyme, he would have spoken better sense. It may seem very funny in theory, but we assure you, it loses something of its poetry when applied to practice, beside being exceedingly trying to Senior dignity and Editorial good nature.

We have one suggestion more to make to the 'powers that be,' which on the principle that 'a word to the wise is sufficient,' we hope will not be disregarded; viz. the propriety of fitting up a pew in the aforesaid Chapel, properly provided with cushions, carpet, footstools and leaners, for '*the press*.' We trust that we shall be deemed perfectly disinterested in this matter, it being *the principle* for which we contend,—a proper tribute to so worthy and influential a class of society.

To our Readers we would say, that while circumstances unavoidable and insurmountable have prevented the more seasonable appearance of No. IV. we sincerely hope they won't lose any sleep about it, for we certainly shall not. It is one of the leading principles of our philosophy, never to 'cry for spilt milk,' to the ignorance of which important principle we have ever attributed the untimely death of the 'cat' at the hands of 'Care.'

We should be happy to cultivate still farther our slight acquaintance with the public (so much of it as take the Indicator) but we are crowded out.

For our individual selves, we are *about the same*, save that the Patriarch has grown more grave and wise, Sir John has increased in rotundity and jollity, and the Middy daily breakfasts on Whately's Logic, that he may be better prepared to 'argify' any topic which may present itself. Deidrich has gone on a mission to the South Seas, and Cassius, in the capacity of colporteur, has undertaken to civilize the young barbarians of Belchertown.

There are many subjects of interest among us, of which we would fain speak, had we room; among others, the philanthropic efforts of the Juniors to rid the world of barber-shops. We listened with much pleasure to an Oration and Poem, at their first public festival, and at the expense of two handkerchiefs and our only pair of gloves, succeeded in maintaining our Editorial gravity.—As is the case in all great reforms however, there are some unfortunate circumstances attending this. We refer particularly to a tendency to create jealousies and rivalry, from the disproportionate development of the manly appendage which they seek to promote.

Among our EXCHANGES, we are happy to note the Princeton Magazine, and The Crescent, a neat little Pamphlet, very happily conducted by the members of the Young Ladies Institute, New Haven. We take pleasure also, in again speaking of the Home Journal, which is laid weekly on our table. The well known talents of its Editors, (Geo. P. Morris and N. P. Willis,) render it invaluable as a manual of polite Literature, while its nice criticism on all points that interest the fashionable world, will ensure its extensive circulation.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the next No. must be presented immediately.

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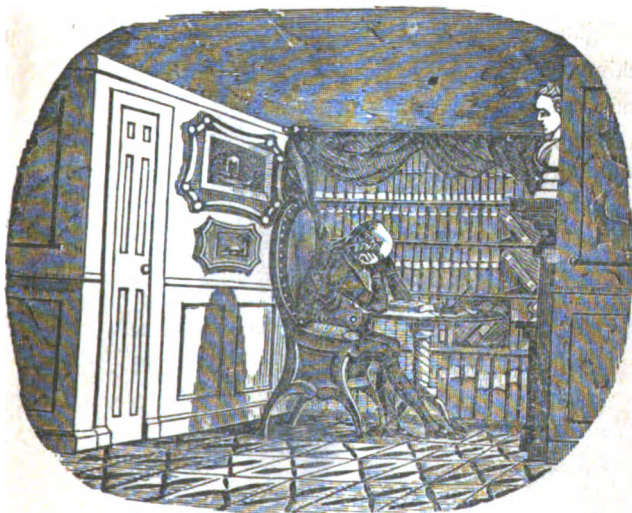
THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. III. NO. V.



If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Cooper.*

“Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus.”

NOVEMBER, 1850.

AMHERST.
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

No. 5.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

Karr.

It was the hero of the Issus who envied most the hero of the Scamander. And the legions, who had marched in triumph from the hills of Thrace to the plains of India, were still proud of the men of Marathon and the graves of Thermopylae. Even so, we imagine, every true-hearted American dwells with no less pleasure on the storm-beaten isle of his early ancestors than on the broad, bright land he calls his own to-day, or the brighter, broader land he shall leave his children to-morrow. Yet, how easy it is for the demagogue, to rouse the popular ire against the Mistress of the Seas; and make the name of England another name for king-craft and tyranny! But, no American does wrong to his own proud land by doing honor to the graves of Britain. It is good to see New England's sons gather from year to year, wherever they are scattered, and look out with swelling hearts, upon the sails that are bringing, to fancy's eye, the exiles to their shores again. Long may New England's statesmen revere the wisdom of those men,—long may her pulpits bless the Pilgrims' God; in every generation, let her sons rise up to do them reverence,—let her daughters wreath the roses round their tombs. But as long as they do all this with an intelligent zeal, so long will they do honor also, to the age that gave the Pilgrims to the world, and the land from whence they came. For, they who bore the seeds of Empire to the West, and they who followed with tear-wet eyes, the parting sails, were all of one great family. New England owns, as well the cliffs

of Albion as the rock of Plymouth;—for her fathers stood on both; and the graves of Egypt are as dear to Israel as those on the shores of Jordan. And whatever be our feelings towards the England of Lord North and George the III, we must be ever grateful to the England of the Stuarts and the age of the Reformers. For they gave us the two foundations of our greatness; all that makes and all that secures our bright prospect to-day;—the freight of the Mayflower was one,—the English Bible was the other.

And what is the English Bible that it should give new lustre to the Pilgrim-age? At best, it is but a translation; and shall anything that shines by borrowed light attract the gaze of nations away from the quenchless stars? And if we believe some of our learned men, the work is not well done in our translation, and might be made much better. Do not our ministers have to paraphrase it every Sabbath? Do not our men of Science throw the fault of every discrepancy on the translation, and proclaim the complete agreement of Science with the true meaning of the Hebrew text? Will you put a mere translation, and that a faulty one, amid the glories of an age which saw the setting sun of Shakespeare on the one hand, and the crimson morn of Milton on the other, and throughout whose course, the noon-tide glory of a Bacon shone? But who were those translators and what is the English Bible?

Who were the men?—They were scholars. Cotemporaries affirm of them that fifteen preceding centuries had seen no such scholars; and with all our boasting, it is doubtful, whether the three succeeding centuries have produced their like. Wherein consists our improvement on the scholarship of those times? Is it our ponderous and critical Lexicons? But these are drawn in great part, from the storehouse of the sixteenth century. The men of that age were walking Lexicons. The loose thoughts that they threw out upon the classics, diluted by our commentators, have served to make up many a plethoric modern volume. It is said of one of them, that “had he been at Babel, at the confusion of tongues, he would have been chosen Interpreter-General.” Another is spoken of as “a compound of Greek and Industry.” Another “had read the whole Hebrew Bible at the age of five years, and wrote a fair Hebrew hand at six.” (This man, it is stated, took a *double share* in the translation.) But they were all the very flower of that age, and that age, for learning, was the flower of ages. The royal James himself, is justly styled

the pedant king; and though contemptibly ignorant of the laws of statesmanship was perfect master of the laws of Latin. "Of the translators nearly all had received fellowships in early life. Fifteen were or had been, heads of Colleges; five Vice Chancellors of Universities; three regular Greek Professors; one an Archbishop, and seven Bishops." But, again, is our superiority found in our philosophical grammars, and our scientific nomenclature? The translators were indeed ignorant of the results of German industry and acumen, so much lauded in our day; — they might have been sorely puzzled to tell the difference between an adversative co-ordinate and a deductive adverbial sentence. But we take it that he is the true scholar, who can grasp the full meaning of his Author, and seize upon the very soul of an intricate passage; and that the calling off the different parts of a period or a page by their scientific names is a small matter in the comparison.

Again, the translators were theologians and Calvinists. It were easy to show, had we time, that a knowledge of the Bible Philosophy is as necessary to a translator as a knowledge of its original tongues. The best scholars, in their interpretation of the classics, are often driven from their grammars and lexicons, and even from the immediate context, away to other works of the author, and to his principles, and even to his character and position. And it were equally easy to show that the very Philosophy to which they held, — the Calvinistic faith which we profess, is the only faith of modern times, which dares to let the whole Bible mean just what it says; and hence is a most essential aid to an impartial translation. It is the peculiar glory of the reformer of Geneva, as has been well asserted of every great mind, "that he was not afraid of seeming contradictions." He read, "Work out your own salvation," and feared not to read on—"for it is God that worketh in you." He saw on one page: "The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart," and was not startled at finding on the next, "Pharaoh hardened his heart against the Lord." He loved to view Jehovah, as one, "not willing that any should perish," and that love was only joined to deeper reverence as he read: "The Lord hath made all things for himself, — even the wicked for the day of evil." He was to theology what Bacon was to science. The meshes of the schoolmen had been broken through, and he took the great facts of the Bible for the foundation of his system; and, — what is his crowning excellence, — *he took them all*. And throughout England, at that time, prelate and presbyter were alike imbued with those principles.

There was, indeed, a high dispute as to what constituted the church on earth; but all were agreed as to what would make up the church in Heaven. Never since, has the church known a time, when her sons stood so harmoniously on the platform of the Calvinistic faith:— and never will she again behold it, till that Millennial day, when her watchmen shall “see eye to eye, and lift the voice together.”

We can advert to but one point more in the character of the translators;— they were noble men and true Christians. It was an age of stalwart and high-souled men. There was need they should be. They stood among the front ranks of the army of the Reformation, and terrible was the charge they made upon the masses of the foe. Three centuries have seen no contest like it. We talk of fighting in the valley of the Mississippi, with the emissaries of the Romish church;— but those are only the half-formed columns, broken and scattered on a hundred battle fields of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Then too, they were men of warm hearts. They must have loved the homes which held such wives and such children. For the spirit that prompted the Pilgrim mothers to say: “Where thou goest, there will I go,” was not confined to the Mayflower. And it was those noble children, who in the very next reign preached the great principles of civil liberty to the world, and sealed them too, with their own best blood.— And they must have had glowing imaginations. For they talked with the great creative minds of antiquity as with familiar friends. The Chian and the Mantuan bards were their companions, and many could roam at will through all the paths of Eastern lore.

But, what is more than all, they were Christians. It's a gloriously broad word, that — Christian. There's a world of room in it. It takes in as well a Manasseh as an Abraham, and covers with the same bright robe, the beloved disciple and the dying thief. But these were christians of no ordinary character. They had drunk too deeply the spirit of the great Apostles of the modern world, to be cold or half-way followers. The morning of the Reformation had passed by near a century, but clouds were heavy on the horizon still. They stood in stronger light than we do; for the dark contrast brought it out more vividly. “The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the church,” and from that precious seed, the church which the translators loved had risen. Many of them when young, had seen the faggots blazing in the days of Mary, and from those chariots of fire, had caught the mantles of the elder prophets.

But with all these advantages, what did they accomplish? Does

the fidelity of this Bible to the original testify to their unrivalled scholarship? Do its sublimity and pathos speak the vivid imagination to conceive, — the warm heart to feel? And are its simple style and solemn tone what we should expect from Christians of an age, that beyond all others, held “that God is a spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth?” For the truthful English garb of our version of the scriptures, let us ask of those our fathers who have walked in its light for two long centuries now. For its fidelity to the original let ten generations of scholars speak. They sleep beneath the shades of Oxford,—by the banks of the dark Cam, and in many a quiet valley of our own New England. Learned in the lore of many lands, they have yet held on to this old Bible, and told us that where all their hopes were pillowed we are safe to pillow ours. And will the Christian scholar rest there still? Will he who has heard the “organ-like music” of the Hebrew, or the silver melody of the old Greek,—will he be content with this translation? We think he will. Though this is no Hebrew temple, with its golden towers glittering in the setting sun; and though no Grecian Parthenon, of glowing marble and unrivalled elegance;—though built of rough-hewn Gothic stones, and pannelled all through with plain old English oak, yet, after all, ’tis there the Christian scholar will best love to stay;—’tis there, especially in days of sadness, and when he feels himself in common with our race, a needy suppliant for mercies, that he will feel most at home. He may be these many years a wanderer in strange lands;—he may have broken the bread of life in a strange tongue so long that his own is almost forgotten; but,—it may be fancy, yet it does seem to us, that when the shadows of death are on him, the promises that are “yea and amen” will sound sweetest from the Bible that his mother taught him, and that the last prayer on his lip will be breathed in the language of his childhood.——It’s a noble old temple, this of ours. More than two hundred years the tribes of a great race have knelt beneath its dome; and while they kneel there, though a stormy sea divide them, and dark clouds often come between, yet must they be at heart, one people. And shall *we* ever cease to worship there? Shall criticism, or philosophy, or authority ever drive us hence? Not so; at least as long as we are grateful to the good Providence that brought forth this work in a day of Christian union; and as long as we cherish the memory of those that have gone before. For under those spreading

arches, our fathers of different sects and names now sleep together; — at that one crystal font they pledged us to Jehovah; 'twas through those sounding aisles our mothers led our childhood, and thither, still thither must our tottering age repair.

MOONLIGHT.

Moonlight, beautiful and bright!
Shedding silver o'er the night;
On the broad blue ocean streaming,
Into flowers and fountains gleaming;
Tell us what thy radiance vieweth,
What to thee this wide world sheweth?

Mortal! watch I maiden fair,
Wandering in the soft night air,
Bending now her starry eyes,
While the rose to her cheek flies
As some loved one towering o'er her
Bows his noble form before her.

Glide I, in the banquet hall;
On the wide walk quivering fall;
Light steps in the dance are sliding,
Light forms through the gardens gliding;
Hands are clasped that cannot sever,
Hearts are given and lost forever.

Now before the church's altar
View I fond ones bend and falter;
Crowned, a brow with snowy flowers,
Damp, — a cheek with April showers;
Touch I into gems, the trace
Of tears upon the young bride's face.

Now I touch another brow ; —
Cold, more cold than ice art thou ;
Life's from thee forever fled ;
Mournfully I kiss the dead.
Pale, more pale, since here I sleep,
Seems she to the eyes that weep.

Into silent chambers stealing,
Sad the scene within revealing ;
Tears of woe from this heart flowing
Sorrow, sadness, hourly growing ;
Sobs of anguish light forms shaking,
Prayers for sleep that knows no waking.

All these view I now on high,—
How ye live and how ye die !
Into palace halls I'm straying,
Over crowned heads I'm playing ;
Into peasant cot I'm peeping,
Where the weary ones are sleeping.

Many are the eyes that see me,
Many are the hearts that feel me ;
Some whose course of life is bright
Love me for my beauteous light ;
Others full of grief or care,
From me turn in deep despair.

HACKINGS IN THE GREEN-WOOD. *Kerr.*

We remember in the days of our novitiate to the bar, a circumstance which may perchance half justify our rambling talk. We had our table assigned us in the office, and took no little pride and pleasure in tying our red tape without a wrinkle, and labelling and classi-

fying our papers, — no matter if the sum of them amounted to just two, with as much zeal as is displayed in the arrangement of the various parts of a beetle's foot, in our admirable Cabinet. But as our ideas expanded, day by day, we became, like all the advocates of reform and order, greatly desirous of extending the sphere of our operations; and accordingly, one bright morning, we made onset upon the table of our principal. Now our system of arrangement was just this: — all papers which came square up to our idea of a perfect fold, viz., about 7 inches by 3, or 6 by 2 3-4, composed the centre of the force; — and these were generally documents fully complete, and ready to enter at once into battle. Our declarations, we drew up in wedge-like column; placing a "Narr. Jno. Smith vs. Jas. Brown, Trespass on the Case," at the head; and closing the rear with "Narr. in the matter of Doe vs. Roe, Trespass and Eject." — the latter involving real estate, and we had read somewhere the importance of a firm base in all military tactics. We built our deeds, a line of fortresses back to the ink-stand, and kept up the communications by means of divers quit-claims, releases and contracts to convey. Our chancery bills and drafts of the Last Will and Testament of so-and-so, deceased formed the left wing of this formidable array; — but it must be owned, that these were designed rather for show than fighting; — they were our foragers and well did they supply the camp chest. Our right was cavalry; — blank protests, — the notarial seal, — the huge saddle-wafers and the seal press were all standing inactive for the time. But let the nags graze now, and the bridles hang on the tent pegs. Wait till the three o'clock "charge" sounds from yon Bank. Whew! won't they mount and away? The iron duke's "Up Guards, and at 'em" was n't a circumstance to the inspiring sound: "ten notes for protest, sir." — A host of letters, printer's bills, *billet doux*, and memoranda got themselves out of the way as speedily as possible; — they were lazy camp-followers, and in the flush of our new command, we maintained strict discipline. There still remained a grim body of forces, for whose position we were sadly at fault, — dark and stained parchments, with ominous titles: "The Proprietors of E. Jersey to — — — Trustees, &c." But these were all overtopped by a huge flapping sheep-skin, — a thing with hand-saw teeth and emblazoned with English stamps, and purporting to run: "George the Third, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith," &c. The word "charter" caught

our eye a little farther down, but we were in too much haste to search out the handwriting of a once live king, to stop for the contents. But the signature was only that of one of the royal Secretaries, and we folded it again in disgust. These things, like Banquo's ghost, would not "down;" 'twas no use to press them, though we piled on Chitty, the Revised Statutes, four volumes of Nile's Register, and an old copy, in black letter, of my Lord Coke's Pleas of the Crown. They would tittle up, when the restraint was gone, and spoil the whole effect by their obstinate curling. So we even took it upon ourselves, in the calm tone of a greater captain, to deliver to our "*edge-du-cong*" authority to "request him to march his men off the ground;" and George the III with his myrmidons, moved on the left flank and took up quarters in the drawer. — But, strange to say, our labors were unappreciated by our principal. It must have been absence of mind, we thought, but whatever it was, the whole array was overthrown in five minutes after his entrance, and we were obliged to point out the whereabouts of the missing parchments. When all had been put *in statu quo*, the gentleman, in a quiet and rather formal tone, turned to us with: "Mr. —, I beg your attention for a moment." We were all ears, at once. "I wish to impress upon you from a very trivial matter, a point you will find of much importance. If you wish to rise in your profession, sir, you must never let the world know *that you have time to put your papers in order*. Why, sir,"— he rose and tapped his snuff-box,— "my friend, Amzi D——, was the first lawyer in the State. The clerk of Chancery came down from Trenton one day, after a paper which Amzi had abstracted and neglected to return, and asked me the way to his office. I was trying to direct him, when an old ex-sheriff, who was sitting by the fire, interrupted me with: 'That won't do,— never, sir,—if you wish to find D——'s office, you must find him,— never kept any office, that man, save his hat, sir.' And now, young man, with these data, I leave you to your practical inferences." — After much serious thought, we concluded that the parable of Amzi was designed to teach us that off-hand confusion was preferable to a rigid formality. We supposed that the cranial covering of the said Amzi was what a facetious classmate calls "an aggravated case of stove-pipe;" and that from his habit of storing up his clients' papers therein, the ex-sheriff had drawn his sage remark. The next day, we proceeded to our practical inference, by leaving a large ink-bottle open, and scattering some

new and beautiful law-blanks in great profusion underneath. As the library door was opened, the bottle lost its equilibrium, and the blanks were *filled*, with a witness. On our re-appearance to the office, we were received with the usual formal bow, and when well seated, were startled by the old gentleman's pointing with his pen to the dark scene, and muttering: "case of forcible entry with felonious intent, sir; Guilty or not guilty?" We turned and gazed in the direction of his quill, with the utmost surprise. "Really, sir, the negligence can be justified only through my anxiety to dispatch the affair of Mr. —, yesterday. Knowing him to be a sharp business man, I drove the papers through as speedily as possible, without stopping to arrange the drawer;—time was valuable, and it was expedient to keep up appearances." — "Quite right, sir, quite right. Will you order the stationer to re-fill the drawer;—and I should like to have a couple of Chancery bills engrossed,—if you will start on them at once, they can be finished by twelve or one o'clock, to-night." We were *sawed* that time,—there was to be a "season" of students at a Dutch town not far off, that evening, and he knew we were engaged. The ink-bottle was stopped thereafter, we'll bet. ("Well," quoth the impatient reader, "what of all this?" Gently, good friend, we have only struck this random blow for the sake of trying our axe. "Should think you had;—the *sap* has flowed pretty freely, at any rate." No more of that if you please. We have not forgotten our ink-bottle trick yet, and can still overflow the *blanks*, an' you take not your head out of the way right speedily.)

For Hack II, we shall seize upon an expression of Charles Lamb's, in his criticism of Hogarth's painting of Gin Lane. "This is well called imaginary work, where the spectator must meet the artist in his conceptions, half-way; and it is peculiar to the confidence of high genius alone, to trust so much to spectators or readers. Lesser artists show every thing distinct and full, as they require an object to be made out to themselves before they can comprehend it." Not to hack at this shrewd idea, nor yet to improve upon it,—it were impossible. But bear with us while we hew away the brush-wood on this side, and try to get a better view. Suppose the gist of the idea be understood of conversation instead of painting. How the stunted alder-bushes of weather-talk and gossip dwindle away! Whack! there goes a smooth-barked thing of leaves and straight branches;—want to elbow your neighbors, and stand alone, do you? But here are our favorites;—

that old oak is gnarled and rough, but how closely he has taken to his embrace that tree of silver leaves, and graceful boughs;—let's heave the axe down, and at full length on the sward here, moralize. Hark! a low whisper of the wind begins in the branch above,—but scarce has it started, ere the answering bough has caught it and breathed back the echo. There's a genial conversation going on up there, we'll bet. How smoothly those coarse oak-leaves glide on the softer dress of its fair neighbor. There's no clash there—you can hardly call it a rustle,—they seem to understand each other,—neither is ever in the other's way. Wonder if it'll ever be our lot to hold such communion.—I see her,—she's a shy and gentle creature; the brown hair is shading a brow the sweetest in the world,—the very sunlight has gathered upon it;—how prim her dress,—a quakeress for all the world. And how shall I go to work to talk to her? Start with a series of remarks? Not a bit of it. Remarks are for morning calls and your full dress talk in the club. No need of them here. A single lineament of some picture in my own mind is expressed, and she sees the whole,—she had the picture before. In all my fancyings she meets me more than half-way;—we never seek to dispel the haze around our thoughts;—it's a necessary accompaniment to the genial Indian summer that is ever present there. I don't finish half my sentences;—she never replies, "very true." Whenever she sees the current of my thoughts, with all a woman's quickness, she follows it out, and spies some distant valley where it flows with a still clearer, deeper stream. She deals in no monosyllables. Her assent to any thing I think is given in a sister thought;—her dissent lurks under some quaint device,—some humorous, absurd inference. Neither will ever let the other put the *last* touch to the group we have brought out from the cold marble of this hum-drum life; neither dares say to the other: "There! I have finished it." We know no thread-bare topics;—our talk does not *wear out* the subject;—for it is not from the subject that we draw material. That is only the point to which our powers concenter,—and each is happiest when the other has brought in a jewel, brighter than anything that sparkled there before. And yet she has courtly ways in the gay world,—repartee and *bon mot*, badinage and gossip,—she can play her part there, well;—fear you not, that this is after all the gist and marrow of her character? Let the world think so,—so she is ever ready to unlock her choicest treasures to me alone. Let the gay colors sparkle,—

green glass and ruby, topaz and sapphire,— I *know* there's a large, warm heart beneath it,— a real diamond under all the outer paste she wears in drawing-room and highway ; for it has flashed back its own creative light a thousand times to me. Tell me, shall I ever find my ideal? (“ Ah! Sir Impertinence, what have you to offer for such a paragon? Dost flatter thyself thou art her counterpart and equal?” — “ Wall, really,” quoth Farmer Stubbs, as he lays down our sheet and wipes his specs, “ guess I could realize that fellow's ideal, as he calls it, in one thing, any how. He ought to know our Sal,— bet he'd find one that would n't let him put the *last touch* to anything in the talk line. She's very like my poor wife, that's dead and gone,— bless her memory — in that thing.”) Ho! there, let's grasp our axe, and wipe out our mortification in some vigorous effort. (In this connection — we mean connection *a non connectendo*,— did you ever mark the value of a parenthesis, reader? When you have been writing the secret corner of your heart to a friend, or luxuriating in the sentimental, how nicely, nonsense in breeches, puts it all *in relief*, and saves you from the laugh!) — They tell us of sensible conversation,— how it serves a peculiar purpose of instruction, and leading us by bye-paths and short cuts, gives a better idea of the inside of things, than the regular highway of books.— All very good for a family scene,— for political discussion,— for steamboat and stage acquaintances ; but it's out of our line ;— we hack in park and forest,— let the orchards thrive in all luxuriance. — Then there's your crackling, sparkling talk, when the whole company is in a kind of intellectual gymnasium, each trying to out do his neighbor ;— capital exercise for the wits, but rather fatiguing. We won't hack that, it's too brittle,— it's made only to look at. — There are your accidental, incidental and hand-shaking expressions ; comprehending anxious inquiries as to your physical health and comfort, the state of your family,— the tie of your cravat, or the name of your tailor,— all out of our line still ;— shade-trees they are, and quite refreshing on the hard-paved side-walk of life ;— though sometimes bores,— e. g. when you can ride in your carriage, or on a rainy day. There is talking interrogatory ; when the outline of your questioner's face assumes the form of ?,— the very nose says, eh?— a decidedly interesting position for a man of any feeling. By the way, wonder if the origin of that mark, ? was n't a sort of double pot-hook, whereon an unfortunate victim must hang, and steam off all he knows. — Then

there's your dapper dry-goods clerk,— talks to show his teeth and his intimate acquaintance with the Morning Herald,— does the sentimental to simpering lasses from the garbage of the latest novels,— a nice band box of faded boquets from Thorburn's. We would as lief hack at a feather bag.— There's your course joker,— plies his *double entendres*, and seeks to get a sneeze from you with his vile snuff box. Upas, he!—we won't meddle,— 'twould poison our axe. — Then there's the genial converse of two old friends,— the silver hair thin on their temples, but the eye open and bright as ever,— the wrinkled hand strong yet in its welcoming grasp. We love to stand by and gather up the chips ;— there's something in the conversation of two hearty old men, we find no where else. If they grow earnest, we feel sure that the fire which has burned so long must be true. And then, we like the moderate, conservative tone in which they speak of the present. Not moderate, as in youth, from check and bridle ; but moderate from habit,— moderate, and yet perfectly fresh and natural. — But for the conversation *par excellence*, of life, we must come back to that, whose marked characteristic is brought out in our text from Lamb. It is a question, whether there is such a thing as *perfect*,— absolutely *perfect* confidence of man in his fellow, this side the grave ; but the nearest approach to it is surely found in those who can thus hold converse heart to heart, with the least possible assistance from the studied forms of speech, and the least possible anxiety as to how they shall appear in the eyes of their friend, when the inmost heart is bared before him. We hold this confidence to be the very soul of the unity of the marriage relation. And they who are ever sure of finding it at their fire-side are possessors of a true home in this dreary world,— a home that no change of outward lot can alter ; and if they can find beyond the limits of that home, the same pure communion in some friend of their childhood,— one bound, not by tie of birth or blood, but by the stronger tie of mutual faith, they are twice-blessed indeed ; they are Pilgrims and Strangers no longer, for God has given them a goodly heritage, even in a strange land.

We are going to chip a little, in our third effort, at a flirt. Hark ! what a hollow sound the old thing gives,— wonder if it isn't " rotten at the core." Let's interrogate the now lonely relict a little. As we cut in, we find place for a large heart, but it's hollow and dry. What's the matter ? There's a rustle in the branches as we strike, and a bevy of leaves float mournfully to our feet, as if to hold a parley.—

We sit down again ;— and the old tree seems to have inspired us with strange fancies as if to justify himself. “ I was not heartless, boy ;— I never sought to make a toy of woman, — I could not help my shifting, wayward course.— Did you ever hear the remark so common, as to the forensic efforts of New England’s great statesman ;— he always leaves a conviction on the mind of his audience, that beneath all the power he has put forth, there exists a still greater power? Now that is just what I sought in woman. Something unfathomable,— a depth of character that no two-score years could fully bring out. And whenever I had found all, and could say : “ There ! that is the very best of her,” all charm for me was gone.— Here our better judgment comes to the rescue, and we interrupt the hoary sophist. “ But how could you expect to find the infinite in these clay houses ? And if you did, by what right could you expect to be her equal and intimate ;— should she not seek the same infinite in you ? ” — “ You mistake, boy, ’twas not the infinite I wanted, but something that in its relations to me should take the place of infinite. I wanted a fund of power, both in mind and heart, that should be equal to any emergency. I knew that in the depths of my own nature, there was a fountain of waters, sweet and bitter, and strange at times ;— I looked on life, and day by day it put on ever-changing aspects, and I wanted something that would be able to understand and mirror back all my own changing states,— and yet not mirror them back either, but, produce them anew, with all the graceful remodelling of the purer taste and quicker vision of Woman.” — “ And what was your success ? Did you break many hearts in your search ? ” — “ For success, suffice it that I never found my ideal ; and hearts don’t break so easily, boy. I broke none save my own, and that little by little. There was not that in my character which was worth breaking any heart for ; and my acquaintances sooner or later, found it out.— But I’d live it over again ; my days were very pleasant. I had a peculiar faculty, boy, that made it so. I’ll give you a hint of it, in my round-about way. Did you ever hear of L—— in the city of —— ? ” We professed our ignorance of the gentleman. “ Well, L—— was a young lawyer, who had a larger practice than any one in his county, and it used to puzzle me ; the man had no great talent, and was by no means overstocked with lawlore. I was asking an intimate friend of his, one day, the secret of his success. The reply was : “ It is just here : L—— has the faculty of absolutely convincing himself, in ten minutes, on any given case what-

ever, *that his client is perfectly right*; and by consequence, he is almost invincible;—you know, ‘*thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,*’ and at least, *twice* armed is he who honestly *thinks* he’s right.” Now, boy, I had just that faculty in a different way. I could absolutely persuade myself, in five minutes, of any lady I met, that she was fully up to my best ideal of Woman; and that lady became, of course, for the time being, my idol. And I was most truly sincere; for I could impose on myself to perfection. I have thus seen and enjoyed in my day, the very best society I could imagine;—and when the pleasant illusion was over, I went my way,—and the world called me ‘firt,’ but they did n’t know me.”——Queer old chap, that. He has half turned our simple brain, with his juggling story. Howbeit, we still hold on somewhat, to downright, common-sense, old English faith and troth. He must have had a queer notion of this present in its relations to the great future. Could n’t find any one for his ideal! He’d no business with any such ideal. We suspect that there are those,—and not far from us either, who are above the best ideal such a dreamer can fancy. Strange that a poor earth-mote should think that he can picture to himself anything better than God has made. And yet, there’s something in that ‘infinite’ that strikes us. But every thing that thinks is infinite after a fashion;—you can never tell what deep things it will grasp, one day or another. Upon the smoothest, fairest brow, as well as on the broadest and most wrinkled, the Creator has stamped the motto of his seal, “forever.” Why should we not have our queer notion too? Look you, old fellow, a pure woman is the very down on that wing of ages, they call Existence. And while the vast wing unfolds, so too shall she unfold;—there is our infinite. So he *was* a firt after all. He never learned the sacred number of this age;—it has been seven,—it has been three, and we know not what beside; but wherever there are Saxon hearts and Saxon homes, it is just *two*, and God grant it may never be more.

Reader! have you ever read James Hogg’s “Halbert of Lyne?” If not, down with your Greek-book and trot,—the “Colonel” will lend you the volume. You might as well try to live without hearing Jenny Lind; do “go and get your soul full” for once. Nevertheless, we must hack (IV) a little, at the moral of the simple story.

“My son,” said he,
“I’ve one advice to give you, which through life

I rede you follow — when you make a choice
Of man or woman, beast, farm, fish or fowl,
Choose ever that which has the fewest faults.
My girls have all their foibles and their faults —
Mary's are *fewest and least dangerous.*
Take thou my Mary.

— It winna do, John o' Manor! Na, na, man, ye munna be generalizing at ae sic' a gate. Ye hae na *mass* enough for your induction. Your five girls may be an unco great set at your fire-side, but there's a bit braid warld, John, beyont your own stile. Marry your Cottage Mary to Hab, in God's name, an you will; but dinna ye be philosophizing for the few carles of us that mak' up the race.— “Choo-e'ever that which has the fewest faults,” quo' ye? What, John o' Manor, shall I choose my *friend* so? That will I not. See now, ‘I hae’ gotten me to my English,’ and ye may know that I am somewhat excited on the point. I will choose my friend just because I cannot help it. I will never *give* my heart to mortal man, or woman either,—if they canna’ take it away before I know it, they shall hae never a beat o’t. Faults! be sure my friend has faults, and lots of them too; but hark ye, John o’ Manor, a word in your ear,—he is one that *can afford* to have them. The fewest faults, eh? Why, such is your duck-pond,—the bank is grassy and all regular,—the pebbles are very white on the bottom, and the bit boat your Charlie sails on’t was never tipped yet. But I’ll have the loch of my highland home, for a’ that. I hae’ been on’t, ’tis true when the squall came, and the big torrent from the mountain made an awfu’ race in it,—I was swashed there once, and took a gude twa quarts of water that never smelt the breath of brandy, in my stomach;—odd, it was a muckle fault, that. But, John o’ Manor, ne’er the less love I my loch, with its crooked shores and its big, rough rocks. It bears me on its bosom through the long day, and rocks me softly in its wavy arms;—and in the wee even, sings soft music on the beach ayont my cot. And, what is mair, John, gae I but a few feet from out the auld gray stone yonder, as often as I have let down my longest line, *I never yet found bottom in’t*. No, no, I will choose that which has the most virtues; I’ll hae none of your negatives; my friend shall have *fewest* of nothing, save it be bawbees; I carena how few he has of them, so long as I hae enough to share wi’ him. And I tell you, we shall be friends our life-long, then; misfortune cannot part us, nor a passing cloud, nor gude luck of one, nor meddling inter-

loper, nor slander, nor errors, no,— bend your ear lower, while I whisper,— nor even *crime*, mon.

Well, good reader, our basket is full. If the chips are dry, you can console yourself with the reflection that nothing better could be expected from Hackings at this season. But take out a wheen handfu' and lay on the hearth-stone of your heart ;— rub 'em together till they blaze,— what ! won't they warm you yet? Well, then, ye hae one resource,— just haud a grip o' your stove door, and cram in the sheet, if less winna serve ye. Good-bye.

CREED-MAKERS.

Karr.

“ We honor,” says Albert Barnes, “ the toils of a man who tells us of the uses, beauties and medicinal properties of a plant, far more than of him, who merely declares its rank in the Linnæan system. So in theology, we admire the greatness of mind which can bring out an original truth, illustrate it, and show its proper bearing on the spiritual interests of our race far more than we do the plodding chiseler who shapes it to its place in his system.” The great author, himself an example of frank and noble independence, has but expressed the common sentiment of mankind. The men we most delight to honor are those who have walked apart from their generation ;— the authors who make glad our homes are those whose thoughts are fresh,— laden with the dew-drops as in the morning of their bloom. Who thinks of admiring the generations of scholars when his eye is fixed upon the great creative minds, who laid the foundations whereon the scholars of all times have stood? Who thinks of asking in the same breath for the mechanic hand that built the Parthenon and the artist mind that planned it? Who would place on the same height of fame, a Blackstone and a Burke, and what aspirant for forensic honors would not prefer the magic power of Curran to the deep learning and the sound judgment of all who have won the English ermine, from Lord Mansfield, down? But, especially in speculative philosophy and matters of religion, is this preference of the brilliant and original over the solid and order-loving intellect manifest. The Socrates of

ancient times seems to be the model philosopher and the model man of our day. A man who obeys the promptings of his own heart,—views life by the light within himself, and hence whenever he speaks, speaks that he does know; he is *the man*. It is well to be right, to be consistent, and to be intelligible in one's sayings and doings, but it is far better to be earnest, irresistible, irrepressible. And, making due allowance for differences of national and individual character between us and the dreamers of the Rhine-bank, or that fantastic word-juggler, Carlyle, there seems to be a tendency to make the same distinction among those whose praise is in the churches of our own land and age;—a distinction between the scholar and the hero-Christian; between the man of thoughtful and the man of ardent piety. We are proud to bear the name of Calvin; but what prose Epic shall ever bring the reformer of Geneva, with glad welcome to our firesides, and bid that name, like Luther's, stir our deepest hearts? Own as we may the services of an Edwards or an Emmons, will their names ever wake such warm emotion in our bosoms as does the memory of those Napoleons of our Western church,—a Whitfield, a Griffin or a Payson? "Those were system-men, creed-makers," you say, "it is the living, acting man that stirs our hearts." Far be it from us to find fault with the reverence ever felt for the world's great originals; we would not touch a leaf of that laurel crown, woven by hands that are mouldering now; or hardly chide that deep love of Genius which makes it a covering for every fault. We simply wish to put in a word for the creed-makers. If the unconscious sleepers in forgotten graves have done good service to our race, we can be grateful yet. And we hope to show, that they have not only rendered us such service, but have possessed qualities of intellect to command our admiration, and sterling heart-traits that should call forth our love.

The service that they have rendered may be gathered from the proposition, that the creeds they have formed have been essential to the very existence of the church from age to age; and that as those creeds have been correctly and clearly defined, and zealously embraced, so has the church been prosperous from year to year.

The church is a peculiar institution. The basis of her existence is a firm belief and hearty faith in certain principles. The great objects of her constitution are those "which eye hath not seen;" and to the stability of that constitution it is requisite, that each of her members hold two great general principles as settled;—that the Revelation

she holds to is a true Revelation, and that hers is the true exposition and embodiment of it. And this last is the essential thing. Except there be an agreement as to the meaning of revelation, how shall two walk together in its light? Except the gathered tribes have understanding of the voice of God, as its thunders on Sinai or groans on Calvary, how shall they move in the array of his people? They may hold it for the voice of the Highest, indeed, but for all practical purpose, and especially for all united effort, it is to them but "*vox et preeterea nil.*" Old forms of service, and the natural craving of the heart after something to worship, may keep together a band calling itself a church, long after the spirit and the pith of what once made them a peculiar people are gone. But that which is to be a living institution from age to age, must be based on living, well-defined and well-understood principles.

Again, creeds are essential to the constant, year-by-year prosperity of the church;—and that prosperity will be in great measure, proportioned to the harmony and zeal of the individuals of the body, in the several articles of the creed. Pre-eminently is unity essential to the strength of the Church. And it must be a living unity; not a mere negative latitudinarianism. The prosperity of the church depends on the number, but still more on the zeal of the members. And if to secure a large number of members, comprehensiveness in the creed is necessary, yet to secure the more important objects, earnestness and life-long devotion,—it is necessary that the creed be well defined; for men are earnest and steady, only when they are on positive ground. But comprehensiveness, in the meaning given to the word by modern catholicism, and definiteness are truly incompatible; indeed they seem to bear an inverse ratio to one another; and the question is, which shall the church give up, and yet attain the highest prosperity? The advocates of the largest liberty and the fullest Christian union would have us give up all that is sharp and positive in our creeds,—indeed, they would prefer we should give them up altogether. All human creeds, they tell us, must be imperfect; if they do not contain positive error, they cannot embrace all the truth. What the pen of revelation has left in shadow, no power of mortal can bring fully to the light. And why not take the simple revelation for our creed, and thus have a point whereon all who bear the Christian name can stand together?—This is comprehensive enough, we profess. It would take in any wild visionary, mystic or even skeptic, who can yet shape his sentiments to the mere words of

Scripture, picked out at his own good pleasure. It would indeed leave the Christian world on a common platform; but it is a platform of common need, of nothing at all, in fact. To what purpose is it to agree upon certain formulas of letters and periods, when there is no agreement as to the meaning, and all discussion of that meaning is precluded, inasmuch as it must lead to the formation of particular creeds. 'Twere like those days of dark astrology, when from the azure deep, each chose his single star, and all beside was dark to him. Yet have we come, in later days to give arrangement to the rolling spheres, and pack and classify what truths we know, though far beyond, an unknown Universe revolves.

But we are pressed with other objections from this same spirit of universal charity. We are told, that so far from promoting unity, the sects of Christendom have been produced and perpetuated by these closely defined Creeds. And the common ground of all radicals is fully taken up in the onset;—they fetter the freedom of thought; they are the very birth place of Superstition; the strong-holds of error, once embraced, and an Alpine ridge in the way of progress. These are the common objections to all Conservatism. And we might take the common mode of answering them; namely, by retorting that evils as great are attendant upon the course of the Radical, and plunging into the interminable debates as to comparative advantages and disadvantages. If these edifices, reared by the Architects of thought have sometimes kept out the genial sun, yet how often have they sheltered the nations from the winter and the storm! If, for example, you tell me, that the creeds of Romish councils and popes kept the nations long in darkness, and greatly hindered the Reformation, it can be replied, that had there been no creeds whatever during the night of centuries, there would have been no church to reform, when the day-star arose. The clouds would not have existed, 'tis true, but the sky beyond would have been one infinite cloud,—starless and gloom. But we think we are justified in going still farther, in the proposition that creeds afford the best middle ground between an ultra Conservatism on the one hand and a ruthless Radicalism on the other. We take that to be ultra Conservatism, which holds on to the old landmarks only because they are old; and that is ultra Radicalism, which esteems the new doctrine best, on account of its novelty. It will be admitted by all, that the true middle ground is that which receives or retains a doctrine,—be it new or old, only because it is

true doctrine. That is safe Conservatism which holds on to the old faith, while investigating the new, and is willing to give up, only when satisfied that the new path is better; and that is common-sense radicalism which upheaves the old foundations under a firm conviction that they are not the true ones, and not from a mere desire of experimenting; and here both tendencies meet together. But it is where full conviction is unattainable, that the difference begins. The conservatist prefers to hold on rather than run the risk; the radical will run the risk rather than hold on. But in matters of religious belief, there is no room for experiment. Life is too short,—too solemn, to run hazards of this nature. And no religious system,—the world over, is put upon this ground,—that it has the best chance of being true. The human mind can not and will not rest there; it must persuade itself that its own system is absolutely true. The answer then to the spirit of all these objections is, that creeds are the only ground whereon men who are earnest in seeking the truth, and steadfast in holding on to it when once found, can stand; and that in their general principle, they are in accordance with both the active and intellectual powers of our nature, neither paralyzing the one, nor fettering the other. We say, in their general principle, and we would apply this to any creed, true or false. The Turk or Arab is right in his *shout* of “Allah illah Allah, Mahomet rasoul Allah!” so long as he really thinks he is right in his belief; just as right as the Christian in his faithful saying,—“Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” The principle is that of openly and plainly expressing, or boldly holding on and conscientiously living up to one’s sincere conviction. For a false belief a man is indeed responsible, but for a system of false principles he cannot be blamed. He is but obeying the principle of his nature, which demands unity and harmony in the articles of his faith, and which can not and will not rest his hopes of heaven on a confused or undefined foundation. We have time to glance at only one of these objections in detail: Creeds fetter the freedom of thought. But what is freedom of thought in a Christian church? Is it liberty to believe what one wishes? Is it the right to hold and live by any part of the revelation, and reject the rest? If it is not,—if he who claims the privileges of the church below, is justly expected to be a heart-believer in all the essential tenets of that church,—wherein is freedom of thought fettered, by requiring him to profess belief in an embodiment of those tenets? The membership of the church is

not like an earthly citizenship. It is not enough that her members simply profess allegiance to the great Ruler, and respect the rights of their neighbors, while they hold what opinion they please as to the legal rights and character of that Ruler, and cherish what feelings they please towards those neighbors. But we do not see why he who has once professed a creed is not at liberty to examine it afterwards as candidly and freely as before. The fact of having once decided upon evidence then before the mind, does not bar the admission of new evidence, or prevent me from looking at the decision in any new light that I may gain. If a man be so tender, that because of a professed adherence to certain definite truths, he can not frame a hypothesis, whereon to busy his mind beyond them, or give due weight to evidence that may be brought in favor of another's hypothesis,—why, all we have to say is, such a man's freedom of thought *ought* to be fettered. He's too weak to be let out of doors,—better he should be confined, than tumble and break his neck over the first stone in his way. And he who comes to me in the inheritance of my fathers, and tells me of a better country over the dark sea, but claims that if I would be free to judge its merits, I must *first give up* my old ancestral halls, is offering me a freedom that I covet not. In this clashing world I must have a home somewhere, and 'till I have sure evidence that the new one proffered me is better, I will hold on to the spot which I have tested and approved. And the principle of an old English law, that none but those who hold a homestead shall be entitled to enjoy the full privileges of freemen, may support as well as illustrate the correctness of our position; for the principle was, that he who had not such a homestead could not be deemed capable of rightly enjoying those privileges.

If then creeds are essential to the existence and prosperity of the church, surely those who have laid with living stones the deep foundations, and built with untiring zeal the solid rampart, are entitled to the gratitude of all who value the Church as the pathway to the better land, or even regard it as a genial light to the nations in this passing life only.

But turn we to a more pleasing task,—with regret that our limits compel us to make it a brief one,—the lives and characters of these great men. Have they shown for intellect only a keen acumen, and a great power of combination? This very power of arrangement and combination, has in other theatres, been regarded as the highest mark

of genius. We all do reverence to the genius of Napoleon. But to our mind, the glories of Austerlitz and Jena are dim, compared with the campaign of Abenberg and Eckmühl. There is the bridge of Lodi,—the bank of the Adige;—the splendor of unclouded morn;—there is the ocean-girt isle, the stormy death-night,—the grand, gloomy evening; but no-where does that singular man appear so great to us, as on the eve of the battle that opened to him the line of the Danube, and planted his standards, at last, on the towers of Vienna. Before him was the whole regular line of Austria, a hundred and forty thousand strong, while a thousand beacons blazing on the mountains of Tyrol gave signal for the rising of the German landwehr. And all this time, the flower of Napoleon's veterans were in the heart of Spain, and his allied and new levied troops scattered from the Alps to the Baltic. It is to us the most magnificent sight of his life,—the swift convergence of these widely separated masses to a single point, and the unquestioning confidence with which the great leader threw fame and fortune and empire upon the working of his system. Within twelve days from his departure from Paris, with troops then hundreds of leagues away from the scene of action, he had gained four important battles, and performed in his own language, "the most splendid manœuvres of his life." But the battles had in truth been won long before in the palace of Versailles,—the really brilliant stroke was the gigantic plan conceived there, and carried out in that versatile mind to its minutest detail.—And is that a small or a plodding mind, which seeks to grasp the whole Bible plan,—the greatest thoughts that ever entered the mind of God? Is that a dull and mechanic spirit, which makes it the business of a life-time, to separate from the broadest field of truth, each element, and assign to each its place and comparative importance? "Shaping the truth to the system," does not express the work of these untiring men,—it is a mere slur;—induction is older than Bacon; for these have employed it age after age in shaping their systems to the truths of Revelation. And these "plodding" system-makers have thus often proved the polishers of the diamond,—the Homer to Achilles. While we render due honor to him who sends out a new star into the firmament of truth, let us still take heed that we despise not him who traces out its relations to the universe around. It may be that the authors and defenders of our creeds seem deficient in imaginative power. But the reason *may* be, that they were too much engrossed with realities that far transcend

all the visions of imagination, to have any heart to look for those visions.

And they had heart traits too, these quiet men. Their general character, as scholar-Christians may testify to this. They are figured to us, too often, as cold speculators,—men who had battled too sternly for the form, to be deeply penetrated with the spirit of their faith. Nothing can be more unjust. It is the warrior whose stern glance never quails in battle, who has the great object of the warfare most at heart, and who is ever most tender in the bosom of his home. That man can never be heartless, who has given himself up for life, to the support of a system, which in his inmost soul, he believes to be true. His cautious habits of investigation and expression may have thrown a stern cast over his countenance, and taught him to clothe his thoughts and emotions in an approved and formal dress ; but this very caution is proof of a susceptible heart ; for he has learned it only by experience of errors committed in a too hasty or too vehement outpouring of the emotions within him. And if, from some more outward channels the tide of feeling be shut off, it is only flowing the more deeply in the quiet of his home, and the circle of his friends ;—steady and noiseless it may be, but sure,—ever sure. But let us look at the features of these characters a little closer, though we have time but for a single stroke at each. Is fidelity a choice heart jewel ? The world has yet to produce higher examples of unshaken constancy than these stern men have exhibited in their devotion to the essentials of their faith. They have been those who could bear alike the stake with its tortures, and the cold face of scorn, with its taunts ; in one age, flattery could not elate,—in another, obscurity could not depress them. “ Hold on and hold out and keep hold and never let go ” has been their course through life ; and death has still found them on the ramparts, battling in full harness. Is charity a beauteous heart-robe ? None could feel more deeply or more tenderly for the wanderings of others, than they who had themselves been often in thick darkness in their musings on the deep things of Holy Writ. Ah ! there is a charity which conscious of its own great need is ever seeking to ally its votaries with all around. He who is utterly destitute of sound foundation himself can well afford to enter any party, and avoid all discussion of his neighbor’s principles. That only is true charity, which, conscious that the faith it holds to is true, is yet glad to open its arms to all who hold to the first principles of that faith, and cheerfully

overlooks all differences in non-essentials. Is unobtrusive, patient waiting for the good time coming, a mark of lovely disposition? Often through weary years have these held their peace, when the heart was full and the eye dimmed with watching. When a nation or an age has been rushing madly by them, all heedless of the stong tower, to which their labors pointed, they have neither threatened nor railed; with anxious and yet mild eye they have followed the track of ruin, and turned to weep in solitude. Is a calm confidence in all the good word of our God the most touchingly beautiful trait in human character? Beyond, far beyond the occasional transports of some easily excited spirit, and beyond even that faith which has endured fiery trials, the habitual, every-day temper of these quiet men has reached. O! it is easy in the clear starry night to have the deep soul stirred with thoughts of things beyond; and easy comparatively when the dark thunder-cloud is rolling, to picture to one's self the azure sky behind it,—the very contrast brings it out; but the faith which is most triumphant is that which in the long, drizzling storm and the close fogs of this lower world, still sees beyond the rolling spheres,—which in the obscurity of low station, and in the midst of the most common place “little things” of life, is yet ever “walking with its God.”

Generation after generation, these toil-worn scholar-Christians have passed from us; and the world has not known them. They live in grim old tomes of Church History, or in dust-coovred treatises in our libraries.—The glory of a nation is its grave-yards; but what marble column marks the resting place of these? And when we wander, in just pride among the sepulchres of our fathers, what heart is thrilled at the thought that the sleepers in those lonely graves, were countrymen of his own? But they can afford to wait. If the light of the good has gone out among men, their names are all brighter on the rolls of heaven.

THE LAST OF THE SOPHISTS. *Karr -*

A TALE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

CHAP. II, (CONTINUED.)

The Egyptian rose, and in a tone of suppressed passion, scornfully asked: "How long the church of Tarsus had been wont to listen, in their solemn meetings, to the love tales of hair-brained boys?" "Art thou," he demanded, "art thou a minister of heaven, and hast not yet passed the first threshold of manly life? The love thou pratest is the love of children. I tell you, maidens who seem so slow to enter the good path, that if ye would be loved, even on earth, as woman should be, you must yourselves be meet for honor first. My brother,"—he changed to a more kindly tone, "is yet young. I too can recall a time, ere the scorching sun of twenty summers had bronzed my brow, when some such boyish hopes were warm within me. I was once happy, as I thought, in the valley of my fathers; and sought no better life than my cot on the banks of the swift Rhone, and amid the daughters of my people. And still in fancy I can see them;—they live and toil and love, as my brother calls it, and they die;—they have no lofty aspirations,—they know not that Woman can be aught save a poor help-meet to a savage lord. I do not so much wonder at his notions of this sensual, sordid love. But surely they are unfitted to the age and place. While the nation is rocking to and fro beneath the tempest,—while the very pillars of our church are trembling,—while time is fleeting by, and God's own voice is calling you to-night, 'This is the way,—walk ye in it,' can ye—dare ye pause, to think on sensual bliss? The day is coming,—coming fast, when man shall make it the great business of his life to fight the battle of the Lord, and shall esteem Woman chiefly as an emblem of the purity of Heaven. Behold the Lamb shall be your everlasting bridegroom,—he stands waiting for you now; I ask ye once again: are ye not ready?" He ceased and all was silent. He moved down the apartment to the seats appropriated to the females, and began a low con-

versation with one and another of them. In his progress thus, he approached the place where the two strangers we have mentioned were seated. The taller figure of the two suddenly started at the accents of a well known voice: "O! not now, at least; let me think longer."

The reply of the priest was too low to be heard, but he was evidently pressing her with the utmost earnestness to the course he had urged upon them. Presently he crossed the room and aroused an old man who had been sitting, bowed and motionless during the whole evening. After a brief conversation, the two moved back to the females, the Egyptian supporting his companion, who was evidently in the extreme of age. The old man sustaining himself with difficulty, while the other stood aside, pronounced in a faltering voice: "My daughter,"—The maiden sprang lightly from her seat, gazed into his face a moment, and then with eyes cast down, stood as if waiting his further words. But the old man spoke not. His almost sightless eyeballs were raised to the ceiling, and tears were streaming on his cheeks. At last in a voice utterly broken, he murmured: "Thou knowest I have nought left but her, and I give her to Thee. My daughter, I am full of years; I can help the good cause no longer; alas, I cannot help myself. Wilt thou not take thy father's place?"

"But thou, O! father, thou"—replied the maiden.

"Fear not, my Myra,—how like thou art,—Dost thou remember thy mother?—'Tis hard to give thee up,"—and falling upon her neck, they wept together.

The Egyptian, in an earnest voice interposed: "Is not the everlasting arm strong enough for thee? Why wilt thou lean thus on a broken reed? Will not the Lord be thy staff as thou goest down the dark valley?"

"He will! He will," sobbed the now subdued old man, "go, my daughter,—the days of life are few. We shall soon meet."

The maiden was evidently moved,—the Egyptian took her hand, and motioning the other to follow, was about to lead her towards the front. But scarcely had they advanced a step, when the figure of the stranger arose, and facing them both, demanded in a voice almost stern, "Myra, is this your promise?"

The terrified maiden, casting but a single glance upon him, shrieked, "Glaucou!—lost, both lost;" and sunk back to her seat, burying her face in her hands.

In an instant he was at her feet, "Not lost, Myra,—not too late. Follow me hence; my sword shall cleave the way."

"Holy St. Paul!" ejaculated the Egyptian, "whom have we here?" And tearing the robe from the shoulder of the stranger, the glittering breast plate and insignia of an officer of high rank in the Imperial army met his gaze.

"Upon him, the spy!" he shouted, at the same time however retreating a step, himself. The assembly was in confusion at once; all pressing forward so eagerly that the way from the platform in front to the scene of action was entirely blocked up. To drop his robe,—grasp the half-fainting girl with his left arm and unsheath his long cavalry sword was but the work of an instant; and the soldier shouting in a hoarse voice to the fierce throng around him: "Back, back ye Christian dogs, or by the blue dome above us, ye shall pass hence no more," made a semi-circular sweep with the gleaming blade,—the unarmed crowd gave way, and he pressed towards the door. Reaching it, he leaned his sword against the wall, and with his face to his foes, tried in vain, for some time, to shake the solid bolts. One by one, however, he shot them back, and as the first two or three clicked from their sockets, one and another of bolder spirit, in the crowd, tried to possess himself of the sword. But quick as light, the soldier each time regained it, and inflicted a severe wound on the last assailant, before he could get out of its sweep. The wounded man was borne hastily to the front, and forced to answer the eager inquiries of those who had not been able, for the press, to approach the scene of disturbance. In his answer, he was hastily interrupted by the young speaker who had just opposed the plans of the Egyptian.

"Maiden, says't thou? Her name?"

"The daughter of yon old man, I think; she is called,——"

"Ha! God of heaven! Myra!"—and wedging his way, he drove the crowd aside like one demented, and in a moment, stood in the innermost circle of the terrified spectators. The heavy door was just grating on its hinges, and the soldier, still facing the throng, had half turned himself, when the youth uttered a savage cry in a strange language,—dropped his outer garment, and with no other defence than his plain tunic, rushed upon him. The soldier raised his sword, but it was too late. Before he could bring it down, his wrist was seized with a grasp, like iron, and his assailant gripping him by the throat, bore him and his frail charge to the floor. As they fell, his grasp on the

soldier's sword arm was loosed, and the edge turning on his own arm, inflicted a deep wound. But others were now at hand to follow up his success, and in a moment more, the soldier was disarmed and bound,—the maiden extricated from his grasp, and her bold deliverer, with the blood streaming from his arm, was supporting her back to the hall.

[To be continued.]

EDITORS' TABLE.

Karr.

"Your criticism is very just, Judge. The fact is, the sermon was written in haste, and somehow or other, I did n't get into the subject."

"No, no, Doctor, that's not the difficulty; here it is: *the subject never got into you.*"

That is our idea, exactly, of an Editors Table. And if we were to give a practical definition thereof, it would run somehow thus: A statement by an odd-tempered man of divers subjects, on which he has little or no inward illumination. Now, in just this way, good reader, had we hoped to hold a free and easy chat with you, in this our huge old chair, and with an abundance of leisure on our hands. We don't mean to try to excite your sympathy for the cramps that have overtaken us; but in the multitude of our pressing cares shall just do the best we can, in expressing our ignorance of several subjects. Accordingly, after this chaste and elegant exordium, we proceed to treat of matters we know nought about, in the following order. (a) Matters and things in general, or, The Empire of Universal Nature. (b) The Kingdom of Massachusetts in especial. (c) The sub-kingdom, Amherst College, and under this head, the divisions and subdivisions of classes and orders; with the general characteristics of several.

And as to (a) The Empire of Universal Nature, we beg leave to express our deliberate opinion, that this is a goodly world, notwithstanding all the slanders of garret poets, tinless bankers, love-lorn youths, and broken-hearted maidens. Feeling, this bright morning, in the very best humor with the whole human race, we would like to vary the wish of that old curmudgeon, Nero, a little; as thus: would that the whole order, *Bimana* had a single huge hand among them all;—would n't we shake at it! Indeed, were another institution of the same character as this present world of ours started, we would take stock in it at once, and divide our time and attention between the two, with the utmost gusto. But enough o' that. Slide along, little world!

(b) Kingdom of Massachusetts. And what is Massachusetts? The answer we should have given in other days; indeed the only idea our boyhood associated with the old Bay State, was "Webster." And we did n't care for any other

idea to be conjoined with that; it was large enough in itself. Massachusetts quo' we is bounded on the east by cod-fish; on the north and south by live Yankees; and is occupied by Daniel Webster. The description was complete for us, once. Holding, as we did, her Senator to be the greatest mind of the age, (a boyish fancy, to be sure, but it's queer, how, the more we read his thoughts, the closer the conviction sticks to us,) it was geography enough for any spot of earth to say thereof: "That is his home;—those are his friends." And what think we of the Bay State now? We beg leave, in this connection, to freshen in your remembrance, reader, an old story, which we hope will serve some of our political exchanges, as a veil to the impudence we mean to exhibit presently. "Tell your contemptible General," said an old peasant woman to one of Napoleon's *Aids-de-Camp*, at a time when the great Captain was in the zenith of his fame,— "tell your contemptible General, that I have a very despicable opinion of him." The polite officer dismounted, and chapeau in hand, replied in his blindest tone, "I will, madame; *but you can't think how much it will distress him.*" We think of Massachusetts now, we hardly know what. Before election we should have said,— a land of fair women and brave men. Guess we'll hide our present opinion under another old yarn, which we remember to have heard years ago from Gen. Leslie Coombs of Kentucky; and to those of our readers who have listened to him, our bit story is doubtless familiar. It is a simple legend of the Old Dominion, in the days of French and Indian warfare. On the western slope of the Alleghanies, there dwelt, in a lonely cabin, a widow and her only son. One day the youth was missing; evening and morning passed, but he came not; years flitted by, and still the widow was mourning the lost. At the close of an autumnal day, and when the silver threads were many on her temples, she saw from her cabin port-hole, a man, retreating towards her door and closely pursued by a party of Indians. In great terror she barred the entrance, and awaited the result. His pursuers did not dare to venture a hand-to-hand fight, though his only offensive weapon was a huge axe;— he had evidently wielded it to some purpose, and they feared it. So, burying themselves in the bushes, they shot their poisoned shafts, but he managed to avoid them. He reached the door, and knocked for admittance, but there was no response. Here he left too fair a mark for his ambushed foes, and several arrows struck him at once. Still he knocked, fainter and fainter, till all was still. When the party who had pursued him was gone, the widow ventured to look out;— the face of the dead was on the door-sill. Raising the scalpless head, and peering through the matted locks, she recognized the features of her long-lost son. In the last agonies, he had been knocking at her door, and had died with his lips pressed to the threshold of his home. O! in all earnestness, is there not pertinence in our legend? See him, as he comes in his old age, weary and sick at heart, to the once fond mother of his adoption. A thousand foes he has met and vanquished, and who can stand even now, face to face, that noble front, all toil-worn though it be? See where they have fallen under that old Tariff axe,— Cass, Calhoun, Buchanan, Benton;— these were frank and open enemies. But poison tongues of slander are busy with his name, and all harrassed with cares drawn out through busy days and sleepless

nights, he comes back for a refuge and a shelter, and Massachusetts tries to shut her doors. We care nothing for the politics of the question;—beg pardon if we have talked plainly; 'twas only in the excitement of our "hero-worship" of Daniel Webster, and we really could n't help it.—So let the kingdom of Massachusetts slide on, too.

(c) Sub-kingdom, Amherst College. Shall we expound to you our notion of old *Alma*, before we had seen the promised land? It's a queer one. We fondly fancied that the marble halls were situated on the banks of the Connecticut, and that a series of club-boats plied nightly between the chapel steps and the piazza of a peculiar institution to the south, which we had pleasantly located in the vicinity of Hockanum (is that spelled right?) ferry. Alas! we are a geological period too late. Wonder if the river could n't be wheedled back to Broadway, for a sufficient consideration. If not, we must e'en try to be contented with *terra firma* and "old Greenfield." To classify the elements of Amherst College as it is, we take to be a very easy matter. As thus now: I. The "powers that be"; II. The Seniors; III. The East Entry of North College; IV. The Indicator. We shall offer but a single characteristic of the first class, and that is, indefatigability. Wonder if any of our respected professors ever "slept over" in his college days. If they did, it's a habit they've got bravely over now. We shall take heart of grace, and think there's a chance for us to *rise* in the world yet, by reformation in this particular.

Of Classes II and III, we shall treat together; one *runs into* the other most emphatically. We appeal to any Senior, and put him on his honor to say, if he has n't had this term, the best time he ever had. We never knew such an Autumn before. Don't care how often the remark has been made; we *will* bring our tribute of thanks for the genial days,—the mellow,—mellow nights. There has been a spirit-state of perfect contentment *in* Amherst, for all hands; and a state of something more than contentment *out* of Amherst. (Stop your noise, Weasel.) And then, have n't we brought out our class character this term? Our task-masters may rail as they please,— "bunglers at Mathematics,"—"dodgers in the Greek-room,"—"no snap in their oratory or their writing,"—"blockheads in the bug-room," and "sleepy heads in the Cabinet." But, it is an indisputable fact, that we *are* death on Metaphysics. Have n't we laid out Dr. Reid, to advantage? And can't we perform a *rush* of a cold morning, when it's too dark to see? And then, we are individuals, every man of us, yet. We have had a good many rough corners knocked off from our characters, in this three and a half years' jostle; but of the whole forty you can't pick out one, and make him a type of any of the rest. The cause may be that we're an *old* set;—our average age, we reckon, would beat nine classes out of ten in any College.—But, to turn a little, is n't the East Entry of old North a royal place? Seniors a goodly throng, and Juniors who have become assimilated by the association; the very Freshmen on the ground floor have caught the spirit,—we'll bet on those fellows through their course for men who will never do a meanness. We know that "comparisons are odious," and would not be at all invidious in our *modest* remark, that the salt and savor and snap of the old hill is gathered in goodly measure around us here; yea, brethren, that even

"Virtue, departing from the Earth,
Left her last footsteps there;"

—— we mean

when the lamented singer of the "Jeremiad" sealed his hoof-prints on the mat of No. 28, and "went out, not knowing whither." Another term will see his place refilled;— hats off, hurrah for Tim, with his large heart and open hand,— the life of every circle,— the man "who never said a foolish thing, and never did"——. (Our friends of the other classes, we are aware, must find all this discourse exceedingly interesting. But wait, gentlemen, 'twill be your turn soon. We that are old and full of years must be excused our loquacity.) Who ever knew our class to be *done* in any way, or to express surprise at anything? We have a word in this connection for those who have left us: better come back, boys, and partake of our sheep-skin; Jesse, Runt, die Schmitte, Diedrich, Nate, (married though you be,) and all the rest; you'll never find such a set again; no mistake, "we *are* the people, and wisdom will die with us." ("Bet you of that, sir," quoth the devil at our elbow.— "What do you mean, you imp?" "Does wisdom come the resurrection doings, sir?" "Well, what if it don't?" "Why, just this,— I suspect wisdom *died* with you, long before you thought of doing such a sensible thing yourselves." Ah! brought too far, that, boy;— a tedious importation, and smuggled in besides;— smells fearfully of lamp. Whew!— Does any friend of ours *take*? Blessings on that smoky "lighting of the parlor," we say.) Well, we will choke off on that head, with a single hint;— if there's to be any class history in days to come, we *speak* for a crack at it. If we don't know every man like a book, and can't set him forth large as life, we are greatly deceived. 'Twould be a monument, that, "*are personae*," and more natural than all your daguerreotypes. So the line of '61 has seen its last Autumn among these hills. Not a pleasant reflection, by any means. The night wind that howls around this old corner of ours, seems to say, "all over," and it is truly a dismal note.— We are sure, all will agree, that the present is a fitting opportunity for pausing a moment to speak of one, whose face we shall see here no more. Doubtless the place thus made vacant will be well filled by the gentleman now named therefor; and the high reputation that precedes him will insure him warm welcome. But it will be long before any of us can forget the voice that has so often riveted attention in our chapel-seats, and in class-room, or by fire-side, "sounded pleasant in our ears." We are glad to have the privilege of uttering here, the universal wish, that happiness and prosperity may attend all his course; and the hope too, that, though limited in our closer intercourse, to a single term, we may all be remembered, in any chance hour of meeting, in future years, as attached and ever grateful pupils.

Class IV,— The Indicator; and short work we shall make of it too. Like Harry Clay's mouth, "it speaks for itself," though not always, perhaps, with the same degree of force. But we shall claim under this head, an Editor's privilege of grumbling a little; we have been very good natured hitherto.— The Printers, devil and all hands are into us — we fancy ourselves done into *pi*, and sound a retreat. [They have crowded out our "snapper."] *Valeto*.

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THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. III. NO. VI.



If the world like it not, so much the worse for them. — *Couper.*

"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

JANUARY, 1851.

AMHERST.
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1851.

No. 6

MISERIES OF FASTIDIOUSNESS. *R. Stewart.*

FOR pretty much the same reasons that the Grecian sage thanked the gods that he was a man and not a woman, Greek and not a barbarian, I thank them that I was born with a catholic, and not with a fastidious taste.

About the most unfortunate specimen of humanity, is he whose taste is chiefly characterized by fastidiousness. Look wheresoever he may, there is something to interfere with the pleasures of the prospect. Influences which minister to the happiness of others, jar upon his too finely strung nervous system, and send him in a misanthropic mood to the shadows of his solitude. The music which rises from the bosom of society, however melodious it falls on common ears, rings discordant on his. In every chorus, his over-refined perception discovers a cracked instrument. A curl awry on the brow of beauty tortures him. A blemish on a single figure causes him to turn away loathingly from a group. A defect in the little finger of a Venus shrouds his vision of the lovely and the beautiful. In solitude, he is discontented; in society, he is ever undergoing the pre-eminent pangs of crucifixion. Wherever there are sights, or sounds, or scents, there is something to excite his disrelish. There is ever an invisible demon at his side, impelling him to lift a cup to his lips, that he may dash it with bitterness and enjoy the distortion of his victim's features. He is subjected to such an infinite variety of tortures in this world, that it is no place for him, and the sooner he huddles

his worried spirit off elsewhere, the better will it be for him. If there is any man in whom the original curse attains to perfection, it is he. If suicide were ever justifiable, it would be so with him.

In "fresh lipped youth," the fastidious man goes into society, his heart swelling within him with visions of beauty, and his brow radiant with the morning beams of hope. He has a beau-ideal of everything, and he expects everything to realize it. He is first shocked, and then disgusted with the spectacles which greet his vision. Some ingenious milliner has taxed her talents, and the result is seen attaching itself to, and deforming the fair forms of loveliness which glide like visions of poetry before his admiring gaze. Henceforth, he sees nothing but that. It haunts him like a woe-denouncing phantom. In the agonies of outraged taste, he deems Fashion the most senseless of deities, and her flaunting votaries the silliest of idolators. Such an one, he says, would be beautiful, but for an unbecoming riband, or tress. Nothing on this side of absolute perfection can please him, and his search is as protracted and as fruitless, as that of Diogenes for a wise man. He looks for what is sprightly, and the most meaningless absurdities alone are to be seen. There is no beauty that is not blemished—no good that is unshadowed—no grace that does not approximate to affectedness—no action which does not strongly incline to awkwardness—no smile that might not be sweeter—no glance that might not be brighter—no voice that doth not lack melody, and no person around whom some gross impropriety is not discoverable. He soon arrives at the consolatory conclusion, that he alone is an embodiment of all human excellences, and that all others are in some important respects incurable fools.

Your fastidious man is the most unfortunate of critics. The Alexandrian Library itself could not have presented him with a work in which he would not have discovered a thousand glaring faults. Talk to him of "favorite authors," and he thanks his stars that he has none, and that his sagacity is too discriminating to suffer imposition and quackery in literature to be practiced on him. Not a play of Shakespeare can be mentioned, in which his acute eye hath not discovered errors in plot, and character, and rhythm, and sense. There are so many tedious passages in *Paradise Lost*, that it requires the mind of a Hercules to take the reader through it. Byron, he thinks, might have been a poet, if his talent and taste and art had been greater and better than they were. Scott, he deems scarcely respect-

able, and Bulwer is altogether a bundle of glittering mistakes. Dr. Johnson was a savage, and Burke was a traitor, and Sheridan a profligate, and he thinks that each and every one of them should be banished from the hearts of men. In fact, if he had to say who should enter the Pantheon of Genius, scarce one of the literary giants who tower like the Anakim of old in the shadows of the past, would find entrance within its hallowed precincts. His exquisite taste finds gratification nowhere. There is no book, and scarcely a page in any book, which is unobjectionable.

With him the legitimate object for which reading is instituted, is neither to find wisdom, nor pleasure, nor amusement, but to find fault with words, styles and sentences; and to question the propriety of the world's verdict in regard to those who have flung halos of glory around nations' eras. In philosophy he finds nothing but false logic, jargon and error. In history he perceives nothing but lies and flattering pictures of the tigers of their species. Biography, he considers but another term for improbable fiction, and poetry is what Locke called it, "ingenious nonsense," or only the half of that. He will candidly confess that some authors are tolerable; but as to the great mass of those whose names are fixed stars in the heavens of literature, he can see but little to admire and less to respect.

A friend asks a fastidious man for his opinion of a house he has lately built and the grounds he has laid out adjacent thereto, and he finds the one utterly destitute of comfort and the other of beauty. He is not a profound admirer of the Doric, the Corinthian, or the Ionic order of architecture. There is neither city, nor town, nor village in the land, whose streets do not exhibit spectacles which cause him intense agony—the streets are too wide or too narrow—the houses are too high or too low, and the general appearance of things is a very burlesque on beauty and taste. He thinks the clouds are too fiery at eventide, and too purplish at morn. No storm-cloud rises with consummate majesty. Lightning is too vivid, and thunder too coarse. The rose has too many leaves and the lily too few. Summer is too hot,—Autumn too somber,—Winter too cheerless—and Spring too fickle. The rainbow is not devoid of beauty, but then it is susceptible of improvement. The wind either lacks heat or cold, gentleness or fury. The music of the birds wants melody and sentiment. Flowers are too gaudy or too grave. In fine not one of the ten thousand beauties of sight and sound, which nature presents to

the contemplation of philosophers or the fancies of poets, is perfect, and therefore it fails to afford him that exquisite gratification he had a right to look for.

Neither does a desertion of nature and an entrance into the haunts of man, enhance his enjoyments an iota. Wherever he meets a man, he is sure to encounter that which his fastidiousness abhors. If he goes to church, he is sure to hear some absurd doctrine, or some specimen of unmitigated stupidity. He looks around him and sees nothing but indications of a "Vanity Fair." He goes to a concert, but some violin is out of tune, or some singer's voice is harsh, or loud, or so low as to be inaudible, or so inconsiderate as to jumble its sounds together with most horribly discordant effect. It is a mere Babel of sound, unmeaning and most unmelodious, or a mock Bedlam where the lover of symphony must have his ears split with tones that may be good enough for groundlings, but are unfit to fall on the tympanum of a man of taste. In every little social circle, into which he is so imprudent as to enter, he sees nothing to give him unalloyed satisfaction. The talk is wishy-washy, or profoundly dull. The ladies think of nothing but the snares they are setting to catch boobies, and the boobies think of nothing but their own exquisite legs, or the more exquisite tights which hug them. If a body should sneeze, or laugh too loud, or yawn, or utter a sillycism, it would fling the cup of pleasure from his lips, even if it were sparkling there the moment before.

Perhaps your fastidious man gets in love, for Cupid is no respecter of persons, and has a spare dart even for such a heart as beats in his bosom withal. If he gets into such a predicament, his is a most perplexing situation for the time being. A perpetual conflict is raging between passion and disgust, for the object of his affections. He sees in her so much to love and so much to loathe, that his bit of brain becomes perfectly bewildered in the excitement of contending emotions and feelings. The slightest defection from propriety in any word, look, or action, committed by his innamorata, flings a gloom over his whole after destiny. In the delirium of his emotions, he speaks the words which bring tears to the eyes of his sweetheart, or stern reproofs from her insulted spirits. A lovers' quarrel ensues.

Your fastidious man always fares the worst for the these little ripples in the stream of love. He cannot bear to apologize, or if he does, the recollection of what inspired his disgust is an ever-present, and all-torturing memory. The crisis approaches which is to seal his

destiny to irretrievable shadow or sunlight. Visions of the former preponderate. He hesitates what to do. He staggers, he blunders, he falls, and the lady casts him off as she would a worn-out riband. He mourns the cruelty of his fate. In after times he is temporarily enamored of different imagined angels, but something always comes up in time to rescue him from the fangs of an evil destiny. At length weary of himself and his disgusts—out of hope, and bankrupt in expected joys—with a mind soured by disappointments, and a heart long deserted by its visions of præminent loveliness—he unites himself with one who is the very consummation of all his fancy, in its darkest moods, had ever pictured. He lingers on, a subdued and saddened man, a mark of all that is direful in destiny and overwhelming in misfortune, until the spirit is fairly and unfairly fagged out of him, and his head reclines upon the bosom of his mother earth, songless and epitaphless, the victim of fastidiousness, which hath no kindly star in all the on-looking heavens.

Experience, however beneficial her lessons on other subjects may be, does not often correct one's fastidiousness. The older we grow the more fastidious we become. An acquaintance with the world, by which we are informed that the fairest and loveliest and noblest specimens of our race are not entirely free from blemishes, and which assures us that absolute perfection is unattainable on this side of heaven but seldom serves to rationalize a fastidious taste. Your fastidious man, borrowing energy from his repeated disappointments, presses forward on his hopeless enterprise with additional vigor, until despair has claimed him for a victim.

We begin by being very particular—we grow squeamish—we become at length fastidious, and end in despair. Through these successive stages, the fastidious man passes, and he, who at twenty was silly, is at forty a fool. The eye accustomed to dwelling on blemishes, soon loses its power of discerning beauties. The restless spirit, yearning for companionship, roves hither and thither, and not finding that which it craves, at length in its despairing moments, links its hopes and its fears with one which is wholly uncongenial, and unfitted to be its minister through the ever changing scenes of life.

“As the lone dove, to far Palmyra flying,
From where its native founts of Antioch beam,
Wearied, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream ;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,—
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,—
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught."

I have a friend who is exceedingly fastidious in his tastes. In the silence of his study, or in his ramblings abroad in the solitude of nature, he, at times, gives himself up to visions of loveliness, such as the young heart loves before its sensibilities have been blighted by the evil experiences of life. He is an adorer of the Ideal; some pure "being of the mind," some unshadowed Egeria of the fancy, comes up before him, and to it he yields the incense of the spirit.

Fresh from his visions, and with the memory of their beautiful phantoms vivid before him, he enters the society of women, hoping to find in substance what was enchanting in his musings. Occasionally he fancies he has discovered the object of his search, and temporarily luxuriates in all the hopes and lights and gay dreams which such a discovery never fails to awaken. But his delight, ecstatic while it lasts, is of only short duration. The truth soon becomes apparent, and she who to his fancy seemed some

"Gay creature of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow lives
And plays i'the plighted clouds,"

alas!—turns out to be a being much less spiritual. He retires in disgust, and in proportion to his previous hopes and delights is his disappointment. The lady has uttered a sarcasm—she has smiled on the attentions of a fool—she has turned down her under lip in scorn and bitterness—she has been guilty of some indelicacy of thought, or some ungracefulness of action, and in consequence, she is utterly disparaged in his estimation, for it is the peculiar province of fastidiousness to overlook an hundred beauties to dwell on the solitary blemish.

Such are some of the *miseries* which attend the fastidious. A thousand other afflictive evils might be pointed out, but they will probably suggest themselves to every one. How different is it with one who is blessed with a catholic taste. He discovers angels and delights every where. His fancy, fired with the spectacle of beauty, takes no note of blemishes. In every man he sees materials which fit him for companionship—in every woman he perceives an angel. He spends his days surrounded by beauties and pleasures of every hue and kind,

and dreams not that earth is not the Paradise he imagined it to be. The creature of blissful delusion through life, which stern reality cannot remove from him, he dies regretted by all, and in his last moments gives one glance over past joys and another towards those which he is rapidly approaching, and feels them to be kindred in nature as they meet and mingle together in bliss about his heaven-tending spirit.

AUTUMNE.

I MET an old man thro' a greene wood straying—
An old man straying thro' a greene, greene wood,
His thin hands clasped as he'd been a-praying,
And his worn face full steeped in quiet mood ;—
A thick-leafed coronal was on his head
With rosy berries tricked and brown leaves scere and dead.

I met an old man thro' the greene woods straying—
The greene woods in the finish o' their day—
The hazy sunlight had forgot its playing,
The boughs ne rocking more forgot to play ;
But glazing thro' a hundred golden aisles
The thoughtful sunbeams dreamed in sabbath of sweet smiles.

The thin leaves as he passed seemed a-fading,
And some fell sorrowful upon the way—
And faint, weak rustlings all the wood pervading
Complained at pauses thro' the silent day.
My heart fore-boding fell at the hushed thought
That lay like teeming sleep o'er the far woodland wrought.

The magic of a drowsy dream seemed sleeping
In the thin air that did strange calm impart,
And Earth in sweetest woe, did seem, ere weeping,
To crush the tears back to the inmost heart—

And smile in mournful mood but fondest looks
On the still wood, the glen, the moss'd and tangled brooks.

And still the old man thro' the wood kept straying—
And still the leaves fell thicker as he strayed,
The lorn boughs stretched their arms as if a-praying,
Lest 'chance some secret grievance them invade—
And Nature, from the drows'd air, seemed awaiting
For the sweet dream to fall and cease its full life's prating.

But sudden on his lips there grew a smile,
As the upbreking of some quicken'd thought—
Straight then upreared he his worn hands the while—
I knew he blessed, for of a magic wrought
The woods—the drooping woods—bow'd faint and low,
And then uprose, tricked in most gorgeous sunset glow.

Then 'gan the birds well their throats to turn—
The bitter-sweet with berries burnished bright,
Opened their painted hulks, the changing fern
With gaudy plumage grew upon the sight—
Still fell the bright leaves, tho' in smiling mood—
Then the old man 'gan kneel in the fast kindling wood.

He cast his chaplet from his thin white hair
Into the hastening brook, and laid him down—
And scentless shrubs sent perfume thick and rare—
And trees dropp'd fruitage, husk'd, sweet and brown—
And then I knew beneath the sunset sky
Of gold and crimson boughs, he had lain down to die.

For it was Autumne thro' the woods a-straying,
Autumne, a weak old man with failing eyes,
He seeks the wood-lands greene, and them affraying,
Sets them with splendid trains and gorgeous dies;
At first he grieves them chill—but quickly wiled,
Gauds them with glowing gifts like some chid petted child.

—The trees are shriv'd—for Autumne lays a-dying—
Their shining favors heap'd bestrew the ground—
Through russet hedge and stricken bough low sighing,
The snow-flakes drift full sad with pensive sound.—
The old man sleeps a-cold—his thin locks hoary
Play in the eddy wind in weak derisive story.

W. M. B.



DUTIES OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

THE mission of the scholar is a holy one ; the part which he has acted in the great drama of human events, has ever been of the highest importance ; but in no age or land, have his trusts been so holy or his duties so sacred as in our own.

Geology teaches that this earth was prepared by successive creations, mighty convulsions and long intervals of change, for such a being as man. In like manner have the convulsions, revolutions and changes in the elements of society for six thousand years, been preparatory to a pure and elevated state of human existence.

The discovery and settlement of the American Continent, was the commencement of a new era in human progress. Science, Liberty and Religion had for ages been exiles from their *Eastern Home* ; cloisters and dark caverns of the mountains had ceased to be hiding places from the relentless fury of oppression ; they had been driven to the shores of the Western Ocean ; but in this hour, a vision of a *distant land* opened before them,—it was their Canaan. America is in truth the land of promise. The grand experiment of a people in self-government has made her the wonder and admiration of the world ; and from this American Republic an influence has gone forth that has blessed the most remote island and distant continent.

This new order of things has made the duties of the Scholar most momentous. Upon the successful consummation of this experiment in self-government, hang the dearest interests of humanity.

The most important elements in a republican government, are of

the scholar's own creating. There can be no question, whether sound learning be indispensable to a people's prosperity. It is the basis of all law and well regulated, social organization. It was a truth that was deeply fixed in the minds of our pious ancestors. They accounted no sacrifice or effort in founding colleges and seminaries for liberal education, too great. The men who framed this model government and moulded the character of the institutions of this republic, had hearts deeply imbued with the spirit of sound learning; their minds were disciplined to reason acutely, and to thoroughly comprehend the most intricate theories. A nation's scholars are her oracles. The complicated questions involved in jurisprudence, ethics and theology, the mass of a people have not time to solve. And when the scholar shall have become recreant to his high trusts and the liberal professions be filled by pretenders; when sound learning shall cease to be the presiding genius and guarding angel of our republic, then shall "her glory depart," and the days of republican liberty be numbered.

That "knowledge is power," is a truth as old as the generations of men. A people are capable of self-government only to the extent that they are educated. It is the influence of the village church and district school-house, that has made New England what she is, the birth place of Genius, the abode of Industry, Enterprise and Integrity, the home of Innocence, Virtue and Religion, the greenest and gladdest spot in the wide world. And it is only as this New England spirit shall spread like leaven through all this Great Republic, till "the whole be leavened," that our liberties shall be safe.

Popular Education opens to the American Scholar, a wide field of labor, already white and waving for the harvest. Genius and Worth are inherent in no rank or station; but amongst the humble and lowly, may be found children with hearts as pure as the crystal rivulets in which they sport, and minds, the embryos of what may be a Plato or a Bacon. The intellect of a nation is her strength; and only as the intellect of this great people is cultivated, will this Republic be strong.

Intimately connected with popular education, is literature. It is that which we read that gives cast to our minds, complexion to our thoughts and sentiments to our hearts. We have not space for comments on the literature of our times. We cannot speak of the crystal streams that flow from our press, "whose waters are for the healing of the nations," nor of the turbid floods that issue from the same

source, the slightest influence of which blights the highest hopes and brings sadness into all our hearts. Our age demands a literature purer and more elevated than the literature of the past ; a literature stripped of the wild scenes of a semi-barbarous age, the gallantry and adventure of the days of chivalry ; a literature in which virtue shall be painted unstained by vice and human life amid scenes of peaceful industry, refinement and taste.

A nation receives its moral character from its Scholars. It is to them that common minds look for instruction, and their example that they follow. And who can estimate the influence, a Byron, Bulwer and Moore has had on England's morals? Who can tell the sad deterioration, that many great scholars and statesmen of our land have brought on our own? But, thanks to Heaven! each of these great nations can boast scholars of undying fame, whose unblemished morality and fervent piety left an impression on the generation in which they lived, that not only remains untarnished but deepens and brightens with each revolution of time.

The duties and responsibilities of the American Scholar are great ; but let him not recoil from them ; they possess a grandeur and glory that is unc earthly. The deeds of life cease not in their influence with the rolling cycles of time, but reach far on into eternity. Let the scholars of our land be possessed of an elevated moral character, and be faithful to the interests of sound learning, popular education and literature, then will the dangers that now hover round our Republic disappear ; and as the enlightened, liberal and virtuous sentiments of this great people, moves on the galvanic current through the members of this Republic, disunion shall be impossible. And under the fostering care of sound learning, our free institutions shall grow in stability and strength, extending deeper their roots, and lifting higher and wider their broad protection to freedom and the best interests of man. And this land, so long as the moonbeams sleep on her hills and the sun enlivens and gladdens her vallies, shall be the abode of the noblest sons of genius and art, the home of virtue and innocence.

THE STARS.

R. Stewart.

"THE STARS HAVE SAID IT."

All hail ! ye myriads sparkling in the skies,
 Adorning all the azure canopy,
 Dazzling as diamonds, or a woman's eyes
 Whose glances glow with love's sweet phantasy.
 All hail ! ye glittering countless myriads, ye
 Towards whom we gaze with wonder and delight
 In hope e'en now to have our destiny
 Revealed by Fate's own Sibyls, beaming bright
 High in the Heavens, that lend Light's loveliness to Night.

When sparkling in the pale, ethereal blue,
 How beautiful ye are, ye distant fires
 That light the Heavens. The Lover then to you
 Murmurs his hopes. The Warrior inquires
 The way to fame. The Merchant who desires
 To increase his store ; the Statesman, calm and cold,
 Who proudly to an empire's rule aspires ;
 The Maid when first Love's flowers their leaves unfold ;—
 All seek by you to have their future fates foretold.

"Bright star that witness art of all the past,
 And prophet of the future, in whose rays
 Man's fate is told, list now, if yet thou hast
 The power ascribed to thee in olden days.
 I ask not now to know if Glory's blaze
 Will gild my name,—or if in Golden store
 I shall increase,—or when in Beauty's gaze
 Love I shall see returned where I adore ;
 The last I once would learn, but now seek something more.

"Tell me, ye mystic Ministers of Light,
 Spangling the skies serene from pole to pole,

Gemming the Milky Way with meteors bright,
 Reflected on old Ocean's ceaseless roll
 Ages on ages past;— O ! tell my soul
 If it must *die* at dust to dust's return;
 Or shall it *live*, eternal as the whole
 Of the bright hosts that in the distance burn?
 For this *alone* to know my doubting heart doth yearn."

Thus prayed a plodding Pilgrim on Life's way,
 Weary and worn, and anxious for the hour
 When the frail body to its kindred clay
 Should be consigned : and as a faded flower,
 Its fragrance fled, e'en in its native bower
 Is soon forgotten, so Oblivion he
 Would seek in Death, lost even to the power
 Whose rosy fetters hold fond Memory
 In bondage sadly sweet, when from all others free.

HALE AND ANDRE.

Ham. Goodwin.

PATRIOTISM has justly, in all ages and in all countries, been considered a cardinal virtue, and that man who has regarded his country's interest as the one great cause and business of his life, has been honored and respected by his fellow-men and had his name handed down a glorious inheritance to his posterity.

In ancient times, when superstition enveloped the whole known world, the Roman bard exclaimed—

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,"

and every heart responded to the ennobling sentiment. Two thousand years have nearly passed away since the age in which he lived; empires have risen, flourished and passed away, while the monuments of antiquity have crumbled into dust: customs then prevalent and popular have been abolished and a new order of things introduced, but

still that sublime sentiment remains unchanged. There breathed not a man in the Greek or Roman republics, who was not ready to lay down his life in their defense. At the call of his country every one came forward to protect the state, and every sword leaped from its scabbard.

Yet, why should we refer for examples to other times and nations long since decayed and forgotten. Our own country can furnish as bright as ever shone upon the page of history. Little more than half a century has elapsed since she took her seat among the nations of the earth; yet need we look no elsewhere for the noblest examples. Where is the man in whose bosom beats an American heart, whose very soul doth not throb with rapture, and his head bow with reverence, at the mention of the sacred name of him, who is styled "The Father of his Country." The war of the revolution called for the exertion of all, and all cheerfully responded to the call. The student left the halls of learning and the pursuits of science, and buckled on his armor to fight the battles of his country. The artisan threw aside the implements of peace and seized the weapons of war. The farmers

"Left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold;
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn half garnered on the plain:
And mustered in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
To right those wrongs come weal, come woe,
To perish or o'ercome their foe."

While the man of peace forgetful of his former doctrines and all else save his suffering country, put up a fervent prayer for success to the God of battles, and joined the ranks of freedom.

Among these patriotic and self-denying men was Nathan Hale, a young man of high promise and extraordinary talents, who had but just finished his collegiate course, when England compelled her colonies to take up arms in defense of their rights. A true soldier and a patriot he assumed during the war, that side which justice showed to be the right, and disregarding every other object, sought alone his country's good. He entered the *Rebel* ranks, "not when the newly risen sun of Independence had burst the clouds of time, and careered to its place in the heavens." "He came when

darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger." His only desire was to advance his country's cause, and had he sought for glory, though a halo of glory now encircles his head, he would have turned his steps to the British camp. But a loftier and more ennobling purpose gained his attention—the freedom of his country. Regardless of all selfish considerations, casting aside as unworthy of his regard all thoughts of personal danger, and ready to lay down even his life at the call of duty, Hale pressed forward to the accomplishment of his high resolve. Oh! if his spirit could be permitted to revisit this earth, and witness the prosperity and happiness of that people, to obtain for whom the blessings they now enjoy, he laid down his life, he would shed such tears as holy angels might not grudge to weep,—tears of pure, unalloyed happiness.

But we must speak of that melancholy incident, which brought him to so untimely an end. Not long after he joined the army, the battle of Long Island was fought, and it was exceedingly important that Washington should become acquainted with the movements of the enemy. This service, as affairs then were, demanded a man of no common ability, and Washington for this reason assembled his officers and communicated his desires to them. Among the number was Hale, who, after a due consideration of the subject, determined to offer himself for this perilous undertaking. In vain did his friends, and even Washington himself, attempt to dissuade him from so hazardous an enterprise. To no purpose did they point out to him the difficulties attendant upon the attempt and the result, if discovered. To all their arguments his only reply was, that "he entered the army not for honor, but for the advancement of his country's cause." Despite all their efforts to persuade him to the contrary, he crossed over the enemy's lines, and was on the point of returning with the desired information, when he was seized and carried before the British commander. The evidence against him was conclusive, and, little skilled in deception or concealment, he confessed his intentions and was executed on the following morning, lamenting with his latest breath that "he had but one life to lose for his country."

Such was the death of Hale, a true and genuine Patriot whose whole conduct, ever evincing his undoubted bravery, was gloriously crowned by this, his last act, rejoicing as he stood upon the scaffold, that "though his death cut him off in the midst of all his blooming expectations, it was his happy fortune to die a martyr for his country and

the cause of freedom." Dr. Dwight speaks of him in the following expressive words :

"Thus while fond virtue wished in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hopeless grave ;
With genius' living fire his bosom glowed,
And Science charmed him to her sweet abode ;
In worth's fair path adventured far,
The pride of peace, the rising grace of war."

The fate of Andre has been regarded by many as somewhat similar to his. During the war he very naturally espoused the cause of England, his native land. But while Hale fought to emancipate his country from the galling yoke of foreign bondage, Andre's only motive was the acquisition of fame and glory. Both, indeed, assumed the character of the spy, yet influenced by reasons, and for ends how entirely different. Hale was offered no reward, nor did he expect any, while the rank of an Adjutant General was the tempting prize held out to Andre, as an incentive to exert himself to carry on successfully the betrayal of West Point, then as now an important fortress. And though we may shed tears of pity at his early and melancholy fate, we can not but rejoice at the discovery of a plot which, if it had been brought to a prosperous issue, would in all human probability have terminated the war.

We have said before that these two cases have been considered as similar to each other in many respects. Yet, how widely different the characters of the individuals themselves. Andre strove for glory, Hale for liberty. Andre as he stood upon the scaffold, with all the fortitude of a mind exalted above the terrors of death, called on those around to witness for him, that he died as a brave man should. The dying words of Hale embodied a far nobler sentiment. He, too, buoyed above the terrors of death, and pitying that "green-eyed malignity" that could insult a fallen foe and taunt a dying man, breathed those patriotic words, regretting only that "he had but one life to lose for his country," and fell a martyr to the glorious cause of freedom.

In these two incidents we cannot fail of remarking the different conduct of the two nations, under like circumstances. Hale was discovered one morning and executed the next ; while Andre was allowed a reasonable time to prepare for that unknown future, "from whose bourne no traveler e'er returns." Hale was refused a bible, or

even a minister to attend upon him during the few remaining moments of his life. Andre on the contrary was kindly treated and his every want supplied. He was not, indeed, allowed to die in that method which would have been most congenial to his feelings as a soldier, for Washington, though he could sympathize in the emotions that called forth such a desire, felt that he could not give way to his feelings, but must make an example of him to deter others from performing the same action.

The remains of Andre have been disinterred from their obscure resting-place, by the bounty of a grateful sovereign, and carried to England, there to repose with the illustrious dead. A splendid monument marks the spot of his repose, and tells the passer-by of his virtues and his deeds. But Hale remains where he ever has, and no marble points to his grave, and tells of his early sacrifice. Then let the true American revere the name of him who laid down his life to obtain the blessings he now enjoys, and though no monumental pile commemorates his noble deeds, let his memory ever be enshrined in his heart, and let succeeding ages revere the name of him, who passed away in the morning of his life, ere his budding expectations had commenced to ripen to maturity.

M. H.

REVERENCE THE PAST. *F. P. Chapin.*

LET us reverence the past. Far down the stream of time our bark is launched for the short voyage of life. Helpless at first, and guided by a friendly hand, we move carefully along the pebbly shore. The bright morning sun of our existence throws a radiance on all around, and we are strangers alike to care and sorrow.

But soon we gather strength to ply the oar, and our hearts beat with an ardent longing to gain the open current and enter at once the great conflict of life. Yet our courage fails us in the trial; our frail bark is not able to withstand the rushing, eddying tide; our sails cannot

weather the fitful blast, and feeble judgment holds the helm with an unsteady hand.

Yet the soul cannot rest ; it struggles for a more active life, and as it looks around for assistance,—its earnest prayer for help is answered. For the spirit of the past comes, borne along the stream, and offers to be our guide and teacher. We joyfully listen to its instructions, for it shows us what we are by picturing human nature in its most varied forms ; it points to what we should be by numberless examples of the wise and good, and by the story of their toil, their conflict, and their subsequent success, tells how we are to secure the prime object of life. It comes, too, laden with a rich experience in men and things, for it teaches the origin, the rise and decline of nations and individuals, and in the memory, the storehouse of the mind, it places the material for our thoughts, the weapons of our warfare in the cause of truth. And if, in the mean time, observation and attention have been doing their appropriate work, we have a sure chart for the direction of our course. Then judgment, too, grown strong by experience, holds the helm with a steadier hand ; prudence more carefully trims the sails to catch the favoring breeze ; hope kindles joy in bright anticipation of the future, and we eagerly set forward to the acquirement of happiness and an honorable fame.

But still the spirit of the past goes with us ; it continually points to worthy men and illustrious deeds, exhorting us to admire and emulate ; it presents the black catalogue of human guilt, bidding us to pity and abhor, and it makes these favors the common heritage of all. Then let the voyager down the stream of life, as he rejoices to have thus weathered the gales of a changeful fortune, as he delights in the favoring breeze of the present, as he hopes for a propitious future, and a name to be honored among men, let him look with heart felt reverence to the past as his teacher, his faithful monitor and guide.

But it is especially the duty of the scholar to reverence the past. For though all visible memorials of the mighty dead may have been for centuries mingled with the 'common earth, yet their thoughts, the instruments of their noble works, remain efficient now as when first originated, and wholly untarnished by the rust of time. And of these tried weapons the past invites the scholar's choice. The youth aspiring to the honors of the state is presented with the soul-stirring eloquence of the ancients. As he reads, he catches in imagination the look, tone and gesture, until he stands wrapt in love and admira-

tion of their transcendent genius, and burns with a patriot fire to emulate their illustrious example. He makes their thoughts his own; he infuses into his own soul their spirit, and then with giant power he stands forth in defense of the right, when high handed injustice asserts its illjudged claim, or low intrigue attempts to break up the foundations of society. The past, too, can attune his lyre to a harmony, that through all the jarring and discord of three thousand years, yet breathes its own peculiar force and sweetness. The philosopher may still learn wisdom in the Portico and the Garden, and he who is instrumental in using the sword of the spirit gains no small share of his skill in studying the history of the aged past.

Let then the scholar especially reverence the past. In so doing he not only pays due homage to the illustrious dead, but he acts in accordance with the dictates of his nature; for there is a spirit within telling him that life is earnest, and urging him on to the performance of something that shall ensure him a place in the grateful remembrance of the future, that shall be as a light and a guide to others when his own voyage of life may have ended. Let him then pay the debt which he owes to those gone before; let him obey the dictates of his nature; let him make the first, the holiest sacrifice to God for the blessings of the present, but freely offer the second on the altar of the past.

SONG.

I've been wandering—I've been wandering
Where the flowers are blooming fair,
With their petals turned to the summer light
In the breath of the perfumed air,
Where the wild birds, lay thro' the sunny day,
Rang out from myrtle bowers;—
Yet slowly the dim hours passed away
To my heart in that Land of Flowers!

I've been wandering—I've been wandering
By the side of quiet streams,

Whose murmurs brought to my soul the spell
 That woke in my earliest dreams,
 And the noisy brawl of the water-fall
 Called me once more a boy ;—
 Oh ! the heart grows faint to idly paint
 The dream of a vanished joy !

I've been wandering—I've been wandering
 In the land of citron flowers,
 In the Southern clime, where the moonlight falls
 With a charm unknown to ours ;
 Where the dreamy spells of their haunted dells
 Are broke by the Bulbul's cry,
 And the holy sign of the Southern Cross
 Gleams out on the midnight sky ;

Yet I come with a wakening heart once more,
 Bold Land of the Northern Blast !
 For my spirit pines in the gorgeous glow,
 And yearns for the dear old Past—
 For the dear old Past and the dear old eyes
 That glanced from the window pane,
 For the wild delight of the winter's night,
 And my native land again !

W. M. B.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. *E. P. Burgess.*

As the Panorama of the English rulers passes before our mind
 one of the scenes upon which we look with the most interest, and
 one well worthy a review is that of

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND ELIZABETH THE QUEEN.

Nearly five centuries had intervened since that whole-sale purging

and blood-letting at the battle of Hastings, which gave some regularity to the national pulse, when the crown of England for the first time, came to a female in the person of Mary, Sister of Edward VI. This queen was a woman of great accomplishments, but unfortunate in her life and unhappy in her conduct,—possessing few qualities either estimable or amiable; every circumstance of her character taking a tincture from her bad temper and narrow understanding,—dividing the country into factions by her tyranny and bigotry, and leaving it involved in debt; when she was forced to give signs of mortality, and bequeath the kingdom in this bad condition, to her sister, the Great Elizabeth.

As to the nature, character and capabilities of that enigma—woman, we dare not hazard an opinion. Often is she the theme of extravagant panegyric,—not unfrequently of the vilest reproach. Yet there are to be met with sometimes beautiful illustrations of the *power of principles* in imparting elegance to the female graces—which are the peculiar attributes of woman. A character, so attractive in its influence and so beautiful in its effects, is composed of qualities quite opposite in their nature, and difficult to analyze. Surely it is not intended to *take the place of man*, and when the laurel crowns the brow of woman it may attract attention as a brilliant phenomenon, but it deprives her of the power she was formed to exert. May her mild star ever illumine and cheer this cold world; when that star would shoot from its sphere, it attracts curiosity and wonder, but can never dazzle.

Many circumstances conspired to render the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth extremely happy,—the bloody persecutions of the last reign were still fresh in the minds of her people, and the nation was surrounded by enemies on all sides, which inspired between ruler and people a mutual feeling of dependence. The generation who grew up with Elizabeth had lived amid scenes of cruelty, persecution and death. Their children had witnessed the successive horrors of the reign of Henry VIII, and their youth had suffered from the fanaticism of Mary.

Although the queen detested the Puritans, Elizabeth and most of the nation were protestants, and they were compelled to stand forth as the *defenders* of protestantism. Enemies were springing up with whom peace was hopeless. A popish princess was heir to the throne of Scotland, with a powerful ally ready to support her pretensions to the throne of England. On the continent were allies whom England

was forced to support, at the risk of a war with the mightiest empire that had risen since the fall of Rome. And an armament was preparing for the invasion of Britain, of an extent that seemed to render resistance vain,—by a monarch whose resources appeared inexhaustible; while Ireland, on the other side, was in open rebellion and ready to receive the Spanish fleet into her ports.

The greatest energies of the nation were naturally and *necessarily* brought into vigorous action, by the great objects, interests and enterprises which those times of action presented. The effects of the religious reformation, which was so rapidly advancing, roused the national pulse of England just enough to produce a bold and free exercise of thought, without rousing the passions to fierce excitement. The storm that burst with all its fury upon the continent, wrapping nations in the flames of civil war, prostrating, withering and overwhelming civil institutions and marking its path with desolation, did but exert a healthy influence in England. The lightning was seen flashing in the distant horizon, the rolling thunder could be heard afar off, but the fury of the storm fell at a distance,—the atmosphere was purified, the soil refreshed, and the rain-bow was glittering in the heavens.

Thus successfully did Queen Elizabeth direct the helm of State through the troubled waters, though the waves of political commotion ran high over the civilized world. Governing herself she was able to command the respect and obedience of her subjects. And directing their united efforts by her wisdom, her energy and her promptness, the nation gathered a harvest of glory from the impending calamities, that would alone make her name famous forever. We behold her extricating herself from embarrassments that seemed endless and turning them into the means of safety,—encouraging and supplying her allies, without exhausting her own resources, and at last crushing the vast engines which were put into operation for her destruction.

That Elizabeth was vindictive, arbitrary and cruel at times, cannot be denied. Her ideas of royal prerogative, too, were truly royal in the extreme. The earnest solicitation of her ministers, and her own danger could alone induce her to assist the Scottish parliament, as their spirit savored too much of republicanism to please her royal highness. In her conduct to her court officers, Queen Elizabeth sometimes yielding to Elizabeth the Queen, granted favors and showed partialities to her favorites which were not justifiable. Though Queen Eliz-

abeth filled the throne with a dignity which could not be surpassed, and persisted, contrary to the wishes of her subjects, in excluding all human participation in the lonely eminence on which she stood, the *woman* was continually claiming the tribute of sympathy and admiration. Here is the source of the unbounded flattery which was lavished upon her, and which appears at times to have actually deceived her, in spite of her penetration.

To this sentiment are owing nearly all the few instances of disaster and disappointment which occurred during her splendid reign. The case of Essex in Ireland, was one of those, attended with the most unhappy results. Had not the *Queen* been compelled to condemn what the *mistress* forgave, the world would have been spared the consummation of one of the most mournful tragedies in history, and the last days of the Great Queen might have been serene and happy, instead of being tormented with anguish.

E. P. B.

SOURCES OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THE sources of influence in the formation of character are numerous; to count the subdivisions would weary. For our present purpose, however, it is sufficient to comprise them all in two general classes—Moral and Physical causes.

To range so large a field hoping to gather from it what would most interest, would be like searching in some mine for the most precious gem, while at every tread gems of dazzling brightness dim the eye. The field of nature, the world without, rich in all that can please or interest; the bold outline of its fair realm of light and truth; the infinite variety of hill and dale, mountain and plain, ocean and sea; the natural barriers fixing the habitation of man and beast; the productions of soil and climate; all these give shape and character to a dispersed race. But aside from all that may with propriety be denominated physical causes, a moral element, permeating the great frame work and architectural ornament of nature, addresses itself to the percept-

ive in man, awakening into life the moral qualities of the soul. But ceasing to generalize we would illustrate by examples.

Our first parents, created with certain endowments, each left to exert its appropriate influence, and subject to whatever might affect a moral agent, afford us an example of the workings of these potent agencies for good or evil. Disturbed by no tainted breath, shocked by no unseemly sight, the hidden being of their spiritual self developing unharmed; their career of happiness was beautiful in prospect, yet doomed to ignominy and shame. Envy thrusts her poisoned dart; they fall. The charms of the outer world lose their power, before a more mighty agency. The abode of loveliness and grace is exchanged for the rough world without. Blindness in part happened unto him. Fleeing his maker's face, he lost the enchanting view of nature's works. To note the varied workings of his susceptibilities, or mark his wanderings from the sunny retreats of his primitive abode, is not our purpose, only so far as to show the fashioning hand of these constant forces in developing mind and determining destiny.

Amid the elements of moral being none occupies a more prominent place than the religious. It is wrought in his very nature, mingling and intermingling amid all his plans, purposes and acts. Every thing discovers a moral truth; on all things are written in legible characters "the handiwork of supreme beneficence and love." Each tribe has its altar and offering; every nation the temple of its worship. Moral activity passes from family to tribe, from tribe to nation, laying the foundation of national glory and strength. Thirst for power impels to conquest; nature's fair forms are lost amid the rising splendor of cities, decked with the gaudy trappings of unsated desire. Physical force becomes the slave of a more potent energy. The intellectual eye dimmed, slumbering ages pass on unheeding the cataract's roar, or the quiet loveliness of a smiling world.

The time of forthcoming moral strength has arrived. The active powers of man are widening their influence. The world seems waking from its long dream of physical inactivity. The past has its lesson, the present its moral. The merest Tyro in knowledge appropriates to self-purposes the rich treasures of the past. The engines of moral power never worked with greater efficiency. If we glance at the nations now on the globe, enter the halls of legislation, the courts of Princes, one truth will every where impress us. Though we should discover the dim outlines of physical force, we should with as-

surance conclude that another and more potent agency guided the affairs of state. Passing not beyond the limits of our own country, we find abundant reason for astonishment as the endless variety of mental agency passes in review.

What is to be called American mind, the constituent elements of which have been brought from distant climes, in its rude formation presents one of the grandest schemes of moral enginery the world ever saw. Already she is well nigh mistress of the world: *her* word is law; *her* acts the rule of kingdoms. Whence comes such commanding influence? Is it in the bold outline of her rock-bound coasts; her bays, gulfs and majestic rivers? is it in her virgin soil teeming with the richest fruits of industrial labor; is it in the deep furrowed beds of her mineral store? To the above we willingly accede much; yet we must give the preëminence to another source, not isolated from, but presiding over and shaping the accomplishment of the noblest purposes,—the spirit of her institutions, the deep and immovable foundations of the temple of freedom; a nation having but one heart and that gushing out the life giving current of Saxon blood.

But leaving our own country to return again to it, what is the testimony of other nations and countries? What says heathendom? is it the sunny clime; the balmy air sporting amid her towering forests, hung with the richest fruits, variegated with every hue? do these hold the imagination, please the fancy, or inspire to noble deeds? The very supposition in view of facts finds at once a negative answer. But leaving the land of shades, the abodes of misery and superstitious cruelty, what is true of other nations enjoying the partial light of civilization? Does not the moral give tone to public sentiment? Of what does their bloody history testify, but of dumb obstinacy and the galling yoke of spiritual misrule? As an instance, look at those countries over which Papacy holds its sceptre of spiritual dominion. Is not the love of the truly beautiful crushed at the very threshold, and well nigh every noble aspiration mystified by superstitious awe and servile bondage to the false glare of assumed sanctity? And all this amid the grandest and most lovely of nature's works.

Such also may be said of the blind teachings of the Koran, though embodying other elements of diverse temper, still shadowing forth the same great outlines of moral potency. Besides, what has given France the name of infidel, Germany that of blind rationalism? What has given the home of the Swiss the rank she now holds

among the nations of Europe, darting down from her ice-clad peaks the rays of truth and liberty? What has clothed the Scot with truth's adamantine coat, the inhabitants of the land of the Picts with commanding sway, on whose dominion the sun never sets?

But to return home again. Why this harmony of mental movement? Though faction disturb for a time, the storm is soon over; the roar of the troubled waters ceases, not to be succeeded by a dead calm; but the rolling flood of a living tide. If a foreigner passing amid the abodes of plenty and peace asks the reason for all this, point him to the printed page of the thoughts of the wise and good: if he push inquiry farther, conduct him to the fountains of intellectual culture sending out their streams from every hill-side. Should he wonder at the absence of the compulsory arm of law, lead him to some lofty eminence of a Sabbath morn as "the church going bell" peals afar, calling a nation to worship. The moving mass shall diminish his marvel. This done you shall have shown him the pillars of our nation's safety, the omnipotence of moral power.

D.

THE LAST OF THE SOPHISTS.

A TALE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

CHAP. II, (CONTINUED.)

"The sword! Justice shall be done at once," the Egyptian shouted.

But the whole crowd dissented, with loud cries, against such a profanation of the threshold of their sacred place. By general consent the soldier was led back into the hall, while a consultation should be held as to his disposition. The Assembly, seated and in order, had attained a stillness almost equal to that which prevailed at first. The prisoner alone stood, with his hands firmly bound, by the side of the small obelisk, and in the strongest light of the room. When first

placed there, his head was bent forward,—his eyes fixed on the floor, and his whole appearance that of one utterly dejected. But as the consciousness that all eyes were upon him seemed to come to his mind, the look of dejection was replaced by one of defiance, if it had not been too calm to be called by that name. He rose to his full stature,—the pale cheek was mantled with the rushing blood,—his hands clenched one another so firmly, that all other restraints seemed gone ; and his bearing seemed that of one perfectly free, and holding himself only by his will, from crushing his foes at once. He was a noble sight. Masses of dark hair contrasted beautifully with his high, pale forehead. The eye, too, was dark and large,—not so lustrous as it was clear and open. The lower part of the face was almost boyishly full, and though no trace of the heavy beard, which darkened every face around him, was left on his smooth cheek, yet manliness and courage were stamped on every feature ; and his swift glance around the room conveyed an expression of curiosity rather than concern. His throat was covered partly by a jewelled collar, which was again hidden under plates of mail. His breast-plate shone brightly in the lamp-light, and a curiously devised ornament of gold, and studded with gems, glittered on his breast. His arms, bared from below the elbow, were, as we have said, confined behind him ; but the muscles were not rigid, nor the shape and proportions of the arms in the least distorted. A purple sash crossed from his right shoulder, and supporting the sword-sheath, completed all that was peculiar in his attire.

The Egyptian, seated in front of him, seemed to regard the prisoner with a look of mingled triumph and wonder. “What art thou ?” he demanded, after scrutinizing him some time ; “and what doest thou here ?”

The soldier, without turning his eye, or moving a muscle, remained silent.

“Doth he not know our tongue ? Does any one know aught of him ? How came he here ?”

“The slave !” answered a voice from the platform ; “let him come forward.”

But the slave could nowhere be found. Fore-seeing that an explanation would be called for, he had made his escape in the general confusion.

“Doth any one know aught of him ?”

"He must be the Count Glaucion of Antioch," responded one of the audience. "I know that he hath been in Tarsus recently."

"What! the son of yon hoary idolater! Truly, God hath delivered him to our hands. He must know our language,—he doth but play the fool with us. How, sir, hast thou no message for thy doting sire? Wilt thou not call on thy gods?"

The soldier, apparently unmoved by his taunts, turned his cold eye upon the speaker, and remained silent as before.

"He hath been taken a spy upon our holy things. Shall he not die, brethren? Our dungeons are deep,—away with him and let him suffer presently. Thy ghost shall moan in the ear of thy sire. Perchance, the fancy that thou wanderest on the shore of the unburied will soothe his declining days."

The maiden, now thoroughly aroused, started from her seat and came nearer: "Spare him I pray ye. Listen. Ye ask me to enter your list. Let this youth depart, and I am yours at once and forever."

But ere any could reply, the soldier had found voice to spurn the offer. "He who strikes off these chains in furtherance of so foul a bargain shall live to strike no more. Vain coward," and he turned his dark eye full upon the Egyptian,—*"Thou dost well to taunt a powerless man. You threaten me with death. I have never faced it so before; but I fear not the path wherein all my fathers have gone. And thinkest thou the senseless railing of a Nazarene can rouse aught but the scorn of one who knows Libanius? My noble father! And these are they who call thee dotard! Ah! thou wilt see the glorious days; and thou knowest full well that the brave and true wander no more, when once their toils are done."* His eye lit up with new fire, as lofty thoughts rushed on his soul, and he murmured them forth. "Aye, the winds of heaven may wanton with my bones; but I shall meet thee, old man;—beyond the roll of Orcus there shall be reunion. Shall we not see the godlike men of yore? Ah! they shall drink no hemlock,—they will know tyrant's steel no more. Come to me, father;—come, when the great battles 's won. Thou wilt not grieve for me now. But when the nobler age is thine,—when all thy dreams of ancient grandeur are fast set and sure, then thou wilt think of Glaucion, and wilt haste to cheer him. With all your fetters you are powerless over me. Ye cannot subdue my soul. Am I not Greek? The land of song and story gave my fathers birth,—her sa-

ges taught my childhood, and surely I have not known her heroes in vain ; let them but own me for a son this once, and teach me how to die."

A silence succeeded his low, impassioned words. The young presbyter, who had secured the prisoner, moved nearer to him, and gazed with brighter eye, upon his nobly calm face. Even the Egyptian seemed moved.

"Thine were a noble spirit, could it be but arightly guided. Wilt thou be one of us and take the maiden? Thou canst tell much, if I mistake not, of the purposes of yon apostate."

A flush passed over the soldier's face. "Myra! But no,—thou could'st not love a traitor. I could love thee no longer myself. No, tempter, I am Greek,—olden Greek still."

"Better traitor than doomed spy,—for such thou art. Is it not so, brethren?"

None opposed the suggestion ; and none assented to it. What was the precise hold on their minds, which the stranger had, seemed to be hardly comprehended by the audience themselves. "Macer," he continued, "thou hast meddled with these steel-toys ; choose thine assistants ; away with him to the eastern dungeon, and see that thou make quick work and sure."

A stalwart, low-browed man advanced to execute the commission ; the soldier met the Egyptian with the same glance of calm defiance,—but as he turned to take a farewell look at the maiden, and saw her utter despair, his resolution gave way. He tried to speak,—but utterance was denied him, and with a motion of his hand he signified to his jailer, his wish to be led from the scene. It seemed to nerve the maiden ; she called to those around her : "Is there none to help?—Father? Ludovic?—then," and she sprung to her feet, while her voice gained almost the energy of madness,—"then I renounce your faith,—we will die together."

But a strong arm kept her back, and the Briton, who had been looking on for some time, evidently much agitated by the scene, spoke out : "Be not so hasty, brethren,—let him be kept close,—there are other times for him to die. I will be responsible for his safety."

"And by what right dost thou interfere?" demanded the Egyptian. "Is this a time for weakness or delay?"

"Perhaps they who secured the prisoner might be allowed some

small share in his disposition. Methinks our brother was not so forward to capture as he is to condemn."

"Fool!" returned the Egyptian, "thou knowest not what true courage is. If I prefer not to make a vain boast of my shrivelled powers, by rushing idly against these men of steel, dost thou therefore think, that there is any thing on earth I fear?"

"Proud stranger!" replied the other, "I own no master here. I am a free presbyter, and shall exercise my own undoubted rights. Thou hast intermeddled too much within these last few days, in matters that have nought to do with thy mission;—and what all my brethren feel, I am not afraid openly to say."

A low murmur of assent rose among the audience. The Egyptian glanced round, as if seeking some one, on whom he could fasten the mutiny from his authority; but every countenance was impassible;—he stood a moment in deep thought,—perhaps the reflection crossed his mind, that he was, in truth, going too far, and might endanger all the influence he had acquired, by pressing his friends too much on a single point;—at any rate, whatever he thought, he yielded, with a ready tact, to the prevailing sentiment; and the soldier was led away to his dungeon, with strict orders, that no injury should, for the present, be done to him.

CHAP. III.

A damp and unfurnished cell,—its walls of rough stone, and covered with moisture, and the floor, only hardened earth, requires our presence. The only furniture was a chair of heavy and strong material, and a small stand placed against the wall, whereon were a lamp and an open manuscript. But the appearance and characters of the two occupants of this noisome dungeon were alone sufficient to give interest to any place. In the chair was seated the soldier,—a Count of the Empire,—the companion and favorite of Julian, and a welcomed guest at all the palaces of the Capital;—his head rested on his left hand, and his gaze mournfully earnest upon the furrowed parchments before him. By his side stood a fair girl of some nineteen summers, her right arm resting on the mailed breast of her lover, while the fore finger of her left hand traced down line after line of the splendidly illuminated page. The lamp-light, as it fell on her countenance, gave to each feature, distinctness and relief; and the face was certainly, one well fitted to inspire a manly love. Her hair, dark and rich, shaded her forehead in a simple but graceful curve, and was

carelessly bound behind with a gemmed clasp. Passion and power of deep feeling were reposing in the full lip and the well-rounded bust; but the eye seemed to deny their existence, or at least, declare that the possessor was herself unconscious of the fire and depth of her own nature. It was clear,—even brilliant, but softened in all its expression, by the delicate tracery of the blue veins beneath it. Had not sorrow or some kindred agency shaded the features, she would have seemed a creature of mere impulse and buoyant life;—but the enthusiasm and gayety, which were evidently natural to her, were saddened now into earnestness and truth. She seemed engrossed with the theme before her,—her eye wandering only from the page to the face of her lover, as if watching the effect upon him. He looked up into her face as he concluded:—"It is beautiful, Myra."

"Is it not more, Glaucon? Is it not true? Doth it not speak to you as never spoke the groves and altars of our childhood?"

"It may be so, but there is much I do not understand. And I love not your heaven better than my old one. Why should I? Did we not hope to roam forever beyond the dark river; were there not "many mansions" there, too? And was it not the converse of all the noble and the good, among gods or men that gave it such a charm? And what does your heaven promise, save purity and bliss?"

"Ah! but the purity is different, Glaucon. The poets never dreamed of it. It takes a new nature to understand it, even."

"A new nature! That is the mystery. Could you be more pure to me than when I first learned to love? And tell me, Myra, can my nature be changed so that you will love me more, or longer?"

The maiden turned her eyes from his ardent gaze, and hesitatingly murmured: "Not more, perhaps, but—differently. But speak not now of this, Glaucon."

"And why not now, Myra? We may not meet again this side the grave; and from this gloomy faith I gather, that we shall never meet beyond. And change after change may pass over you,—in your happy heaven, you must learn to hate your heathen friend. Let me love you then, more, while there is yet left something of my childhood's Myra." His voice was husky, and he was evidently, deeply affected.

Tears sprung to the maiden's eyes, and in a tone of reproach, she asked: "Have I deserved this, Glaucon?"

"Forgive me, Myra." But could I only know, that we might yet.

meet on that ground which is common to both our faiths,—the love of all that's beautiful and noble;—I cannot bear to think, that these new teachings should alter your whole nature, and make the past even, a dream. It would be so cheering, to know that you were unchanged. Your faith swallows up the individual, in the mass. It opens your heart to the whole race, and leaves no place where one can be loved alone."

"O! not so, Glaucon. Would that my heart were far more open to the race, and yet the place you hold would be surer than ever. Think you, that a mere desire of making a new proselyte has led me to forget my sex and place, and seek this dungeon, alone? I have teared these cruel men. They may hasten your death. And what hope have I, save in a better world? And what hope have you in the future, save in the faith I bring you? It is very wrong I know,—but heaven itself seems lonely to me, without you. I do not want you changed,—and yet, I do. How proud and thrilled I was, even in my wretchedness, when you refused the offer of yon dark man. I want you to learn the faith, for it is true; but I want you to be Glaucon, still."

The soldier was about to reply, when the small door of the cell was opened, and the face of the man to whose charge the prisoner had been given, appeared,—“Flee, lady,” he whispered, “there are footsteps on the stairs,—a moment more and you are discovered.”

She gathered her robe around her,—was locked for an instant in the embrace of the soldier,—a whisper passed between them, and the next moment he was alone, and heard the heavy bar ring, as the jailer drove it back to its socket. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR CORNER.

Dyon.

AN apology may be thought due our subscribers for the non-appearance for so long a time of this, *their* “monthly.” Numbers, “reasonable and sufficient,” might be presented, but from a long acquaintance with them we are fully convinced they are a shabby set, wholly inadequate to fulfill the ends they are intended to accomplish, and are therefore resolutely determined to “cut” them, to atone for past tardiness, by the rapidity of the “issuue” of our “footer” numbers.—The events of these long weeks have been, probably, pretty much of a sort with those of former vacations and winter terms, and need from us no farther notice than that “note of time” we “take from its loss.” The joys they have brought, the sorrows they have inflicted or soothed, the memories they have brightened, the hopes they have kindled—these are for the individual heart, and we forbear to enter that sacred retreat, and the “even tenor” of a college course affords little to speak of, save what the tongue of gossip is ever before the tardy press in blazoning to gaping rustics. So we bid you a hasty good-bye.

THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. III. NO. VII.



If the world like it not, so much the worse for them. — *Couper.*

“Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus.”

FEBRUARY, 1851.

AMHERST.
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

No. 7

AARON BURR.

A GOOD deal has been said upon the question, Whether great men have been more indebted to the age and circumstances in which they have lived, or to themselves, for greatness?—and, we doubt not, a good deal will continue to be said. It is easy to point to examples of those, who have, apparently against the greatest obstacles, forced their way to high and enviable distinction, by their own genius and resoluteness. It is not less easy to lay the finger upon instances of men making no small figure in history, who, to all appearance, have been lifted up by the force of the times, and, almost irrespectively of their own wills, borne on the summit of some wave of unusual dimensions in the tide of human affairs, to glory and renown. As individuals fix the eye more intently on the former or on the latter cases; and as they feel within themselves a disposition to make their way to eminence in the face and teeth of fortune—*viam invenire aut facere*, or passively to wait for some propitious gale to waft them thither; so will they be likely to lay the more stress upon the agency of the man himself in the shaping of his destiny, or upon the force and pressure of that juncture, in which it is his lot to live and act.

Doubtless some ages are more propitious to greatness than others. While there is a vast difference among the individuals of any one period as to their natural endowments, we are inclined to think that the intellectual standard of any particular age differs from that of any

other, imperceptibly if at all. The ancients were just about as acute as we, and we just about as acute as they; and in those ages that we call dark, lived and studied as great thinkers as the world has ever produced. Demosthenes, did he live in our day, might adorn the list of English and American patriots, and our own statesman, had his lot been cast in the days of Athens, might have thundered as noble Philippics, as the great Athenian himself. So the cloisters of the middle ages, doubtless buried many a monk, who, in Locke's day, might have been as acute a metaphysician as he.

While, then, the average of native talent and capacity continues nearly, if not quite, the same through different ages, we can account for the fact that great men are found in clusters about particular epochs, while in less favored times centuries have rolled by, handing down scarce a name to history, and none to fame; only on the supposition that now and then there turns up a juncture in the progress and unfolding of the world's history, demanding, and peculiarly fitted to nourish a generation of great workers and illustrious men.

We place no disparagement on human talent. It is, indeed, the *sine quo nihil* to all greatness, but, nevertheless, is powerless alone. It is talent *applied*, developed in its own sphere, coping with events adequate to itself; it is the two together—grandeur in the man, and grandeur in the times, that produce those prodigies of human greatness we admire. He speaks unreflectingly, and has learned little of the majesty of that silent but all-shaping Providence, which bears him on as calmly yet irresistibly with its tread, as the deep flood the mote on its bosom; who talks confidently of making and shaping his destiny to his own hand,—be his powers never so splendid, and his purpose and ardor of soul never so inextinguishable.—We read in the story of the games of Æneas, that in the foot race, none was so swift of limb as the generous and sturdy Nisus:—

Primus abit, longèque ante omnia corpora Nisus
Emicat, et ventis et fulminis ocyor alis:—

but it was the misfortune of the noble youth to turn his steps to a part of the course slippery with the blood of the sacrifice, and neither his surpassing agility nor the stoutest sinew could rescue him from an ignominious fall in the dust and gore of the plain:—

Hic juvenis, jam victor ovans, vestigia presso
Haud tenuit titubata solo: sed pronus ipso
Concidit immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.

So it is with talent. It must have a footing—like the philosopher of old, a *whereon to stand*—or it will never move the world. If human greatness and renown be worth the having to the man of native power and genius, woe to him whose lot falls in an untoward time; when society is reposing under old and established institutions, and nothing opens to him but patient toil in the thickly-trodden paths, with the common sort of plodders after the honors and good things of life; when originality is chained down by the customs, which a well systematized age has imposed on itself; when there is no movement on the face of the deep waters, no convulsions to sift the men of might, and place them like genii of the storm to direct the fury of the elements, wielding them at their own pleasure, or stilling them to rest. Then may he abandon the flattering hope of greatness, which men of no more splendid powers than he have attained in more stirring times, and rest content with the humbler, but not more ignoble portion of usefulness. In the common walks of men, we may believe, there not infrequently lives and dies a man of eminent genius, and of fine-strung soul, whose nobler powers are never developed by any exigence or appreciated by the world,—like a ship, built and manned to ride triumphantly over deep and troubled seas, and to exult among the billows and the winds of heaven, lying becalmed in shallow waters, and ignobly perishing close in to shore. Well is it that the destinies of men are much hidden from them, while hope, that never palls, bids them toil and struggle on.

These reflections on the influence of an age upon the development of great men, have been suggested by the contemplation of those great spirits that figure in the early pages of our own history, and in whom center our proudest and most hallowed memories. The great men of the world have been builders,—in science, in philosophy, in church, in state. When old systems have decayed from their own weakness, or have fallen under the assaults of those whom they have misguided and abused, then comes a generation to rear anew, amid the wrecks and ruins of the old. These are the men to whom after ages award the highest meed of praise, honoring the hand that builds, above that which pulls down, though the work be but imperfect, and destined soon again to fall. Our fathers were builders; and upon their consummate skill and genius, that temple which they have erected to freedom in this our government, is the best comment.

These are familiar thoughts, and deserve to be much cherished by

all who glory in the name American. Yet, let us not forget, in a too blind admiration of the past, how much those men are indebted to the part it was their happy lot to play ; or believe, that were the drama to be acted once more, there do not slumber among our people, hearts as true as theirs, and beating as high with the pulses of freedom. Sound but the note of alarm, and there shall spring into existence another—shall I say Washington? Yes, there are many in store for America. A second Henry shall thrill our souls with the tones of “liberty—or death,” while from every vale and hill-side shall start a freeman to bleed for his country. Our sires were, indeed, great and noble men ; and palsied be the tongue and blighted the hand, that speaks or sets down aught against them ; but the feeling, however undefined, that they were *more* than men, and the apprehension, however vague, that with them perished the spirit they bore, and that none survive them on whom the hopes of the republic may sanguinely repose, are suited to awaken a silent distrust, and a suspicion of impending dangers, which is both unfounded and pernicious.

We now turn to him whose name we have placed at the head of this article ; not to speak in terms of the same unqualified praise, yet finding something to admire. Burr played a distinguished part among the leading actors of his day, and was, perhaps, the most brilliant of them all ; yet his character presents points of the strongest contrast to theirs, and we turn from the gratitude that makes their memories sacred, to the deep ignominy that has settled upon the name of Burr, with a feeling of the most painful reverse. Their stars went down in a mellow effulgence of glory, and amid bursts of grief ; Burr’s sunk in a deep night of misery and shame, and none sighed at his loss, or honored his tomb.

Aaron Burr was undoubtedly a remarkable man. Had he possessed a sound integrity, there can be no doubt but that he would have shone among the brightest lights of his age. That he was a man of great talents, his most bitter censurers have never presumed to call in question. Glaring as his faults were, he displayed in them a vast power. Washington, who detested his character as a man, confessedly feared his ability as a soldier and a statesman ; and Jefferson, who was indebted to Burr in a great measure for his elevation to the presidential chair, did not deem it unworthy of his power afterwards to attempt to crush him.

Coming to manhood at the commencement of the struggle with

Great Britain, and entering public life at the same time with the formation of the Constitution, it was impossible that a man of Burr's genius and ambition should not distinguish himself. That he only intimidated with his greatness, and failed to secure a name among the illustrious patriots of his day, we attribute, not to persecution, but to himself.

The grand defect in Burr's character, was an entire lack of principle. Of an elevated moral worth, of a noble and disinterested soul, as elements of true greatness, he seems to have had no idea. He had none of that self-sacrificing patriotism, which marked the men of his time. His religion was a blank; his morality, a cunning, selfish expediency. A stranger to any high standard of duty, and to all true devotion to the good of his country, to guide his feet in those moments of weakness that beset the steps of a talented and aspiring man; he was left to the unhallowed promptings of an intemperate and unscrupulous ambition; and whatever glory or success his splendid powers had gained for him to-day, his deep depravity was sure to stain and sacrifice on the morrow.

With a restless and unprincipled ambition, Burr combined a profound love of mystery and intrigue. Scanning with great acuteness the characters of other men, he carefully disguised himself. He never acted openly and honestly in all his life. He was everywhere the same selfish, crafty, plotting man. Much of his correspondence was conducted in cipher. His schemes were too dark and deep-laid to be committed to paper, or entrusted to the conveyance of the mail. His own family were profoundly in the dark as to his most common movements. Thus he went through life, an enigma never solved or understood. He had no faith in the honesty and purity of other men's motives, he does not seem to have been conscious that the world would demand those qualities in him.

Probably Burr was much mistaken in the estimate which he placed upon his power at intrigue. However base his heart was,—and doubtless his real character would have gained nothing by a fuller revelation,—he might with much advantage have cultivated a more seeming frankness. By casting a veil of such impenetrable mystery around his conduct, he barred himself from all confidence and sympathy. The world, then, as always, loved to be dealt with openly; and both his own age and posterity, would have been more lenient to his character, had he been an avowed, rather than a disguised, villain.

It is, perhaps, impossible to find a more singular character upon the page of American history. His deeds pass before us like the figures in a changing scene, but their author is always behind the curtain. We have his letters, and a journal of four years of his life ; but we never get a glimpse at the heart or motives of the man. There was but one feature of himself that he chose to reveal, and that was his worst one. The records of a life of notorious dissoluteness were treasured up by him with a most weak and criminal pride, with a view to give them to the world when he himself should have been no more ; but luckily for him, and the morals of the present day, they fell into the hands of a biographer where they have perished without a vestige. That a man, who has left so plain an impress of his power on all the acts of his life, should never have accomplished any deed to win the high admiration of posterity, is indeed lamentable and strange.

Burr opened his career as a soldier. He believed this to be the field for which nature had eminently qualified him, and was most tenacious of his military character through life. That he possessed military talents of a high order, the most invidious criticism cannot disprove. The indomitable energy with which he pressed through the wilds of Maine, in the detachment of Arnold, to the scene of war in Canada ; his conduct at the siege of Quebec ; his courage and firmness in the assault, and as he bore the wounded Montgomery from the field ; the fact that his distrust in the plan of attack proved well-grounded,—and all this of an individual not yet twenty years of age ; add a lustre to the name of the youthful soldier which no injustice can diminish. High in the favor of the whigs, in consequence of these his first exploits, he was admitted as aid-de-camp to the side and the family of Washington. In the fairest way to advancement and distinction, his restless ambition triumphed over his prudence, and his love of dissimulation over his ingenuousness and integrity. Six weeks were sufficient to destroy all the confidence which that great man had reposed in him, and to create a suspicion and dislike, which time served neither to soften nor heal.

After an indifferent career in the army, in which he suffered severely under the displeasure of the commander-in-chief, and in which it is evident that full play was not given his talents, he left the service in disappointment and disgust. The struggle which this failure caused his feelings, was bitter, but did not dishearten him. He believ-

ed that injustice had been done him. The world was still before him, and he was conscious of his power.

We next know him as a lawyer. Those same traits, which were afterwards more fully displayed in his political career, and which were the prevailing ones in his character, he brought to the bar. It was his forte to surprise his opponents by some unsuspected ambush. The labor with which he prepared his cases, was incredible; the insidious force with which he pushed them through, no ability could anticipate or resist. He had no scruples about the justice of his cause, or the character of his means and agents; and the latter no man knew better than he how to apply. His resources were his craft, and some brilliant stroke of management. "Now move slow," he would say; "never negotiate in a hurry. There is a saying, 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.' This is a maxim for sluggards. A better reading of the maxim is, 'Never do to-day what you can as well do to-morrow;' because something may occur to make you regret your premature action."

Aaron Burr was at the height of his political power, in the campaign of 1800. Never has an election of so much importance occurred under our constitution, before or since. The weakest links that bound the government together, were then brought into the strain of party rage and animosity, while it became apparent for the first time, that there were practical defects in the constitution. Those who tremble at the imagined dangers of dissolution in our own time, may take heart by recurring to the history of that day, when not the mere interests of sections, but the principles which lie at the foundation of the government, were the ground of contest; and may be induced to believe, that the bonds of union, which then stood out the fury of the storm, may survive the petty conflicts of a later day.

It has been said, that had Burr attained to the presidency in that campaign, he would have left an illustrious name in the line of our presidents. It is possible that he, who always showed himself so unfit to act the part of a subaltern, might have acquitted himself with honor as the prime. His ambition, which had so long thirsted for gratification by illicit means, might then have expended itself in proper channels, and the deep stains of his life have been lost sight of forever, under the bright cover of his talents. But however plausible such a supposition may be, it would doubtless have been a much more hazardous experiment to intrust the government to his hands, than to

those of Jefferson. Our country has much occasion to be thankful that Jefferson, extravagant and dangerous as were his theories, proved in this crisis in our history, a timid actor; while Burr, whose probable course could be but darkly guessed at, either from his previous policy or his avowed opinions, was always rash and unprincipled in action.

Such was the judgment of his own age; and Burr sunk to the vice-presidency, a second-rate man. His term was spent in opposition to that administration, which he had done more than any man in America to bring into power.

It was evident that the day of his political power had then gone by forever. He had forfeited the attachments of his own party, while he more effectually won the hatred of the Federalists, by what they deemed the cold-blooded murder of their favorite leader, Alexander Hamilton. Fairly driven from the field of politics, nothing remained to him but the hope of desperate enterprises.

Burr had probably conceived his project at the West, while president of the Senate. Upon this most mysterious incident in our history, little light has ever been thrown. While his avowed object was an expedition against Mexico, Burr had doubtless intended thus to raise an army, and then to turn his force against his country, and make New Orleans the centre of a new republic at the west. Whatever his particular design may have been, there never was a more ignominious failure. The troops which he had expected to join him as he sailed down the Ohio and Mississippi, were nowhere to be seen. General Wilkinson, to save himself, sacrificed Burr. He landed on the territory of Mississippi only to fall into the hands of justice, and to be arraigned before the tribunal of his country for treason. Although at that famous trial at Richmond, he escaped conviction and all further hazard of prosecution, Aaron Burr stepped out of the court-room, a ruined man. The game was fairly up for America, and he had failed to win. Any other man had now desponded. But he, whose lips never uttered a repining or complaining word in all his life, was not to be disheartened. With the hope of foreign aid in his long-cherished scheme against Mexico, he sailed to England; and then comes the meanest act of his life. The same person, who, at the commencement of the struggle with Great Britain, had taken up arms on the side of America, sought once more to re-assert his allegiance to the crown, on the ground that it had never been forfeited.

A claim so preposterous, only hastened the destruction of his hopes.

Driven from the kingdom, he turned his thoughts to Napoleon and France. But his notorious character for intrigue had preceded him, and cut off all prospect of success. Watched and hunted by the police, neglected and contemned by his own countrymen, he was driven to penury and want. A stranger and a wanderer in a foreign land, there was one sole object that drew him to his native country. Amid all his wanderings, the daughter whom he had educated to every accomplishment, and her child, seem always to have engaged his affections, and to have formed the only tie that bound him to his kind.

After trials and mortifications that cannot be told, he once more reached New York. But his fondest hopes were destined to be crushed. His grandson died before he was permitted to see him, while the sad fate of Theodosia Burr, while on her voyage to him from the South, has never been explained. He was thus left, an utterly lone and isolated wretch, while in all that country which he had once moved and attracted by his power, there was not a being to pity or sympathize in his misfortunes. Of all his former hopes and pursuits, he retained nothing but that notorious and abandoned profligacy which he had practiced all his life, and which the severest lessons had not taught him to renounce. Thus he lived for more than twenty years, doling out "a paltry existence, by weaving the filmy cobwebs of the law."

Without a friend to sympathize in his distress, with no kindred hand to smooth the pillow of his restlessness and pain, with no affectionate voice to whisper in his dull ear the latest words of kindness and consolation, and with no hope to cheer him beyond the dark and forbidding confines of the grave, he died, "unpitied and unmourned,"—the miserable wreck of a splendid man.

Thus closed the career of one of the most talented men that America has ever produced. Once he filled the second office in the gift of the people, while a single ballot had raised him to the first. He died in such disgrace as has been the lot of no man of so much eminence in our history. And while we cannot restrain our pity for his hopeless fall, or withhold our admiration for a soul that met its fate without a groan or complaint; and while it must be admitted that no better men than he have often escaped with a clearer fame, our better judgment pronounces the verdict of his own age to be just.

It hardly remains necessary to pronounce on Burr's title to great-

ness. If greatness consist in splendid native powers, in a profound skill and mastery over the minds of men, in an habitual calm self-reliance and strength of soul, in an energy and determination of will which nothing can withstand or daunt; then Burr was a great man. But if there be an element of goodness in the character of the great man; if his motives must be enlarged and pure, if disinterestedness must prevail over selfishness, and ingenuousness and honesty over dissimulation and craft; if the man must be principled as well as talented; then one element of greatness was totally wanting in him, of whom we have spoken.

We close with a single reflection. The retribution which Burr received at the hands of his own generation, and the opprobrium that still rests upon his name, are an expression of the moral sentiment of the people which cannot be overlooked. It is written with terrible distinctness upon such a career, that a man can rest his reputation with his fellow men, only on an honest integrity and a sound moral worth. It will prove a timely lesson, and a faithful admonition to the selfish, intriguing politicians of every succeeding age, and to all those whose ambition exceeds their principle, to remember the career and the last days of Aaron Burr.



THE WIND.

Comest thou with the same sound, sweet Wind,
Thou hadst in other days—
With the same glad rush on our heated brows
In the speed of our wild-wood plays—
With the same soft chime of shaken flowers
Thro' the clear blue sunny air,
With the fresh bright light of the golden hours
On thy pinions pure and fair?
Comest thou, sweet wind, as in olden days,
Haunted with dreams of that sunny dell
Where the cowslip grows, and the long grass waves,
And the leaves of the blue-veined violets swell—

Where thro' each treasure-freighted hour
The sunshine pours its golden dower,
Where the cricket chirps from his leafy nest,
To the sleepy hum of the droning fly,
And every thing lovely seems most blest
In the heart of that fair green dell to lie—
Comest thou thus, sweet wind?

Oh! com'st thou as in the olden time,
Haunted and steeped with a golden rime,
With a joyous breath thro' the garden bowers,
Tossing the bells of the bright'ning flowers,
Bruising the grapes on the heavy vine,
Swaying the sprays of the eglantine,
Floating the leaf from the failing bough,
With a murmur half joyous yet soft and low—
Comest thou thus, sweet wind?

Comest thou from the lonely dell
Rifing the haunts of the heather-bell,
Stealing their sweets ere the bee is up
To drain the draught from each dewy cup?
Or com'st thou from beds of the mountain rose
Where brightest the firefly at evening glows,
Where the violet banks give a musk-perfume
That tells of the nooks where they sweetest bloom,
And their petals are wet with so pure a dew,
It mirrors the azure of twilight thro'—
Comest thou thus, sweet wind?

Oh wind, oh wind, why thus to me
Gentle and soft should thy murmurs be,
Bearing the tone of those child-like hours
When hearts are the fairest of opening flowers,
And breathing, wind, as thou breathest now
A by-gone touch on my weary brow?
Oh! it matters not if from moor or dell
Thou throwest ar-und me this gentle spell,
Or whether from valley or mountain-height,
Or the fresh green haunts of our young delight,

Thou comest to breathe within my breast
 A calm to its throbbings of deep unrest,
 And woo me back with thy gentle tone
 To the days that were bright with the loved and gone.

Thy voice has the echo of laughter sweet,
 And I hear the bound of their dancing feet,
 And I see thro' my dimming tears, the curls
 And the dusky eyes of fair young girls,
 And hear each haunting voice ring out
 In the elfin peal of some merry shout;
 And my tho'ts wend back to those by-gone days
 Slowly and sad with a dim amaze,
 Grieving that time o'er my heart has cast
 Too deeply the present to dream of the past,
 Yet yearning with love that I deemed was stilled,
 For the perished hopes of a heart unfilled.
 Oh! bring not again to these weary eyes
 The tears of a sorrow that never dies;
 But teach me to chasten my spirit yet
 'Mid the softening shades of this dim regret,
 Till the Present may garner in joyous hours—
 Like the Bee from his store-house of summer flowers—
 Sweet memories linked in a mellowing chime
 To the loved and lost of Youth's glad prime.
 And comest thou thus at morn or even,
 Thy breath shall bear onward a prayer to heaven.

W. M. R.

THE DANGER OF BEING WITTY. 5. 7.

WIT is generally esteemed a rare and valuable gift. The ancients call wit and wisdom sisters. The modern French writer says, "*le comique, le vrai comique, n'est jamais mechant.*" Young people desire it for itself, the middle aged covet it for its power, and the old strive to concentrate their wisdom in a pithy saying. It is a charm

in society, and a light in private life. It adds lustre to any character, and a grace to the highest. The witty person is surrounded by an affectionate thankfulness, is felt to bring an element of geniality into the dulllest and most frigid circle. Before him, the brow relaxes, the smiles play. Care flees away, and lethargy wakes up. A happy warmth and glow run around the circle, mingling and fusing the most opposite natures, into mellow and conscious sympathy and unity. Reason expands the soul of the philosopher, imagination glorifies the poet; but wit glances and gleams on our daily life, and ministers bountifully to the innocent pleasures of mankind.

It is a possession for all time, as well as for the moment of its utterance. "Age cannot wither it nor custom stay its infinite variety." Like the Arabian scimeter of Solomon, it is a most powerful weapon, as well as a charm and talisman. It can defend innocence, and rebuke folly and sin. It can inflict mortal wounds on error and wickedness. It can crystalize about truth and right, at once preserving them and making them more brilliant. It has great variety of kind and application; from the most evanescent playfulness to the most enduring satire, from the confusion of an Irish bull to the aimed and purposed sarcasm of a Junius.

It is linked with the fame of a Fuller and a South, it sparkled in the speeches of a Sheridan and Canning. We love it in Lamb and Hood, and wonder at the infinite humor of Richter. Voltaire did a great work of purification by its means, and Punch even now wields it with immense power over a great nation. Phocion, Socrates, Luther, Sir Thomas More, add it as a bloom to the severer graces of their characters; and Plato, Pascal, and Schleiermacher were all masters of irony. In Plato's Banquet, Socrates says that it is necessarily connected with the highest powers, so that a great tragic poet ought to be a great comic poet also, a prophecy which most surely received its fulfillment in Shakespeare; for no heart would have been strong enough to hold the woe of a Lear and an Othello, if it likewise had not held the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff and *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. A similar union of the graver and lighter powers is found in Boccaccio, in Cervantes, in Chaucer, in Goethe, in Tieck and Walter Scott. We even find a severe taunting irony in the Bible; as in Isaiah's severe invective against idolatry, and Elijah's dealings with the priests of Baal, and in Saint Paul,—especially in the fourth chapter of the Corinthians.

Yet, in the face of all this testimony to its value and agreeableness, there are some dangers attending its ownership, which are hardly estimated while its dazzle surrounds us.

Wit has been defined, The power of seeing differences, real or fancied, where others would see resemblances only, and resemblances where others would see differences alone. It is either made up of analogy or analysis. That analogy may often mislead, is a philosophical fact; as well as that analysis tends to hair-splitting, and prevents an enlarged apprehension. An outward resemblance finally gets to satisfy the *mere* wit, where there is a real innate difference; and the higher and nobler powers of the mind sleep unused. Judgment is not called on to decide, nor reason to argue. The fancy triumphs, while imagination languishes. No longer can it kindle and glow in poetry, while the mind loses that large, roundabout, comprehensive view which is essential to eloquence. Wit attends to the details, resolves the component parts, and separates the pure white light into varied and complementary colors. Things are no longer grouped according to the common laws of association, or their natural relations; but the startling, the unfamiliar, the incongruous are brought together. A philosophical solid becomes a line or superficies, when it "suffers a sea change into something rich and *strange*." The flame of inspiration in poetry must become the crackle and momentary glare of a friction match, in order to be wit.

From its fascinations, there is a danger that wit will be cultivated to the neglect of other qualities;—and symmetry of mental development is sacrificed when any one faculty of the mind is exercised to the exclusion of the rest. The faculties, however opposite, should grow up side by side, and twine their arms lovingly together for support, and then the intellect will be preserved from warp or error. The habit of dealing merely with the partial, the apparent, the incongruous, is an evil one. Philosophy is its antagonist, but her teachings are unheeded. Poetry may charm never so wisely, but the man who has let his wit run away with him, walks in a narrow corridor with gas lights on each side of him—no sky nor sun above him, no broad expanse of sea and shore, or mountain peak meets his view; he is a willing, and yet unconscious prisoner.

Wit, when cultivated exclusively, is death to earnestness and gravity, and, of course, to enthusiasm; and here we see a second reason why it is a foe to eloquence. This brings us to the woful change the

desire of being witty often works in the moral nature. When wit, leaving things, assails individuals; when prejudice comes in to color it, and personal feeling to embitter it, a sad alteration comes over the heart and conscience. The temper is soured, the mind enfeebled, light and love are taken out of life, and goodness and happiness flee away together. There is no longer capacity for honest and hearty admiration. The quick and ready sympathy ceases to flow, the sensibility becomes palsied to the sense of excellence, and alive only to the ridiculous. Symmetry goes unregarded, harmony unloved, and beauty uncared for, while the attention is caught and fastened only on what is peculiar. At first the singularities and idiosyncracies, and finally the errors and mistakes of mankind, become choice material for exhibition and enjoyment; and what was in the first instance innocent sportiveness, becomes mocking derision. This unfortunate perversion ruins all that is noble and elevated in character, and from looking only at the follies and vices of humanity, one becomes at once hopeless and reckless. Even in fine minds and noble natures, this moral deterioration makes them like

"Those to whose smooth rubbed souls can cling,
Nor form nor feeling, great nor small."

The sense of the ridiculous must die with our earthly nature. Wit can hardly be one of those faculties to be matured in an after life, where nothing but perfection can meet the view. In training for that life, let even here, the majesty of truth, the beauty of holiness, and virtue, "throned in crystal sphere," absorb our devotion and desire.

Ned Larned.

THE FATE OF THE REPUBLIC IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE love of liberty is instinctive in man. It is a fire which many waters cannot quench, nor a flood drown. The genius of liberty does not count the number, nor measure the strength of antagonist powers; but, conscious of her own native strength and holy origin, when her rights are invaded, she rises in her majesty, and with deadly effect hurls the thunderbolts of her displeasure against the throne of despo-

tism. Kings and Emperors, attended by feudal lords and military chiefs and mighty armies, may assail her, but she rids herself of these enemies, as a lion lashes from his sides a swarm of insects. Human power and skill she sets at defiance; for, as Hooker says of the law, Her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice is the harmony of the world.

The paramount regard for true liberty, liberty without licentiousness, characterized the spirit of '76, and this fact furnishes the only true commentary upon the history of the American revolution; a revolution so marked in its character, as to be without a parallel on the pages of history. The same spirit diffused itself through our political and civil institutions, and imparted to them an excellence and a moral power, which not only claim the highest confidence of the American people, but have called forth the admiration of the world.

We presume that all will agree, that if these our institutions are ever annihilated, it will be through some delinquency on the part of the people. All that is essential to their permanency, is in the hands and at the command of the people of these states,—and will they prove recreant in the hour of trial and peril, and unfaithful to the high trust committed to them, in the providence of God? Or will they guard the sacred deposit with watchful care, having a jealous eye to all innovations of unauthorized power upon their chartered rights, or assaults of licentiousness upon their virtue and patriotism, and timely and effectually apply the appropriate remedy? He who will settle these queries, will solve the problem, whether this republic is destined to flourish with undiminished splendor through future ages, or to go down “like a lonely bark, foundering amidst darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep her fall, or a friendly hand to record her struggle.” Now what American citizen who has any just conceptions of the value of our free institutions, but will contribute his influence to hand them down to posterity unimpaired? America has no distinctions of rank to flatter our pride; but the field of virtuous emulation is before us, and those are noblemen who do noble deeds. She has no politico-religious establishment,—but the church, built as it is upon an immovable foundation, has all the security she wants in our happy constitution, by which she is permitted to speak for herself. And though America has no one of her many beautiful daughters elevated upon the throne of royalty, yet, what is infinitely better, the American *fair* are exalted in the scale of intelli-

gence, swaying a potent but mild sceptre over the morals and taste of the nation, issuing mandates and sanctioning principles founded only in purity and justice.

The American Republic is the first instance of a popular government properly guarded and balanced: and the destinies of the world are suspended upon the success of the experiment. Humanity has been oppressed, painfully agitated, and anxiously looking for relief, for near six thousand years. To use the language of the great Apostle upon another subject, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." In the west, the star of hope arises, and here, upon an ample field, and on a broad scale, the question is to be decided, whether institutions can be maintained, which are built on the fundamental principle, that all men are by nature equal; and that power to govern emanates from the people. And here every circumstance is favorable to complete success,—isolated from the monarchical governments of Europe, with a vast extent of territory and every variety of soil and climate, at a period in the world's history when Vulcan and Neptune are harnessed to the car of public improvements, and mind moves on with the velocity of lightning, as though the God of nature and of providence had purposely prepared the way for the grand experiment. In our late trials, the Argus of the old world, with his hundred eyes, has been looking on with breathless anxiety. His prophets have time and again predicted the failure, and his kings and nobles have wished, have waited, have longed to see these predictions fulfilled; while myriads of his miserable slaves, have been looking over the Atlantic with hope, stretching out the hand of supplication, and beseeching the genius of liberty to fly across the mighty waters and knock off their chains.

But amid all this hoping and fearing and stir and turmoil, what do I fancy? I see the spirits of the mighty dead! patriots and statesmen, who poured out their blood in defense of liberty. These, forming a long line of succession, from the days of righteous Abel down to the present time, now leave their seats of honor and bend their course to the western hemisphere of our earth, and forming a mighty and glorious group, they hover over the tree of liberty. Here is the Father of his Country, and there, that wonderful stranger who sacrificed his private fortune and put at hazard his life in defense of American liberty. With what sympathy, with what solicitude do they inspect the expanding foliage and gaze upon the waving branches of this

lovely tree! They see it taking deep root in the soil fertilized by the tears and the blood of the good and brave. They see its trunk sound and massive, and its top rising and spreading until it casts its shadow over the whole extent of territory from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. But here the flight of imagination is checked, and a class of sensible, living beings arrests our attention. These wait the decision of the grand question at issue with all the solicitude and hope that mortals can endure. They are the few of the heroes of the American revolution, who yet linger upon the shores of time. Time and care have effaced the beauty and vigor of youth, furrowed their faces, whitened their locks, and inclined their bodies towards the earth, where the great mass of their compatriots are silently reposing, and with whom they will soon be associated. Language would utterly fail to express the love and veneration we feel for them. They fought the battles of liberty, but we enjoy the boon. To us is the benefit, but upon their venerated heads be the immortal honors. Respected and beloved fathers! may your sun go down without a cloud, and may you sleep in the grave with the hope of a life of unending happiness!

A FABLE.

Σ. 7.

In the pages of an old divine,
A story one may see,
Of savage beasts that roamed abroad
In forest and high way free.

Their shape and their size, it is not given,
Of color, there's nothing said,
Whether large or small, or many or few,
Or white or brown or red.

Upon their shaggy necks they wore
A face of human kind;

And in their hearts they something had
Of feeling, sensitive mind.

But savage and raging forth they went,
All firm and strong of limb,
And cruelly and powerfully
They preyed upon their kin.

One of these beasts strayed out one day
From the forest's dark retreat :—
He did not go to hunt for prey,
But to lie in the sunshine sweet.

He came upon a little lake,—
Its waters were asleep,—
And standing on its frigid shore,
The beast began to weep.

He saw upon the waters clear
Himself in shadowy line ;
So rough and savage in his form,
With the human face divine.

And sorrow came o'er the poor beast's heart,—
For knowledge came to him,
That all his life he had preyed upon
His very kind and kin.

He traveled away to the loneliest shade
He could find in the country wide,
And in penitent loneliness there he staid,
And suffered, and pined, and died.

Ah ! bold and terrible Satirist,
This story comes home to *thee* !

A moral is hid in the minister's tale,
'Twere well for thee to see.

Thou preyest upon thy fellow man,
Thou woundest his inner heart ;
Thou takest away his joyous life
With sharp and savage art.

Thou feedest upon his very pangs
And playest with his fears,
A shadow falleth around thy path,
And 'tis wet with human tears.

In the deepest shade of a thoughtful mind
The wild beast thou must slay,
Renounce this warfare against man,
And for pardon kneel and pray.

A spirit of penitence so shall come,
Of largest charity ;
Thy heart shall be filled with pulses sweet
Of our common humanity.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES FROM OLD GALLERIES. IV.

HAMLET. *Henry Root.*

THERE are great mysteries in this world of ours—mysteries which human ingenuity has never been able fully to solve. Philosophy has ever striven in vain to disclose to us the secret chain which links one mind to another, and joins them in indissoluble union ; but the

communion of spirit with spirit is still deep and mysterious. There are mysteries, too, in the *natural* world, which have ever baffled our highest efforts, and still remain the same hidden mysteries. But when we find ourselves unable to disclose these secrets, we impute it not to their imperfection, but to our own weakness and littleness; and modestly wait till we are wiser. With the same modesty ought we ever to look upon the productions of a superior mind; and if there be that in them which we cannot fully comprehend, we ought willingly to admit that it is too wise for us, that it has soared too high for us to follow, that we can only wonder at its power.

With something of this spirit let us spend a few moments in thinking on the "Tragedy of Hamlet;" the strangest and most puzzling, and still one of the most brilliant of Shakespeare's productions; for though we cannot attempt to explain, we still cannot but become greater and better for communion with so good and great a mind as his.

The scene of the play is laid at Elsinore, a small town in the North of Denmark. The King of Denmark has just been murdered by his brother who has married his sister-in-law, the wife of the former King, and the mother of the prince Hamlet. The ghost of the King is introduced as revealing to Hamlet the secret of his father's murder, and extracting from him the most solemn vows of vengeance. Hamlet is shown to us as enamored of Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, and the sister of Laertes. He has imposed upon him the murder of the King, and some parts of the play are taken up with plans on his part to effect the great and now the only object of his life. In one of the scenes, Hamlet slays Polonius. The King suspecting his plans, takes advantage of this crime, and induces Laertes, under pretence of avenging his father's death, to plot with him for the murder of Hamlet. This is finally effected; and the tragical story ends with the death of Hamlet by the rapier of Laertes, the death of Laertes by his own in the hands of Hamlet; who ends his life by killing the King. Ophelia, mad through sorrow for her father, and through undying love for Hamlet, is drowned "in the weeping brook," and the Queen drinks the poisoned cup prepared for her son. With this brief outline of the play before us, we will now discuss a few of the more prominent characters.

First, then, the King. If there was ever a grand and perfect exemplification of what a man can do, when gifted with a strong mind, armed with the subtlest policy, with a spirit burning with a wild,

wicked, restless ambition, and a conscience ever goaded by the most harrowing remorse ; it is given us in the character of the King. He fully personified a legion of hellish passions, and his spirit was the gloomy battle-field of their unceasing warfare ; each ever conflicting with the other — neither conquering, neither conquered. It required an iron will to withstand, and a thick veil of hypocrisy to conceal that fierce conflict. The fearful guilt of the murderer was resting on him. With his hand even now dripping with his brother's blood, he had just plighted his faith to that brother's wife. He holds the fatal secret in silence, locked in his own breast, and his outward actions must breathe nothing of the spirit within. It is a very hard thing thus to counterfeit the daguerreotype of the heart, and display in action none of the secret working of the inner spirit. It is a power which few possess, and they are always men of strong mind, and a giant will. To a certain extent, the King possessed it. His clear intellect detected the surest point of safety in offering consolation to the noble, sorrowing Hamlet. He throws over his shoulders the cloak of charity, which, in more senses than one, "covers a multitude of sins." He is suddenly seized with a strange emotion—that amiable christian grace—a pious resignation to the will of heaven ! With what subtle policy and impenetrable hypocrisy does he feign a laudable sympathy for Hamlet, and a willing acquiescence to the allotments of Providence ; when he says :—

"'Tis sweet, and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow ; but to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven ;
Take it to heart ? Fye ! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so."

But in real life, a man, guilty of so foul a crime, can never drive

from *himself* the consciousness of his guilt. He may darken the windows of his soul, so that the world cannot look in, and see what is there ; but when he is alone, and solitude opens the avenues of his spirit, the foul crime which has festered in its seclusion is too powerful, and conscience draws from his unwilling lips a bitter self-condemnation. Shakespeare knew this : and hence the next we hear of the King is in that memorable soliloquy which contains more real metaphysics than volumes on the "Structure of the Human Mind." It is the spontaneous outburst of a spirit swayed by hope and despair, remorse and temptation.

There are those in our world who vainly pride themselves on their righteousness, but who have never known what it is to be tempted. Their goodness, if indeed they have any, is all negation ; they were born to jog along with the world as it goes, neither decidedly bad nor decidedly good ; but rather indifferent, *harmless* men. But the *great* spirits of every age, men who were born to live and not barely to breathe ; your real, living, acting heroes, are men susceptible of the strongest and worst, as well as the best human passions. Temptation, if it grapples with them, grapples with death-like struggles. If they conquer, they are our leaders ; if they fall, they fall with a crash the world feels. Such a man was the King ; and any one who has really felt temptation, knows how perfectly true to nature are his words, when he cries in anguish of spirit :—

"Oh! my offense is rank, it smells to heaven !

Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will ;

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;

And like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect.

O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !

O limed soul ! that struggling to be free,

Art more engaged ! Help, angels, make assay !

Bow, stubborn knees ! and heart with strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;

All may be well !"

But all this remorse could not wash away his sin ; crime and

punishment go together ; he is slain by Hamlet, and his foul spirit, "as damned and black as hell," has gone in silence to meet its God.

It can be urged against some ideal characters, that although they are pictures of real life in a different age, although they were made to act in certain scenes just as we ourselves would have acted in the same ; still, these scenes are now changed, and hence the characters cease to be pictures of real life. This can never be said of Polonius. To the polite society of the Nineteenth century, he is no stranger. We wish he was : we wish there was less of that heartless, brainless world-wisdom than there actually is. And still his wisdom was not brainless ; he was one of your "men of tact," by which the world means that he was a chameleon character, one who possessed the rare power of adapting himself to every circumstance in which he was thrown. His brain had no original native power, but was the mongrel offspring of circumstances. He had seen the world on all sides, and in all its scenes : he knew it—he was thoroughly permeated with its wisdom to the exclusion of soul and conscience. He was in full possession, too, of that happy faculty of making you believe that he was undoubtedly the greatest man living, as well as your own particular friend. He had acquired, from an intimate acquaintance with men and things, that artful policy, which is a safe pilot among a lying, cheating race. It is a sad truth that, in this deceitful world, men's spirits cannot frankly and sincerely commingle their breathings ; that you must suspect that your nearest friend may be your greatest foe. But so it is, and will be ; for so long as human nature is totally corrupt, so long will it be the practice of both peasant and prince, to arm themselves with a cunning policy.

This policy Polonius possessed : this it is, which dictates his directions to Reynaldo, when he sends him to Paris in search of Laertes ; this it is, which marks all his advice to Laertes himself. He says :—

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee."

How different, but still how natural, is his language to Ophelia. He arms his son with politic wisdom, that he may be world-wise ; but shuts his only daughter out from all communion with the world he

knows too well : and when she confidingly relates to him from her full heart the attentions of Hamlet to herself, and his "tenders of affection," he coldly says :--

"Affection" puh ! you speak like a green girl.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?"

He has not a single spark of pure sentiment ; for it cannot glow in a selfish heart. He knows not what it is to love ; for it is totally inconsistent with his nature.

His intriguing disposition discloses itself throughout the whole play, so that we become heartily ashamed of our species, and are ready to exclaim with Hamlet, "He is a foolish, prating knave," a "wretched, rash, intruding fool ;" till, finally, we are not at all troubled, when he is luckily mistaken for "a rat," and killed. It is strange what a little gap his death makes ; but it is just so with many of the fashionable world to-day. They are born, they live purely for themselves, and presently they die. The world cries out "Dead, for a ducat, dead," and rolls on as easily as before.

Ophelia is one of the most beautiful of Shakespeare's conceptions ; beautiful in a perfect, native simplicity. There is nothing in her character, which Hamlet or any other man would adore ; but there is something surpassingly lovely ; she is so pure, so purely feminine. She has been sedulously screened from the vulgar gaze, and guarded from the corruptions of the world, and when, at last, she does appear, she seems like a pure spirit from a better world, sent to breathe a blessing on us. We naturally love her. Her love, too, for Hamlet, is all nature ; it is not the result of circumstances, nor can it be regulated by them. Her sentiments are, in her estimation, too sacred to become "common property," so that she naturally, freely and constantly loves only one. She would never think of pretending to love ; pure and innocent herself, she supposes that all the world are like her, and she trusts alike, her father, her brother, and Hamlet ; and throughout the whole play, continues the confiding, till she becomes the insane Ophelia. Her character is given us, I think, as much in the first words she utters, as in them all. In reply to an injunction from her brother that she would remember him, she says, "Do you doubt that?" She wonders how any one could doubt her constancy ; *she* does not know what it is to doubt. When Laertes enjoins upon her 'to regard

the trifling of Hamlet's favor, a fashion, and a toy in blood,' she confidently inquires, "No more but so?" It is very hard for her to believe that there is trickery in the world; and when her brother tells her to be frugal of her affections, and her confidence, she says:—

"I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchmen to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven."

With her, love is not a raging passion which cannot vent itself in words; it is a still, mighty influence, which secretly masters her; she is unconscious, totally unconscious of its existence. She does not argue about the expediency of a "respectable match," nor question the profit of giving away her heart; for she is not aware she has one, till all of a sudden she wakes up, and finds that Hamlet has it, and somehow thoughtlessly expresses a wish that he may be "restored to his wonted ways again." The exquisitely beautiful traits in her character, are still more beautiful, since they are shown to us without her consent. If she ever reveals to us any of her secret, but deep, and fervent love, it is unwittingly done; and we know it comes right from a full heart. Hence it is, that we so naturally sympathize with her in that heartfelt language:—

"O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
And I, of ladies meet deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble, and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

And hard indeed was her fortune. The beautiful, the pure, the holy Ophelia—far too pure, far too holy for earth—was never made to breathe the cold air of a heartless world; was never fitted to meet the struggles, and bear the woes of this our pilgrimage. The tender flower is crushed: woe follows woe: sorrow is heaped upon sorrow:

reason deserts her seat: Ophelia is insane! And as she now wildly sings some fragment of an old ballad, how heartfelt is our unanimous sorrow; we feel not like talking about it; we only wish to turn away and weep alone, for Ophelia is insane.

But what shall we say of Hamlet—the spiritualized, material Hamlet; is it purely an ideal character, or are his actions true to nature? If it is ideal, it is a splendid conception; if real, he is a noble, though unappreciated man. To me it seems a real character. I believe there are many Hamlets living now; but they are unpopular men. The world does not like them; it cannot definitely tell you why, but there is something about them which is inconsistent with its ideas of manhood. ‘They are not practical men,’ it says; this is its comprehensive anathema, which forever closes the doors of friendship and sympathy. They are isolated beings, seeming to belong to another sphere, and totally unfitted for the jostling, busy scenes of every-day life. They are too sensitive, too ideal for real men, in real action. There are a great many such men; men never made for daily intercourse with their fellows; unsocial beings, whose whole communion with the world is jarring and inharmonious, displaying no “tact”—no ability to “do at Rome as the Romans do.” Now Hamlet was some such a character as this. He had too much honesty, joined to a love of seclusion, to be eminently popular, or successful now-a-days. He was a man of many theories, great moral thoughts, and the keenest sensibility; and he joined to these characteristics a will, which, though it sometimes wavered, was ultimately invincible. He is by nature perfectly sincere, full of the most touching filial love, and the purest sentiment. With what a striking ingenuousness does he assure his mother that, in mourning for his father, he ‘knows not *seems*,’ and, pointing to his suits of solemn black, tell her:—

“These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.”

But all this noble sentiment is too soon converted into gloomy misanthropy. Simple as nature himself, and inspired with such high ideas of love, he is the first to detect and hate the duplicity, and hol-

low heartlessness of his mother. He thinks all women are like his mother, and all men like Polonius or the King. He learns to regard the world as

"An unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely."

Unable to be one in such a world, and unwilling to die and enter the dark and unknown future, he cries in bitterness of spirit:—

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!"

But his better judgment, and his invincible will combine, and extort from him that unwilling sentence

"But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!"

A man of such vague and mysterious speculations as was Hamlet, was just the one to meet a spirit from another world; he would give greater heed to such unearthly advice than a different person; and hence we see him, immediately after the interview between himself and the ghost of his father, swearing that he will "wipe away all trivial fond records" from the tablet of his memory, and revenge his "foul and most unnatural murder." And now we ask, may not this fixed determination fully explain his subsequent actions throughout the play? It is true, they are almost inexplicable on any ground—his cruel language to his mother, and his harsh treatment of Ophelia. Some have supposed that he never really loved Ophelia; but is there so great an inconsistency, even here? It seems to me that he did really and devotedly love her; and that it was only his firm resolution to regard all the world a trifle, till he had avenged his father's murder, that prevented that love from showing itself continually. As it is, it occasionally bursts forth, and must convince us that it was there, deep and fervent. The love he cherished, too, was just such a love, as just such a man as Hamlet, would have felt towards just such a woman as Ophelia. To be sure, he was a man of great depth of thought, and it is true that he found no such corresponding depth in her; but the world had treated him roughly, and he had learned to value the heart far more than he did the head. Ophelia was all

heart, all confidence; and as naturally as man's reason, weary and worn, finds a home in the bosom of faith, so naturally did the restless intellect of Hamlet, seek repose in the mild, warm heart of Ophelia.

It has been questioned by some, whether Hamlet's madness was real or feigned. Might it not have been partly both? He had passed through scenes sufficient to dethrone the reason of any man; but he still displays the keenest judgment in his management of the King. Polonius insisted that he was mad, and cited, as proof, the love letter to Ophelia:—

“Doubt thou, the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.”

And still it is very questionable whether the portfolio of many a New England maiden could not afford us professions as strong and glowing—and that, too, perhaps from some who will read this; and still we are not all mad! If his madness was real, it was reasonable; if feigned, it was faultless.

But in what did this faultlessness consist? It consisted in its being perfectly life-like. This same perfection, too, is displayed in all the other characters. The remorse of the King; the heartlessness of the Queen; the subtlety of Polonius; the heavenly purity of Ophelia; and the manly bearing of Hamlet, are all pictured with a vividness which convinces us at once that it is Shakesperian. We lay aside the play, as we would turn from a scene in real life, with our sympathies enlisted in some one of the characters. They were, to be sure, only figments of the author's imagination; but they might just as well have been characters in real life, living, breathing, acting, men and women. We know it, and feel it, and are sure that none but Shakespeare could fully make them seem so. His versatile talent mingled the joys and sorrows; the theory and practice; the poetry and prose of real life in ideal character. He seems to have been many men in one: a sort of embodiment of England's great geniuses. She has had her philosophers, her logicians, and her poets: but she has had a practical philosopher, a subtle logician, and nature's own poet all in Shakespeare. She may cherish with undying ardor the memory of Bacon, Burke, Byron and Milton: but the perfect practicality of Bacon, the intricate reasonings of Burke, the bound-

less imagination of Byron, and the moral sublimity of Milton, all center, and form a part of that monument before which we all love to bow—the mind of William Shakespeare.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We hold that he who has written a good Editors' Table, has done something for that little community in which he lives, that ought not to be forgotten. 'Tis not a treasure for to-day alone, but it shall cheer the hours of after life, and awaken a thousand recollections of classmates and college friends, that shall make green spots in our declining years. We live, fellow student, in a world of our own,—one that we do not prize enough, perhaps, as we hurry through it, and one that those without can never understand. Smile, ye who choose, at college foibles, and magnify our freaks and follies into sins; but where will you find truer hearts and warmer friendships? Who, then, shall deny us a kindly word together?

Last night we got the Feb. No. of the Yale Literary; and a godsend it was to us. We sat right down, pulled off our coat and boots, and commencing at the last page, turned back till we came to the beginning of the Editors' Table. "HERE we are, courteous Reader! This 'getting out' a YALE LIT. is not what's cracked up to be. We can assure you, that so far as our experience goes, it is 'bubble, bubble, toil and trouble.'" Give us your hand, brother Editor. Substitute INDIC. for YALE LIT., and we'll swear to every word of it. "But the the most difficult part of the labor is in writing the editorial lucubrations." Better still! We would like to be hand and glove with that man. Depend upon it, he has a soul as is not a gizzard.

You may think, indulgent reader, we are getting over-enthusiastic: but should you ever, through the unmerited kindness of your classmates (like ourselves), attain to the office of editor, you will be prepared to appreciate a sympathizing word from 'the profession.'—Our friend Magnus asked us to a ride this afternoon, (and as you may not be aware of the fact, we will state that the afternoon is Wednesday, and a most glorious one, too,) but we resisted all the enticements of maple sugar and our sweet-heart, (and we have got one,) and strenuously persisted in staying at home to write our Table—*quod vide*. "Whew! Sticks!" growled M., "take an afternoon to write an Editors' Table! I could write one in just about two minutes." We wish, man, you had hold of the pen. We should like to witness the contortions of your expansive countenance. If the first joke you attempted to perpetrate, didn't agitate your system worse than any fit of the cramp you ever experienced in your life, we'll make a 'sacrament' of all our old boots to that colored man, familiarly known by the name of Sambo. (Readers are requested to take particular notice of jokes.) We used to entertain very much such ideas ourself, while we were innocent of all expectations of our present exaltation, and consequently of all aspirations therefor; but we have long since abandoned them. However, we don't intend to des-

pair of ourself; above all we don't mean to let our modesty cramp our genius. We presume you have all heard of that daring young man, who, for the first time in his life, asked a lusty specimen of virginity, if he might "*see her hum.*" The incident occurred, if we remember right, somewhere down on Cape Cod; and is said to be well authenticated. The first half of the walk passed in stiff, unbroken silence. The young man, seeing that things were getting desperate, determined to break the ice—"Quite *mooney* out to-night." "Yes, very," and both relapsed again. Now we hold this in several respects to be a model conversation. It certainly combined brevity and truth,—according to Whately and St. Paul, two cardinal virtues. But we beg to be excused from being *quite* so reserved in our editorial gossip. The burden of what we say, shall be, perhaps, more like the contents of the 'notion' shop out West:—

"Pig-yokes and Catechisms,
Bibles and Brandy,
Barter's Dying thoughts and Putty,
For sale by Caleb Snooks."

Or like a voluntary on the College Organ,—a succession of pretty good accords (*generally*), but rather destitute of any *idea* as a whole; (relatively, however, we trust not quite so *long*); a resemblance, too, may be detected between our attempts at wit, and the fancy *interludes* on the above named instrument.

Did you ever know so quiet a term at old Amherst? Those first six weeks were terrible. The memory of that dark rhetorical room haunts us still. We believe that if a man would ever be justifiable in committing suicide, it would be the first week of winter term. There is that cold room, the walls sparkling with frost, and that water pail all froze up, and that no woodpile, and those icy sheets,—wah! it makes us shiver to think of it. For a man, however, who has got fairly seasoned down with misery and the blues, it is a species of not very benevolent amusement, to see the *teachers* come back. And it must be confessed, for a fellow who has been the embodiment of literature and philosophy for the whole of some hill town, who has sat in the minister's pew all winter, and flirted with the minister's daughter, and been the pet of all the village old maids, and the passion of all the village young maids, and thundered in the village lyceum, and who has just parted with that 'first class' of girls with a kiss on each cheek and a tear in each eye,—to come back and be kicked around by a set of ruffian male wretches, is particularly shocking to the tenderer sensibilities. The man who has been the 'biggest toad in the puddle,' quite likely will have to be a very small toad. (In all this, we speak from experience. Didn't we teach four weeks *and a half*, last vacation?) But we have observed it is particularly galling to the feelings of the Freshman, who (it is a lamentable fact) cuts just as big a figure out of town, as the Senior. It takes several days for him to revive the fact in his memory that there *are* upper classes. There is our friend *Green-adab*, who (they say) has been moving heaven and earth up in the suburbs of Shutesbury—the fellow actually looked straight up at the monitor twice, the first day, and didn't *wink*.

We wonder how many of our brother pedagogues have got—*engaged*! We

believe this to be the *lues mentis* of schoolmasters. The character of the student has just enough of the devil in it to attract the sex, and before the victim is aware of it, he finds himself irretrievably tied for life to 'the flower' of the village. The poor fellow discovers too late that the Fair, whom he had believed to be the divinest being in existence as well as the *belle* of her own town, is rather a cipher in more civilized society; but its *did*, and can't be *undid*. Our senior friends, we suppose, are most of them hopelessly yoked; but for the benefit of the Freshmen, we are going to tell a yarn we heard from an alumnus. When our Alma Mater was in her swaddling clothes, and good old Prex used to get the students together, and advise them on keeping their faces clean and blacking their boots, &c., he used to touch now and then on matrimonials. "My young friends," he would say, "women is dangerous. In the lump, they are to be kept clear of. However, keep your eyes peeled, and if you come across a virtuous woman to your taste, why, just *blaze* her." The force of these remarks lies "in the application on 'em."

We had contemplated saying innumerable other flat things on sundry subjects; but the printer says there's room only for a word to our EXCHANGES.

The YALE LIT. comes regularly, and always receives a right cordial welcome. The NASSAU LIT. MAG. (Mar.) is this moment laid on our table. Pardon our inadvertence, brothers of the JEFFERSON MONUMENT MAG. (Univer. of Va.) in omitting to acknowledge the receipt of *four* Nos. of your periodical—the last, the Jan. Among a goodly assortment of articles, we have noticed a very just Review of "Washington and his Generals," by that most execrable jackanapes of a writer, Geo. Lippard. We return our thanks to the "CHRISTIAN REIGNITER," for exchanging with us. Although we differ from the doctrinal views of the editors, we believe it to be the best conducted religious sheet in New England. The "HOME JOURNAL," will be pleased to accept a like tribute of thanks. The "GREENFIELD DEMOCRAT," is a sweet morsel to the political appetite of our brother Cassius. It is down with a terrible vengeance upon the Democrats for their defection from "the coalition"—and that reminds us of a story we heard the other day. Some hundred years ago, when the laws were different from those we live under, a couple of scamps were likely to get into difficulty with the government, in consequence of a propensity to thieve, which they in company had indulged to excess. One of them turned States' evidence against the other, who was accordingly tied up to the post in the public square, and whipped. The fellow bore it with a good deal of fortitude. When he had received the full penalty of the law, and satisfied himself that he had a sound bone or two left in his skin,—"Warl!" said he, "that's just right! Any man that'll have anything to do with such a rascal as that was, *ought to be whipped!*" Free Soil and Democracy, help yourselves! Several Nos. of "THE COLLESIAN" (Wash. Coll. Pa.) have been received. It is conducted in part by the members of some Female Sem., who write decidedly the most sensible pieces.

Our limits forbade our publishing one or two pieces of poetry which were very kindly handed us.

The sickness of the printer must excuse our late appearance.

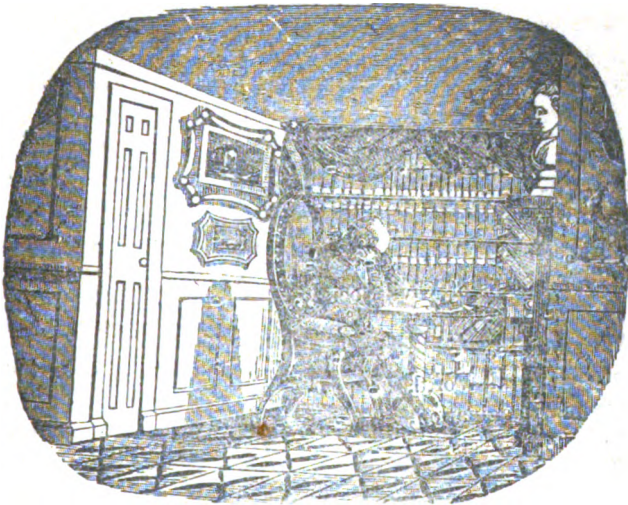
THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL.

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. III. NO. VIII.



If the world like it not, so much the worse for them.—*Couper.*

“Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus.”

MARCH, 1851.

AMHERST.
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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THE INDICATOR.

VOL. III.

MARCH 1851.

No. 8

THE CHARACTER AND TIMES OF CHARLES V.

THE age of the Emperor Charles V., when we consider the illustrious men, the vast schemes of ambition and revolution, and the great events of which it was the era, appears one of the most important and interesting in the whole history of the past. Heaven had in mercy swept away the clouds which through the long night of the dark ages had covered the world in ignorance and gloom. Then the fine arts, as if with one impulse, resumed all the pristine beauty and perfection of the days of Pericles, and in the works of Leonardo De Vinci, of Angelo and of Raphael, were developed some of the most beautiful and most sublime conceptions of the human intellect. Then Luther raked from amid the embers of a forgotten revelation, living coals which kindled again the altars of God; religion threw aside its robes of pride and power, returned to its primitive simplicity, and in the strength of knowledge and truth began anew the reformation of the world; whilst ignorance and superstition and falsehood trembled on their very throne, for on the walls of the Vatican, an unknown hand had traced the words of prophetic doom. Then, too, a new world was discovered, and the star of empire which now pauses on the brow of the Cordilleras, began its westward journey.

We would not be thought to overestimate the importance of the sixteenth century. But though modern historians of most extensive and philosophical research, have not assigned to it the same pre-

eminence with earlier writers, still it was an age filled with events and characters of the deepest interest : an age in which the most incongruous elements, the most contradictory opinions were strangely blended. As when some vast landscape grotesquely distorted by dim moonlight struggles to reveal itself in the gray dawn, so the features of a new era, in the dawning sunlight of knowledge were strangely mingled with the stately feudalism and Gothic grandeur of the past, over which chivalry still threw a fading lustre. In Italy the successors of St. Peter had arrived at the zenith of their power. They had murdered the righteous, the halls of their Inquisition had drank up the blood of the innocent ; they sold indulgences, and temples built with this price of sin, were dedicated to the Most High. The sword of retributive justice had slept long, but the sins of Rome had reached to Heaven ; and though her priests had sought so carefully to conceal the Bible and the knowledge treasured up in past ages, and to forge, amid the general ignorance, fetters spiritual and temporal for the world, they sought in vain. For in Germany there sprang up a religion more pure than any since the days of the Apostles, and in the general search after truth were developed the characters of such men as Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, Stephens, Calvin and many more Christians and scholars worthy of any age.

But though the Reformation was the great event of the sixteenth century, there were other scenes which have given it so deep an interest to every mind. In the pages of history there can scarcely be found an account of events more exciting or more romantic than the conquests of Mexico and Peru ; while the character of such a king as Francis I., and of such men as Bayard, the Bourbons, the Montmorences and the Des Foix have made those last days of chivalry dear to every lover of romance. To this, the secret work of the assassin's dagger and poisoned bowl, the flames of the Auto de Fé, and all the terrors of religious and civil war, have added a darker interest, while the oppressions of the rich, the poverty and ignorance and sufferings of the poor have stained the gilded panorama. It was an age of great men, and among them Charles V. stood first in the dignity and influence of his station, if not in talent and ability. Born an heir to the crown of Spain, the good fortune which scarcely ever forsook him during the whole of his eventful career, in one hour, gave his rival, Francis of France, the greatest defeat of his life, and added to the hereditary dominions of Charles, the German Empire.

Thus made at once by the most lavish gifts of fortune, a king and an emperor, and occupying the most illustrious station in Europe, he can never merit the praise which belongs to those who have risen by their own innate power, like Napoleon and Cromwell; he knew nothing of the holy enthusiasm, the unbending integrity, the greatness of goodness which characterized the Protector of England, nor had he a mind impetuous and almost divinely gifted like Napoleon; but a man hard, compact and sinuous, he thought no obstacle insurmountable, no difficulty so great that patience and perseverance might not overcome it. While the plains of France were glittering with gorgeous pageants, and tents of cloth of gold, and Francis had collected round him all the beauty and wit and chivalry of his kingdom, and sought amid the splendid dissipation of his court, to revive the days of Charlemagne, Charles worshipped only at the shrine of power. To acquire this was his all-absorbing passion; for this he devised those vast projects, which during a long reign convulsed Europe. The same all-powerful motive governed him in war and in peace, whether he supported the Protestants or persecuted them, whether he sacked the Eternal City and imprisoned the Pope, or denounced Francis as an apostate from Rome, and planted in Infidel lands the banner of the triple crown. He had bent his eye on that great goal of ambition, universal empire, and with a firm step, an unwearied energy, he pursued his devious path.

By nature of a cold, haughty, intractable, self-confident disposition, he also possessed a profound judgment and an unfailing penetration. He was cautious and crafty, slow to decide, but in the end inflexible; and the prudence and perseverance with which he carried out his plans, was only equalled by the sagacity with which he had devised them. With all this, Charles had no true greatness of soul. The generous and heroic deeds of other men aroused no kindred emotions in him; they glanced like an arrow from his steel-clad breast. The greatest obligations excited no gratitude in that cold heart, but passed, like a ship over the sea, leaving no trace behind. He saw with unconcealed satisfaction, the unfortunate Francis a prisoner in his capital; and he condemned to death the man whose almost unparalleled magnanimity, had placed on his head an imperial crown.

The self-confidence of Charles was most presumptuous. He thought to rule the world and tear by violence from mankind even the rights they hold most sacred. But when the vast fabric of tyranny he had

been so long erecting in Germany, crumbled before his eyes, and an incurable disease tortured his body, even the iron spirit of Charles gave way. Then by the most remarkable act of his life, he showed in a striking manner the acuteness of his intellect, and the strength of his judgment; preferring to resign a sceptre which he could no longer wield with his former ability.

A certain Pirate captain when he saw the gallant ship which he had commanded so long and so daringly, about to be dashed in pieces on the rocks, while she was yet in the deep sea, ordered her to be scuttled; then, while her fair proportions were yet perfect, with all her sails set, and the pirate's flag floating over them, she plunged downward and the ocean waves closed over her a thousand fathoms deep. So Charles, when he saw that the star of his power had arrived at its zenith, preferred that it should go out at once in mid heaven, rather than sink gradually away amid clouds and darkness. What another would scarcely have done except from the most exalted motives, Charles did through policy, that he might in the shade of retirement keep those laurels green, which would have withered by too long exposure.

In a few short years all the great men who embellished this age, were laid in the dust; with them passed away the mighty projects, the heaven-towering ambition of Charles, the generous and heroic spirit of Francis, the beautiful, divine genius of Raphael, and Luther the apostle of God. When Sir Walter Raleigh reflected how they, the memory of whose greatness can never perish, had thus vanished before the breath of the Destroyer, he exclaimed: "O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared thou hast done; whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered all with these two narrow words, *Ecce jacet!*"

THE STARS.

What are ye, stars, that through the clouds are peeping,
In glittering thousands when the night comes o'er,
Above the world a holy vigil keeping,
A light, placed there, to shine forevermore,
What are ye, beaming stars?

Are ye, oh gentle stars, the sparkling gleams,
Shed by the angels' wings whilst flying by?
How countless are the mind's fantastic dreams
Concerning ye, bright dwellers of the sky,
What are ye, beaming stars?

Are ye the eyes of those who from this world
Have flown forever, severing earth's dear ties,
And now are set in Heaven's great dome, impearled
With liquid light, the soul's immortal eyes,
What are ye, beaming stars?

Or, are ye unknown worlds, and other spheres—
And are ye peopled with a race like ours;
Have ye the same sweet joys, the same sad tears,
The same bright fields, and trees, and blooming flowers,
What are ye, beaming stars?

Are ye our guardian angels, watching there,
To guide us through life's dark and perilous way,
Appointed by our gracious Father's care,
Lest from the true, straight path our souls might stray,
What are ye, beaming stars?

Oh, gems of wondrous beauty—jewels rare—
Ye are the works of One, supreme and great,
Who made all things, both wonderful and fair,
And holds them in the hollow of His hand.
Such are ye, beaming stars?

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

There is beauty and grandeur in decay. When ocean's angry billows have strown its bounds with fragments, and tree and tower have bowed low before the tempest's might, there is to every thoughtful mind, a deep though mournful interest in the ruin left behind. And still stronger emotions cluster round the relics of ages and nations long gone by, which have left these monuments the only heralds to posterity, of their greatness and glory. They are real, visible objects which fill up for our minds, and give new forms of life to stenes and years that are past, our conceptions of which were before vague as the shadows that people our dreams.

In these latter days when the spirit of Inquiry has become the moving principle of action, much attention has been directed to exploring the secrets of antiquity. Wreckers on a mighty scale, men stand on the shore of Time's ocean, and grasp at whatever the waves of sixty centuries may cast upon the strand, if perchance there may be something to feed their avarice, or to give information of once gallant keels, long since buried in the waste of waters. In eastern lands where cities and empires have flourished and fallen, there lies not a stone in the path of the modern traveler which he does not stoop to examine, regard as a treasure and long to appropriate.

This is an age of excess; and when every other sentiment at the present day is carried to an extreme, it would be strange if this escaped the common lot; nor does it. Men are learning to regard antiquities as possessing an absolute value aside from their connection, and the worth of the most trivial things is enhanced in exact proportion to their age. Antiquarians vie with each other for the largest collection of curiosities from ancient Babylon, or bricks from the tower of Babel.

But excess and abuse of principles or pursuits, are proofs of their value; and hence it becomes interesting to inquire how valuable these mementoes of primitive ages are, and how much interest may properly be attached to them; for while we would ridicule that spirit which could be imposed upon by the Yankee manufacturer of furniture "brought over in the Mayflower," we wish not to detract from the importance of an examination of the few relics of kingdoms and nations now in the dust, which time's unsparing hand has left us.

They are the only links which really connect us with the world in its youth. When we read history, we see but a dull record of events and dates, statistics which add to our information, but with which we have but very little sympathy.—But when we gaze with admiration on statues and paintings, so perfect that they will always be standards and models in art, or filled with awe and wonder stand beside a broken arch or obelisk, over the head of whose cunning artist years have rolled by thousands, thoughts crowd upon the brain which like the recollections of childhood, transfer us to other scenes and climes. The hosts of the past rise up before us and we feel that we admire not alone. So when we have heard of some great campaign, filled with thrilling scenes, the sight of the few and shattered remnants of that veteran army returning to die in the homes of their childhood, carries our minds back through all the events they have witnessed, and stirs the heart with magic power; and as they relate all these events to us, there is nothing connected with the narration which so chains the interest and attention as the "*quorum omnia vidi, et magna pars fui.*"

The philosophic mind will find much in these relics to contemplate carefully and seriously. On each mouldering ruin is written a nation's character, for it is the index of national taste. It is a tablet bearing a record—legible to all who care to read it—of their political and mental condition, and on which we may trace through every gradation, their advance from servitude to freedom, from uncultured barbarism to civilization and refinement.

But particularly are we thus taught their religious character. Every relic is a volume of their Theology. In every relation and circumstance in life, the ancients recognized a supernal power. They consecrated the splendors of their wealth, the beauties of their arts, and the magnificence of their achievements to the service of their gods. Whether we look at the disgusting brutalism of Egypt, the

gloomy idolatry of India, or the vague superstition of Greece and Rome, we still find their religion blended with their lives. May not this consistency in those guided only by the dim light of Reason, or the still feebler ray of Tradition, bear a tone of severe rebuke to the practical atheism of moderns walking in the broad sunlight of Revelation? It was a pale and ever varying star that guided their way, but they followed it; an obscure and mysterious principle, but they obeyed its teachings. But a higher interest than any thing of a historical nature, attaches itself to these monuments of ancient glory, when we view them as the workings of the human mind. They speak of an eternal power within the breast of man that ever struggles to grasp at deeds which tell of immortality. There is a charm in that word,—immortality, which the human soul would fain drink in like the melody of exquisite music; a soul-stirring pleasure in the thought that in ages yet to come, our memories shall still be illumined by the brightness of glory which has survived the interval of years. But it is only the mind that can attain it. The very ruins which testify to the soul's eternity, in the same voice declare that they themselves are transitory. They tell us of an irresistible power commissioned from on high to efface from earth all that is material. Ninevah's proud walls lie buried beneath the dust of centuries. The gardens and palaces of Semeramis have become the habitations of the "wild beasts of the desert and wild beasts of the islands." The City of Seven Hills is entombed in the ruins of its own grandeur, and the ashes of the mighty dead are trampled by the foot of the heedless stranger. But the great workings of mind are imperishable. 'Tis true "we live in deeds, not years;" yet it is not in bloody conquests nor in princely structures; but in lofty aims effected, in noble purposes accomplished, in high resolves fulfilled, in aught that shall promote the empire of mind, in all that shall elevate and ennoble it.

There is yet another thought that presses upon us. It is the certainty of our own dissolution. While we gaze on marble statues, even now crumbling beneath the burden of their years, on parchments bearing the sole record of a lifetime, ready to be destroyed by a breath, a voice speaks from these cotemporaries of so many generations, "Man, thou shalt die!" It is this which will sweep like the Sirocco of the desert over his blasted hopes, will wither the courage which has never failed him in the perils of life, and which will cause him to shrink from a contest, the issue of which he dares not doubt.

Well has it been said, "Cities may fall, whole empires disappear, yet man is indignant that he is mortal."

Let us not turn away from the humiliating lesson which this view of the Past affords us. There is not only truth in its storehouses of knowledge, and wisdom in its vast experience, but there is eloquence in its silent grave. As we stand within the tomb of ages, and reflect that in the breast of each of these countless myriads, struggled hopes and fears and joys like our own, a sense of our comparative insignificance falls powerfully on the soul. Oh, how it stills the waves of passion and pales the flush of pride! And in the vastness and depth of those gloomy arches, we read a great truth, beautifully expressed in the language of another, "that *we* are but *units*, our friends but *units*, each having a definite value which is swallowed up in the infinite sum."

BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS.

—Season adapted well to Fancy's flight,
To Memory's retrospect, and sober thought,
Reflections sage, anticipations fond,
Ne'er to be realized, of future joys,—
Joys brighter far than aught we e'er enjoyed,
Or e'er may hope to feel.

On such a morn as this fond mem'ry loves
In retrospective mode to invite us back,
And live again in days long since gone by;
To visit scenes some twenty years ago,
Which passing yielded much of true delight
And seem bright spots though in the distance seen—
To birthday scenes—when with the earliest dawn
Kind friends did greet with kindest smile, and wish'd
Us long to live in happiness and peace
To see full many a birthday more—
What then around us passed seems full in view—
Perhaps just then the brilliant sun arose
High in the firmament, and lighted up

A world rich clad in beauteous vernal robes ;
 While daisy-dimpled fields shone bright
 With youthful loveliness, and warbling birds
 Gave forth their sweetest notes, throughout the groves.—
 Mayhap 'twas summer—and the air was filled
 With balmy fragrance, making glad the heart ;
 While all around was full of life and joy,
 True emblem and conducting much to inspire
 The golden dreams of happiness, and days
 Of sunshine which we thought would e'er be ours,—
 Whate'er the time—whate'er the place might be,
 We see the forms, their voices hear : we feel
 The joys they felt, their hopes and fears, and quick
 Re-live a life now long since spent.

O'er all—if pious Mother was our lot,
 We well remember—can we e'er forget ?
 How on that day she took us to the place
 Where oft she used to bend her knee in prayer,
 And then with earnest voice besought that He
 Who is the Source of life, and had thus far
 Preserved her child, would still vouchsafe His grace :—
 That he might grow to useful manhood's prime
 And learn e'er then to love and serve his God.
 Oh ! memory, thou dost well to lead us back
 To scenes like these ; they barriers prove to hedge
 The way to wrong, and guide to all that's right,
 Which sixty years of sin cannot break down.
 Thus much doth faithful mem'ry serve our turn.
 My soul bless God for mem'ry, and forthwith
 Let reason act in view of her survey,
 If aught of evil in thy life has been ;
 —And who is he whose life's not full of sin ?
 If thou hast lived thy twenty years,—and worse
 Than spent that precious time in vain,
 Let reason speak—You've long—alas, too long
 Neglected wisdom's voice, her teachings spurned—
 And played the fool. Why should you longer strive
 'To raise the brute and sink the man ?'
 Immortal, stop !—bethink thee of thyself.
 Where art thou ? Think.—Where wouldst thou be if dead ?
 What are thy hopes ? On what thy trust reposed ?
 Hast thou in earnest ever ask'd wherefore thou livest ?
 Or knowest thou for certain that thou art alive ?
 Does life appear a dreary maze, or real ?
 Mortal, bestir thee,—if thou art alive

A greater lives than thee, who keeps thee thus :
And if he lives He's powerful, at least ;
Then fear him for his power—
But if He's made thee as thou art, with all
Thy powers of thought and feeling strangely joined,
He must be wise beyond created, sure :
Then ask for what He made thee such, lest thou
The means neglecting should at length come short
The eventful end of thine existence here ;
Lest thou should'st prove a cipher in the Lord's
Fair universe, and men and angels say
'Twere good for thee if thou hadst ne'er been born.
Immortal, rise—why lie ye here asleep
While all the world is marching on ?
Shroud not obliviously thy soul in sloth,
While fervent action craves its noblest powers.
Why sit ye still, when time is on the run ?
Hast thou accomplished life's great end : then rest :
If not, thou'rt mad to sleep. If *wisdom* marks
The measure of our years, thou'rt young indeed :
Nay more, although a paradox it seem,
Thou'rt dead. And dost thou never mean to live,
But rather choose to die, already dead ?
Blind man, forbear thus to provoke thy fate.
Bestir thee now, to think on life, and death,
Till life no more a nullity appear,
Till death seem solemn, sober verity.
Reflect on time and vast eternity,
Till time seem what it really is—a span—
And till eternity—eternal seem.
'Tis wiser far in such a real world,
To deal in stern reality, than roam
Thro' all the universe of airy dreams
That flit across the minds of dreaming men.
But if thou would'st look forward, then look far
Before ;—look further on than men are wont
To look ;—pass by those vain imaginings,
Dispel those idle thoughts that lead the mind
To speculations wild on what we may,
But doubtless never shall become.
Strange fantasies, delusions grand of wealth
And pleasure, pure delights, of happiness
In store without alloy, may rise to view,
But piercing thro' the mist which these collect,
Rise thou to higher scenes, explore by faith
Thy future destiny, and from this hour commence
Upward to look, to labor and to rise.

THE FAMILY, THE BASIS OF CIVIL SOCIETY.

Twice only have the choirs of Heaven sung on Earth ; and well did the hills of Bethlehem and the Paradise of Eden deserve the peculiar honor. Were the great facts those spots commemorate fully comprehended, the great problems of life were fully solved ; the glorious answer to that greatest question ever put in Heaven were fully understood. For, none the firmer did Jehovah lay Earth's deep foundations ere he hurled it on its course, than he laid the moral basis of life before the generations came upon it. The hosts who gazed upon the scenes of Eden saw in truth, the drama of life. The first few moments of the morning told the history of the day. There, from the golden East, the sunbeams smiled upon the holiness of Paradise, and never since has the pure heart wanted light and joy. There darkness veiled the sky from guilty man ; and where has sin been severed since from gloom and woe ? 'Twas there, too, hope was gladdened by the tale of brighter light to come ; and misery was solaced by God's best earthly gift. For, in the distant West, the clouds were broken over Calvary even then, and farther still, beyond the sea, the light horizon told the coming glories of the last Millennial hour of day. And, in their loss of Eden, the wanderers were still blessed with earthly love, and bidden, hand-in-hand, to suffer and to wait. There the Creator spoke, and the great principle of society was uttered : " It is not good for man to be alone ;" and in that first union formed in Eden, we find the basis of all other unions. We propose to show that it is the basis of Civil Society.

The first point we mention is, that the family state is the means appointed by God for the perpetuation of the human race, the elements of all society. " And God blessed them, and said unto them : Be ye fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." And though the marriage tie be not absolutely necessary to the existence of individuals, yet the laws of experience and the laws of nature go to show, that it is necessary to the preservation of the race. Fearfully are the sins of one generation in this respect, visited upon children's children. Were the marriage tie every where set at naught, Earth would soon be a desert. Even if its guilty tribes should escape the

judgments that blasted the cities on Judea's plain, yet by the established laws of nature, they must waste away. Like the doomed red men of our Western world, the nations would retire before the grim destroyer, and not many years could pass ere the small remnant stood, a fainting band on the last shore of Time.

Again, it is only where the family tie is respected, that the great objects of civil society can be attained. The first object of civil society we take to be Protection—Security; Protection to individuals; Security as a nation. To the protection of individuals, it is not enough that mutual forbearance be observed, only as the price of individual security. It is not enough that this be the only motive to the practice of that justice, without which no community can exist. Rights must be regarded, because each has virtually promised to regard them, and because they are rights, or they will not be regarded long. Hence, a sense of moral obligation, and consequently, some principle of religion is at the foundation of society. Nations have existed when all true religion was unknown; but the history of that nation is yet to be written, where some idea of superior beings has not obtained; where Death has not forced out some glimmering of a future; where conscience has not roused some fear of coming retribution for the misdeeds of the present. The bonds of society may hold together; have held together when a people were given to the grossest idolatry; but the world has yet to witness the successful experiment of a nation of infidels. And what were morality and religion in a state where the family was unknown? What blunts so utterly the moral sense as unbridled licentiousness? How shall they respect the rights of man, who trample scornfully on the rights of woman? It has often been remarked, how large is the proportion of females among those who make up the churches of Christian lands. And this is one great means by which those lands are kept Christian; for, Christian mothers are ever the chief corner-stone of a lasting Christian state. And in the land of idols, we imagine that whatever wholesome influence those false religions have upon the state, is mainly owing to the superior earnestness with which woman grasps at the mere semblance of religion. In vain would church-spires point to heaven; in vain would pulpits sound their loud appeal; in vain would law seek to guard morality, amid a generation whose infancy and youth had never been attracted by the fireside graces of Christian life. We have no time to speak of the additional strength given by

the family to the law of reciprocity, in the increased sense of personal interest in the welfare of the whole. Where a man's self is multiplied in his home, he is bound to the community by so many more pledges.

In the family, too, we find the source of national security. Doubtless the best safeguard were justice between nations. But never is a state more just than the public opinion compels it to be; and protection from this source will be perfect, only in that day "when the fruit of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance." Against injustice, the only appeal is to comparative strength; and a nation's strength is in the harmony and patriotism of her sons. But, where were harmony and patriotism in a state, did not the family furnish both means and motive for them? Taking the world over, men would not peril life for treasure, nor defend for long the inheritance of their fathers, had they no wish to hand it on to children. It is for fireside and for home, that they join most readily the steel-clad ranks, and move with sternest determination, to the harvests of death. Well did the hero of Jena learn this lesson in his last campaigns. Why else should those proud columns, that had chased the soldiers of the Great Frederic from the defiles of Jena, have been forced back, so steadily, from the Elbe, even to the Rhine-bank, by battalions of Prussian militia? The king's troops fought at Jena for the throne and state;—the German nation met the brunt at Lutzen and at Leipsic, and every cottage in the land was staked upon the issue.

But the object of civil society is not only existence, but also, prosperous existence: not only the protection, but still further, the welfare of its members; not only to guarantee individual rights, but to fit individual character for the best enjoyment of those rights. And here, the family is its most efficient, its indispensable arm. Without it, one half of the community would be sunk at once to wretchedness. The family tie is woman's strong-hold in society. Driven from that, she is an outcast and a slave. If, as has been beautifully said, "a woman's sceptre is submission," then is the marriage vow her throne. For, it is only when revered for her purity, that her weakness becomes power. The great mission of the family as the school wherein men are formed for life, is too apparent to be dwelt upon. And besides, children thus come to active life, with both encouragement and incentive to "be strong and show themselves men." The bright ex-

ample of their fathers is before them, and the good name they have inherited procures them warm welcome in the busy scenes. Another point is almost too obvious to be mentioned; the tranquilizing, harmonizing influence of the domestic circle upon outward intercourse. The fireside is a nation's heart. There from a thousand veins, the fevered, fretted blood returns; and thence it gushes pure and strong, to give new power to active life.

A glance at the glowing pictures of the reformers of our day, and we have done. They tell us of a good time coming;—a time of universal brotherhood;—of benovolence large as Earth. There, no heart shall be confined within the limits of a family circle; charity shall no longer “begin at home.” What the Millennium is to be, we do not know; but we are pretty sure that it will not be a thousand years of licentiousness. And we are quite sure, that so it would be, if every man were lawfully married to every woman. Why should the affection that makes glad our homes, be deemed incompatible with the purest, broadest benevolence? It was when giving the highest expression of love, that the Redeemer of our race, turned his dying eye upon his best disciple, with the exclamation: “Behold thy mother.” It was in the purity of Eden, ere man had fallen, that the marriage tie was formed; and will it be less necessary, or interfere more with the perfect love of the second Eden? It is, indeed, a glowing prospect; life's ocean undisturbed by tempest; never o'ercast with cloud! How brightly it will mirror back the image of its Maker! But, still a thousand fountains,—old family fountains, shall make melody along its shores; the channels wherein life has flowed for ages shall remain; it is the stream;—the stream, that's altered;—'tis that shall flow as never before,—majestic, pure, untroubled.

I DREAMED.

I

I had a dream of sunny hours
That glided fast away;
I had a dream of starry flowers
Unwet by tears of falling showers,
Untouched by dark decay;
I fondly dreamt of sunset skies
That slept unchanged amid their gorgeous dyes.

II

I further dreamed,— a little boat
Went sailing down a stream
With stray bright leaves and flowers afloat,
And many a sunbeam's dusty mote
And painted pebble's gleam.
I dreamt the bark's bright goal was won,
And still the drifting flowers, the stream flowed on.

III

I dreamed still that I sad awoke
Upon a desert shore—
The cold gray morning round me broke,
An unseen sighing came—it spoke—
“Thus is it ever more,
Thus is it with thy hopes and fears;
Flowers fade, skies darken, and the goal is— tears.”

W. M. B.

TO THE ALLEGHANIAN.

Sing us those songs once more, once more,
Each chord of our hearts to thrill;
In the leafy vale— by the sounding shore,
Where the wild flowers bloom, or the waters roar,
Shall their memory haunt us still.
The sounds that we love in the strains ye weave,
From the thrill of the hunter's horn,
To the wail that the passing moments leave,
To the gentle fall of the summer's eve,
Or the gush of the spring-tide morn.

Sing us those songs once more, once more,
With the tones of the past they thrill,

The forms of the lost from their graves restore,
And bear us our native hill-sides o'er,
With a youthful gladness still.
To their varying notes our souls ye bind,
By a sweet but viewless chain,
And our thoughts are out with the mountain wind,
Leaving the realms of the earth behind,
Oh, sing us those songs again.

SCHEME OF THE MORAL WORLD.

That was a bright and glorious morn, when the Almighty broke the darkness that rested upon the face of the deep, and said, "be there light and light there was," and from the womb of chaos this earth came forth in all the grandeur and beauty of its infant state, and took its place among that vast retinue of worlds that roll in solemn silence around the throne of the Eternal. It is to this first morn that we are wont to refer the date of the commencement of that scheme of Providence in the Moral world, which has been progressing for six thousand years.

How far back in the vast solitude and solemn silence of an eternity past, this scheme in its antecedents reaches, or how far distant into the unknown future it looks, no mind but his "who saw the end from the beginning" can understand. That there is such a scheme, vast, incomprehensible, harmonious in all its relations and involving in itself those general laws, that regulate the conduct of him, who was the last and noblest work of creation, is plainly inferred from all analogy and distinctly taught by the pen of inspiration. A scheme not merely of general law, but one in which a few antecedents are given, from which are to follow,—under the guidance of general laws,—a long train of sequents, multiplying in number and swelling in vastness and importance as the stream of time rolls on, till they result in the general and final effect. A scheme, whose developement and

progress constitutes a long and complicated chain of events, of which each act and volition of man forms a part, and from which

“Whatever link you strike,
Tenth or thousandth, breaks the chain alike.”

The insignificance of the act, the obscurity, frailty and helplessness of the being by whom it was committed, furnishes no ground for its exception. From little acts and circumstances, in themselves considered, trivial, insignificant and obscure, have sprung all the great events of history and each discovery in science.

Words and thoughts are also necessary agents in this plan of Providence. Words, as they fall from the lips, arousing and swaying the passions of others, guiding and controlling their actions; words as they meet the eye on the printed page, the parchment thick with the dust of ages, or the marble dug from beneath the deep mould of centuries, again living and making thousands and millions think. Words, though they be the daughters of time, their offspring,—actions and deeds,—are the sons of immortality.

Thoughts are the elements of which character is made; from them it receives its fair proportions and beauty, they give it all its deformity. They enter into its very essence, pervade all its parts and become inseparable. It is character that constitutes the Moral World. In this, there is the same great diversity and variety, the same great inequalities as in the Natural. Mountains towering with their summits to the heavens and planted on wide and strong foundations; some of dark and malignant aspect, with grim and threatening crags and fires rolling from above around them; others clothed in benignity and mercy, with cooling fountains, waving fruits and fragrant groves, inviting to peace and serene repose. The humble, but sunny vales, the thick tangled jungles, the dark morasses, broken gorges and wild and frightful caverns, with here and there waters calm and placid as the unruffled lakes of summer, while a large portion is unstable, raging and rolling like the billows of the ocean.

Since the creation of man the moral world has been in a state of transition and change. Causes have always been at work, which at various intervals have resulted in wild up-heavings and violent convulsions; when these have ceased and the elements have become calm, a new scene has opened, a purer and more elevated state of society. And thus shall these elements continue to ferment and the

waters to beat and rage, producing convulsions and transitions, till the moral world attains that perfection contemplated in the final completion of this scheme of Providence.

As well might we object to the necessity of the more inferior animals in the natural world, the patient builders of the coral reef, the microscopic insects, the animalculæ that pervade all matter, as to the importance of the smallest event, a single operation of mind in the scheme of the moral. As well object to the effect of the wave rippling upon the shore of the ocean, of the little spring upon the hill-side, the falling leaf, the decaying flowers, in producing changes in nature, as to the influence of a single thought in the world of mind.

In ancient classic story, we read of an iron, silver and golden age; a fit illustration of the several stages of human progress in the history of the past, and of what we hope the future will disclose. The early period of primitive simplicity was succeeded by the long and sorrowful years of ignorance, superstition and civil and religious despotism; these, we hope, have now passed away. The silver age of letters, invention, civil liberty and philanthropy has come, and we now look forward with longing and waiting eyes, to the golden time, faint glimmerings of whose light now comes to us through the darkness of this chaotic state, as a token of that morn, which shall dawn upon a world more grand and beautiful than that over which "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," when the Almighty again shall say, "be there light" and light there shall be, even the light of the Son of Righteousness, which shall destroy all *moral darkness*.

KNOWLEDGE AND IMAGINATION.

Science deals with realities. Its province is the real. Imagination lives only in the Ideal—breathes only the atmosphere of fancy. Hence, perhaps, has arisen the idea that Knowledge and Imagination are antagonistic principles, the triumph of the one involves the down-

fall of the other. Knowledge, says the Poet, is but another kind of Ignorance. And it is true. Science teaches the true philosopher how little he *can* know, rather than how much he *does*. His heart can never grow proud with fullness, for the solution of one problem is but the rending of a veil to reveal the thousand others still more obscure. He discovers a new truth—he learns a new fact and has mounted upon an eminence which extends not the horizon of his knowledge, but of his ignorance. The dim flickering torch he bears, serves to make more painfully apparent the thick darkness that is beyond, above and around him, and he feels that in an eternity of toil, human wisdom might strive in vain to grasp the mighty volume of Truth; and that he may only hope—as a babe—to lisp with faltering tongue, the first letter of her alphabet. Science and art have achieved wonders. They have laid bold hands upon nature's deep Arcana—have invaded her very “Holy of holies”—and reared a mighty Babel tower of facts whereupon philosophers have mounted to the stars. But the Empire of the Unknown is still boundless—nay, mightier than ever;—for, not a province has been wrested therefrom, which has not added thereto its thousands. And over all imagination bears a peerless sceptre; and, were *this* her only realm, even here, poor human wisdom could not tear one jewel from her crown, nor place the feeblest limits to her sway. But in fact, knowledge is the very foundation of imagination. The mind that knows nothing, imagines nothing. It is of the real that we create the ideal. Where one leaves off, the other begins. Science, instead of cramping the imagination, breathes into it a higher and nobler life. As the one strides onward, scaling and subduing, and mounts cliff after cliff, unscaled before, the other close pursues, and scarce does Science gain a foothold on the height before Imagination builds her eyrie there, whence to heights unattempted yet, she swoops away, and whither, like a bird worn out upon the waters, she can return again to rest. Imagination is prophetic. “It bodies forth the forms of things unknown,” in dim shadowy outline, it is true, but nevertheless *real*. It comes a herald of the past, yet speaks unto us as a sybil of the future. It is the advanced guard—the pioneer of the intellect, which clears the way and leads it on. It ventures afar on into the darkness of the future, and calls back on us, aloud, to follow it.

In ancient times, nature was all a mystery. The clouds distilled their vivifying showers, and vegetation sprung forth, as it were, by

magic. The seasons went their annual round—the sun poured forth its light and heat, and, 'neath their genial influences, Earth gave forth its bounteous store of fruits. Here was an intelligence they could not comprehend. Nature's mysterious powers seemed to call unto the Earth, which answered back to them again. *What* they were they knew not; hence *imagined* them—gave them spirits—and called them *gods*. They heard their whisperings in the murmuring breeze—their thunderings in the storm. A god dwelt in every distant glen of the dark forest. The Penates hallowed every fireside—a guardian genius walked with every shepherd of the valley; and on every high mountain top, a deity was enthroned who herded the wild flocks that “never need a fold.” Who sees not in these wild myths, a foreshadowing of the sublime truths which *we* recognize? Who sees not in these ideal deities, a dim, faint outline of Him, who, we know, does ride upon the whirlwind—whose presence is in all space, and from whom cometh every good thing? So, too, upon the dreamy speculations of Astrologers and Alchymists, have been founded the noble sciences of Astronomy and Chemistry; and, though in Heaven's bright pages we may not read the fate of men and empires, their mild radiance reveals yet greater and more wondrous truths. Coy nature has been wooed and won of Science. And at the banquet, sits Imagination,—the honored guest, for she was of both, the earliest and the warmest friend.

THE LAST OF THE SOPHISTS.

A TALE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

CHAP. III, (CONTINUED.)

But the jailer could scarcely have had time to retreat from the passage, when he was summoned again, by a commanding voice, and ordered to undo the bolts. The soldier rose from his seat and faced the new

comer; he did not recognize him on his first entrance, but as the stranger saluted him, he heard the voice that had been raised in his defense at the place of assembly. The soldier seemed to consider him as already a tried friend; he motioned him courteously to the large chair, and tendered him his thanks for his kindness on the night preceding, with the grace and dignity of one well used to mingle among men, and with the sincerity of a heart deeply touched. The young presbyter was about to reply, when his eye fell on the manuscript, which still lay open on the stand, and something of severity was in his tone, as he demanded:

"How came these here, Count Glaucon?"

"They were sent hither by a friend; but it is gloomy companionship for such a place."

"Sent!" repeated the Briton to himself. "Will you pardon the officiousness of a friend, and permit me to ask how long you have known the owner of these manuscripts?"

"From childhood," was the reply. "We were playmates together, long years ago."

"Ah! you look upon her as a sister, doubtless," suggested the stranger, in a kinder tone.

The soldier made no reply; he was evidently turning the expression in his mind.

"Perhaps you cannot confide in a stranger. But, believe me, I have come to you only with the purest motives. You have seen already that I am not without influence in the councils of our church, and may be satisfied of my ability to aid you. But will you tell me the object and manner of your intrusion thither?"

"For the manner, perhaps this ring will be sufficient explanation," and he handed to the presbyter, the signet of his uncle. "I came of my own free will, and in opposition to the wishes of my friend; but not as a spy,—at least, not a political spy. I had heard of the Egyptian who addressed you, and knew him to be a dangerous and designing man, and wished, if possible, to save a friend, dearer than life to me, from his snares."

"And that friend is the maiden, Myra?"

"She is; you know the rest. But for your interference I had not been here at all, and yet but for your kindness I had not been living. It is but justice to the maiden to state to you that she knew nothing of my intention or presence until the moment when I addressed her."

"And may I ask how you came to be so accurately informed as to the place and business of the meeting? The assemblings of our secret chamber are not usually matter of proclamation."

"That I cannot tell thee. I should do injustice to another."

"At least thou wilt not stay my thoughts. There must have been strong motive to lead thee to a course so fraught with danger. Tell me, dost thou love this maiden, with such affection as befits her rank and character?"

A flush passed over the soldier's face. "How mean you? The name of the Count Glaucon must not be coupled with the shadow of dishonor, even by his best friend. Thou art of Britain, I am told, and knowest not that hearts that beat more wildly than thine own, may yet be pure and true. And yet thou hast saved my life, and I will confide in thee. I have loved the maiden these many years, and shall love her while I live;—but it is hopeless now; and canst thou procure me release from hence? I have a sire and a country, who yet need me."

The sad tone and averted countenance of the speaker told his deep emotion,—the Briton rose and moved near to him. "Pardon me if I did thee injustice; thou shalt be released. But mourn not thus over the caprices of a girl. Doubtless she responds not to your love, and can be to you only as a sister."

The soldier turned his dark eye with an inquiring expression upon his companion,—it was the second time he had thus spoken of a sister's affection. He hesitated, and replied not.

"Thou may'st still confide in me," said the presbyter, marking evidently with some dissatisfaction, the hesitation of the prisoner. "Have I erred in presuming to hint the reason of thy despair?"

"It is a question I should answer to none but thee; and I know not if thou hast right to ask it. But it is not that our hearts are estranged,—the maiden has left the faith of her fathers, and regrets nothing I believe, so much, as that the new faith she has adopted has severed her from the friend of her youth."

The Briton paced the floor of the dungeon once or twice, in some excitement,—then turned and in a low clear voice, demanded of the prisoner: "But how knowest thou this? It may be but thy own wild fancy. Myra is not one to throw herself into the arms of a Pagan."

The soldier was evidently somewhat excited by his close questioning. "It were useless and unpleasant to discuss this. Suffice it, I

have no better assurance than the maiden's word, pledged to me not an hour ago."

The presbyter started as though he had received a shock,—gazed a moment at the speaker, and then pressing his hand to his brow, muttered some incoherent words, and hastily left the dungeon. He motioned the jailer, who had remained in the narrow passage, to await his return and hurried on to the upper range of rooms. Throwing open a door, he came upon a portico, which he paced with long strides, seemingly endeavoring to shake off the excitement which the words of the soldier had aroused in him. It was a clear, starry night: lights were glancing and disappearing on the distant sea, and at every turn, almost, a flickering torch, streamed along beneath the dusky walls.

"The dream is over," he murmured to himself. "Fool that I have been, so long. And yet if he be freed at once, she may never see him more. The wars will be bloody, and if he fall, Myra will not mourn him, for long. And yet if she can cling no more to this one hope, she will yield to the wishes of yon swarthy monk. I must watch that man closer. Why should he thus single out the youngest and loveliest of our people? There's but one hope for both of them,—the soldier must embrace our faith;"—he ceased his walk, and stood on the extremity of the porch, looking long and earnestly upon the billowy sea; and then, with a calm and more measured pace, he resumed his walk. For more than an hour, he paced to and fro, in silence. At last he paused; and as if he had taken his resolution, went back to the passage way, and summoning the jailer, obtained entrance to the dungeon. The explanations he gave of his singularly abrupt departure, and all else that took place, we cannot now stop to note. Suffice it, that the summits of the mountains were tipped with the early sunbeams when he again left the dungeon.

CHAP. IV.

Our story must make a long stride. Twenty years have passed away; and we are brought to the closing days of the reign of Theodosius. The sun was setting on the Mediterranean, and leaving his rich glow along the southern shore of that island, famed in all times for elegance and loveliness,—Cyprus. Long swells came gently up,

and broke in light foam on the white beach. The gracefully drooping sails of two vessels near the shore, were tinted with purple, and along the edges of their high sterns, and the blades of their long oars, the same rich hue was glowing. On the beach stood a group, gazing upon the scene, but apparently not called thither by the beauties of the sunset alone,—for their attention was often directed to the jutting promontory to the east of them.

“Will he come to-night, mother?” asked a fair-haired boy, who had been shading his eyes for some time, and looking towards the distant point.

The lady addressed twined her fingers through the curls of the boy, and turned her face to that of her companion. The look was a repetition of the question.

“He cannot tarry at Cunium,” replied the person thus mutely addressed. “But see, Myra, the sun has gone. Let us return. Our boy well knows the path to his home.”

“Ah! Glaucon, will you not laugh at me if I confess a strange whimsy? Let us send back your little name-sake, then, and sit a while under the trees yonder. I want to be a girl again, and have you treat me so. The scenes of years gone by come back upon me, as they have not for many summers past. Will you indulge your wayward Myra this once?”

A smile passed over the noble features of her husband, and he looked at her a moment, with an arch expression. “I fear me, you must send Louie to me, if you would have me recognize my girl-wife again;”—he stopped to pinch her cheek,—“how in the world am I to fancy this pale cheek the full, rich mantle that you wore in youth? And see,”—he passed his hand across his furrowed brow,—“what will you do with these?”

“’Tis not near so grim as the line your heavy helmet used to leave there. And there’s no trace of silver in your hair, my husband. And I am sure your eye is as clear, and your lip as full, as—as—

“As when you first kissed it, that day I fainted in the grove, eh, Myra? How you would scold our Louie now for such a deed! And do you not think it really was unmaidenly?”

She hid her face on his shoulder and inurmured: “We were children, Glaucon. And you did not reproach me then.”

“Not I, nor never shall, Myra. But I cannot wander away with you to-night. I am sad in the prospect of meeting our boy. Who

knows what influence the words of my father, or the excitements of Antioch may have had upon him? And yet we could not have done otherwise. I had shut myself out from my father's heart, and could do no less than send his grandson to soothe his last days."

They walked slowly along the beach, conversing in low tones of the probable return of the expected youth, and approached a rude arbor formed by the interlacing boughs of the trees, and shielded on the north by vines running over lattice work. They stopped by the side of a large rock which served as the only seat of the place. Seated on it, they remained in conversation till the twilight was gone. A light breeze swayed the olive trees on their left,—the outline of the pebbly road that led up from the beach was just visible through the shadows, and the white walls of a villa were distinctly in view on the high ground above. They arose at length, and paused a moment on the beach, to look out once more for the boat they expected from the south. Nothing was to be seen, and they were just turning to their home, when a light approaching from the opposite direction, arrested them. It was nothing unusual for boats to pass at all times from Paphos above to the ports on the coast beyond them, but the one now approaching was too far in towards the shore, to have any other destination than the little cove where their own boats were anchored. They accordingly determined to await the landing of the visiter. As the light came nearer, the half-spread sails of a Constantinople barge was seen, and the sound of oars slowly plied by the sailors, came faintly down the shore. A few minutes more and the barge shot into the cove, and was about to be run up unto the beach, when they were hailed by a voice and told to anchor where they were, while a small boat would be sent to bring them off.

Apparently the presence of the persons on the beach had not been noticed by those in the barge. A voice from the deck asked, in a courteous tone: "if the residence of the Count Glaucon, formerly of Antioch, was near?" and being assured that the villa above was the place sought, he declined the offer of a boat from the beach, and presently a small boat was launched from his own deck, and two persons stepped into it. A light push, and one or two strokes of the oar brought them to the beach. The person who seemed to be the passenger stepped lightly from the prow, and accosted Glaucon, who had advanced alone to meet him, with the common salute of the day. The Count as courteously responded, and offered at once to conduct him to his mansion.

"I have the pleasure then, of addressing the owner of yonder villa. May a stranger claim in the name of our common master, a night's shelter beneath your roof? I am journeying to the ports of Cunium and Salamis, and am loth to pass the night upon the water, being in but feeble health."

A frank offer of the utmost at their command was the answer to his request. He turned to the sailor in the boat, and spoke a few low words when the boat returned at once to the barge. Glaucon led the way, and without further words they proceeded to the road, where Myra was still standing. Without explanation of the character of the lady, the stranger seemed to conjecture at once that she was the wife of his companion;—he took off the traveling cap he had worn, and bowed lowly: "The lady Myra, I presume."

"The same," responded Glaucon; "but have we ever met before, my friend? Your memory or your information respecting us must be good."

"I had a friend who knew ye both;—It may be that his name is now forgotten,—Ludovic."

Myra turned quickly and spoke in a half-reproachful tone: "Forgotten! he sacrificed himself for us. Can'st thou tell aught of him? Doth he live?"

"He lives, lady, and is in health, save that toil hath much worn upon him. I doubt greatly if you would recognize him now. I have learned that he has been in Antioch recently, and you may yet see him ere he returns to the far east."

"I should know him anywhere," responded Myra. "His friend is doubly welcome."

They had reached the gateway of the villa, and were met by a menial, bearing a torch. The stranger complained of being dazzled by the glare, and drew his large cap of white linen, closer on his brows. The slave paused at the main entrance, and the three passed into the mansion. Arrived at the peristyle, the stranger begged leave to retire a short time, and the master of the house, summoning a slave, bade him lead the guest to an apartment which he designated. The latter seemed not to observe in his passage through the peristyle and the inner aulæ, the decorations and princely arrangements of the interior, but followed the slave mechanically, and took the lamp from his hand at the door of the guest-chamber, which was fixed, as usual in the houses of those days, just opposite the great dining-hall.

He had remained perhaps half an hour in his apartment, when he was summoned to partake of some refreshment. He passed on, through a portico, filled with statues, to a small, but elegantly arranged banqueting-room, and was met at the door by the Count. The stranger had thrown off his loose traveling coat, and was clad in a dark mantle. The light of the lamps, pending in a circle from the ceiling, revealed a powerful form, bent a little by time,—features large and regular, but bronzed by long exposure, and wearing an expression of care and toil. His hair, of light brown, was bushy, and curled close around his temples, and his blue eye was mild and thoughtful in its expression. Glaucon motioned him to a couch by the side of the marble table, and expressed to him his regret at the absence of Myra, saying she would be glad to learn, after their brief meal, more of the friend he had spoken of. They spoke but little during the meal,—and the silence seemed strange to neither. The rose with its half-folded leaves, on a corner of the table, proclaimed that the master of the house, though a Christian, was yet partial to the ancient customs, and his guest was one evidently well versed in all the forms and courtesies of the day. He made but a frugal meal, and drank very sparingly of the rich wines that glowed on the table. At a sign from the master, the viands were removed,—the large goblets alone remaining. A slave left the apartment at the order of Glaucon, and a few moments after, Myra appeared. She started, as her eyes met those of the stranger, and the color came and went on her full cheek. Time had not changed the pensive expression of her features,—her manner seemed as artless, and her eye as bright as in her earlier youth. She paused on the threshold, glanced again at the stranger, and as if in painful indecision, moved towards the couch opposite her husband. The guest arose, and while a half-smile played over his features, addressed her: “Methought but now you were of opinion that you should recognize one Ludovic, I spoke of, anywhere.”

The lady's indecision vanished; in a moment she was clasped in his arms. “Your smile would betray you, my brother. But why did you not reveal yourself? Did you think that Myra or Glaucon could forget their best friend?”

“No,—no,” replied Ludovic, releasing her, and cordially returning the warm grasp of her husband; “’twas but a playful fancy that came over me at the moment. And you are happy here?”

“Far beyond the hopes of our youth,—is it not so, Glaucon? And you,—but you look worn and sad.”

"I have seen toil and exposure,— but my heart too has been glad. Rememberest thou, Glaucon, our last meeting?"

"Too well,— I feared that you had perished, and that in truth we should meet no more on earth."

The door opened again, and a dark haired girl of perhaps seventeen summers, entered. Ludovic rose, while a brighter light stole into his eye;—"Ah! this is Myra,— I see you again in the groves of Tarsus, my friend."

"Nay," returned the mother, "she has not my stature. It is Louie. She is not so winning as Myra was;— I will have you to know that I have been persuading Glaucon, that neither of us have faded as yet, and you know, Ludovic, I always was vain."

"Come hither, Louie; can you not recite to me the gay poet's 'noverca,' that we read the other day?" said the Count as he drew the lovely girl in paternal pride, to his own couch. "You must learn to love our friend here. He saved your father's life in other days, and gave your mother to my arms, at the loss of place and home and country to himself."

The guest folded her in his arms,— kissed her fair brow, and in a tone tremulous and low, invoked upon her a patriarchal blessing.

"I doubt me," he said, after resuming his couch, "whether ye will be yielding your fair flower to grace the new institution I hear of, at Paphos. You remember the Egyptian, still? I met him years after the battle where we parted. He was pursuing his way to India, and had been driven in disgrace from the monasteries of Egypt. His crimes were too glaring even for them."

A shudder passed over Myra's face at the mention of the name. The guest hastened to change the subject: "Thy sire, Glaucon; is he at all changed?"

But from the shadow that passed over the countenance of his friend, he was aware that he had been still more unfortunate in his allusion.

"It is the only sorrow I have known, my friend," responded the Count, "and it has been terrible. My father drove me from his house on my professing the Christian faith, and his last taunt is ringing in my ears. I was just about to take my command as Count of Mesopotamia, and the last words he uttered were: 'Go, apostate, and drive thy traitor shaft to the Emperor's heart, and then return,— the bosom of thy sire shall be bared to thee.' And will you believe it, the suspicion that my hand did slay my sovereign has never left him."

O! my God, would I had trampled the gold band of the Emperor into the mire of Antioch that day!" And the strong man covered his face with his hands,—his daughter pressed her fair cheek to his, and both were wet with scalding tears.

There was a pause of a moment, when Ludovic broke the silence: "This is indeed dreadful. But have the assurances of eye-witnesses no effect upon your sire?"

"None whatever;—the suspicion has taken strong hold of his imagination, and he is now sinking with age. But let us not dwell on it; it has haunted me through all my joys. Tell me, my friend,"—and he made a strong effort to compose himself, "how came you to be in the army on that terrible night? We met but a moment, and it was no time for explanation then."

"I was forced to fly, as you know, from Tarsus, immediately after your escape; I had a brother in a troop of your division, and feared that I should see his face no more, except I met him before the final struggle with the Persian host. The flames of your fleet, blazing on the Tigris, guided me on your track, and I came up with the army on that gloomy evening, when the retreat was first rumored through the host. I saw the clouds of dust that darkened the plains, and felt that all was lost to your cause. You saw me in the ranks. I scarcely know how I came there. My brother had just fallen, and a terrible spirit of vengeance came over me. And you must admit," he said, half sportively, "that we Britons did not disgrace our commander."

"You stood the whole brunt alone, for a while. An army of such would be invincible. I remember our last charge after the Emperor had fallen, was made wholly with Gauls and Britons. We broke the Persian wing and checked their triumph, effectually. It was an hour of fearful gloom. Didst see the Emperor fall? I never loved him before. He grasped the keen javelin that quivered in his side, till his fingers bled to the bone. Had success covered his efforts, the world would have made him a hero. The madness that burned eleven hundred transports on the Tigris would have been the height of decision and generalship."

"It was indeed a dark hour, but the church rejoiced in it; 'twas the dawn of hope to her. And yet I know not if prosperity doth not corrupt more than adversity has ever crushed her."

The speaker was interrupted by the entrance of a youth. "My son," exclaimed Myra, and he was locked in her arms. But even

while he was embracing her, he whispered to Glaucon: "Haste thee; if you would see my grandsire, ere he dies, you must depart this night. Reason has returned to him, and he has murmured the name of Glaucon."

Hardly awaiting further explanation, the Count addressed himself at once to the necessary preparation, and to an early hour in the morning, the whole household was in confusion. It was in the gray dawn, and on the bosom of the Mediterranean, that Glaucon learned more fully, that Libanius had been for several days at the point of death, and that it was more than probable, his arrival would be now, too late. 'Twas there, too, that the youth learned for the first time the whole history of his father's conversion, and Glaucon listened to that eloquent exposition of the Christian faith, which had shaken his own prejudices in other days. The night of his imprisonment was acted over, and the earnest voice of Ludovic left an impression on the son, not less deep and lasting than that which had determined the character of the sire.

[CONCLUSION IN NEXT NO.]

EDITORS' TABLE.

"The way we have at old Amherst,
To drive dull care away."

Amherst Creed.

Though it is the pleasantest day of the season, the combined influence of the mud and the printer has compelled us to give up our anticipated drive, and shut ourselves up in our Sanctum. So seat yourself, public, in the red-cushioned chair of the Patriarch on the opposite side of our Franklin, select the brownest of those "Brown Havannas," (Spear's best, and large enough for your collective mouth), and let us have a chat together.

We are in the best of humor to-day, though not a bit funny, but a kind of subdued cheerfulness prompts us to take a charitable glance at this "old Amherst." We are not going to interfere with its inhabitants, they "*speak for themselves*," and we are in too good humor to heap coals of fire on their heads; nor shall we consider it as "pleasantly situated in the valley of the Connecticut,

eight miles from Northampton," but we'll try to transcribe a page from the inner life of the Amherst we've lived in. The warm sun and clear sky tell us that the bright flowers and green fields of Spring are soon coming,—coming for the last time to the class of '51. We've been here "man and boy," these four years, and we can't help thinking this afternoon that it's long enough. But still we would like to ask if there is any one among our number whose pleasure at leaving will be unmingled with regret? We think not. We are of the opinion that we have enjoyed our course as well as most, and that most enjoy their time in College as well as any four years in their lives. There's an earnestness even in the romance of College Life, it seems to us, which we can never find elsewhere,—something even in its trifles and foibles, which though we cannot wholly approve, we think we never shall altogether regret, even when looking back from the gray hairs of old age. We are shut out from the world, to be sure, made a sort of living mummies of, but the dust will soon shake off, while the very seclusion has given to College the character of *home*, more than anything else could. And then, we have friends here, whole-souled, tried friends, such as we never had before. Who cannot count at least one, a "fidus Achates," to whom often the inmost recess of his heart has been unveiled? and as we leave here, and strike out on the broad prairie of life, each on a separate trail, 'twill be hard to think these paths may never run together again. We've had our share of faults, we'll allow, but don't be too ready to count on our ruin. We've often moralized on the ways of College. We've a theory that man is n't utterly depraved while he will not do a meanness. It seems to us that there is a strange charm in playful wanderings from a prescribed course, merely because it is *prescribed*. Children like to "see the folly of it" for themselves. Many whose high sense of personal honor and desire to win place and name, would compel them to "be strong and show themselves men," if thrown upon their own resources, are led during this College life, to the error of fancying that they are under a system of conventional rules, and that the circumstances under which they are placed do not call for that strict propriety of action, which they would feel bound to follow in their homes or in active life; but we have little fear that the truths and duties of the great world before them, will fail to win them back from folly.

We care not now to notice anything which may have detracted from the pleasure of our sojourn here, nor the prevalence of a spirit in our midst, "*quæ carpitque carpitur unâ, suppliciumque suum est.*" It would lead us away from our original purpose and indicate a sensitiveness we don't feel. Those things are past now; they may have done us good; at any rate, what they have taken from the pleasure, they have added to the interest of our College life. That life is now nearly over; and while we are not sorry to escape from its restraints and nerve our energies for a closer grapple with the world, still we are ready to confess that the blood flows quicker through our veins as we think that it is so close at hand.

Perhaps we have been wandering,—perhaps our reveries have carried us away from the legitimate course of an Editor's Table. We are not sorry for it; if you are,—wait till you are Seniors. *Voilà tout.*

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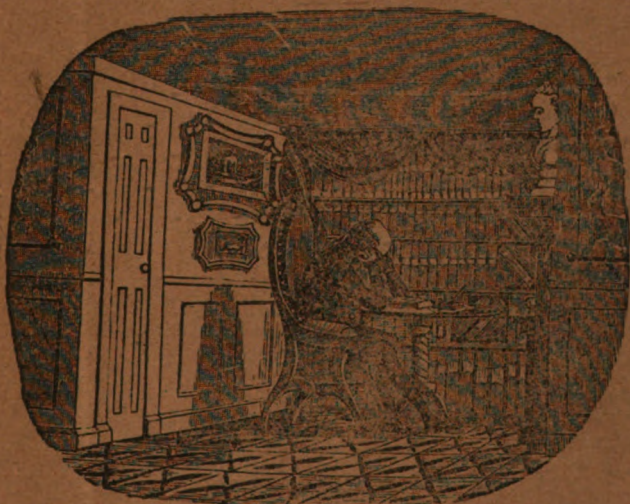
THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL

CONDUCTED BY

STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

VOL. III. NO. IX



If the world like it not, so much the worse for them -- *Cooper.*

"Alii multa perficiunt: nos nonnulla conamur:
Illi possunt: nos volumus."

APRIL, 1851.

AMHERST.
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

PRINTED BY J. S. AND C. ADAMS.

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THE INDICATOR.

Vol. III.

APRIL, 1851.

No. 9

DAVID CROCKETT.

Chapter.

Nay, gentle reader, do not start at the name placed at the head of this article. We introduce to you no fabulous being, originated in the fancy of the poet, and believed in by the credulous and superstitious. The day has long since passed, when such creations could be brought forward with even the semblance of sanity. No longer does a thick cloud of gloom stretch itself out before the eye of man, as he treads his sad path to the grave. Instead of being deluded, as heretofore, by the dreams and phantasies of the poet, poor wayward humanity has been thoroughly aroused by the hand and voice of reality, and stands forth in its appropriate dignity and grace.

Availing ourselves, then, of the same favor extended to other Biographers, we propose to draw a truthful and ungarnished sketch of the life of a veritable *man* possessing all the attributes essential to our common humanity, who appeared on the stage of life, like ourselves, performed nobly his part, and, in due process of time, yielded his place to others.

The birth-place of David Crockett, like one of classic memory, has been the subject of a long and angry dispute; but it has at last been pretty well ascertained, that the honor belongs to the State of North Carolina.

It matters but little, however, as to the *place* of his birth, so long as it cannot be denied that he *was born*, and that too, to about the

same lot as others, with this important exception, that the only patrimony entailed upon him, was poverty and pinching want.

Ushered into this our cold and heartless world in this pitiable condition, (for which, of course, no blame attaches to him) he seems to have hesitated long whether to enter in advance upon his inheritance, or turn away from the gloomy prospect.

At length, however, true to the motto of his after life, (we use his own words) "he determined that he was right, and, therefore, resolved to go ahead."

It was, indeed, hard to stem the current that set against him; but gathering strength, by no means common to his tender age, he outrode the perilous season of his infancy by the mere force of his will; and even then, developed that element of his character which was the polar star of his after life. Born to most of the hardships that abject poverty can bestow, a life of irremediable toil stretched itself out into the dark and dreary future, without one bow of promise, or one bright hope to cheer his drooping heart. Deprived, of course, of the most ordinary instruction, he grew up in ignorance and neglect. It has been said, even, that superadded to this, was the unnatural neglect of friends and an entire want of sympathy with every one of his species, all of which not unfrequently weighed down his spirits and imposed an almost insupportable burden upon his tender years.

Often did he sigh over his sad lot, as he beheld no bright or cheering prospect before him; and yet he held a firm grasp on life; and, manfully breasting the storm, he lived on and on, he knew not for what,—*now* wondering at the unfathomed mystery of his own being and at his thoughts which at times seemed still more strange, and *now* whether he existed at all. Life to him was an enigma, for he could not understand how *all* his equals in age should be placed so far above him in physical condition, and *most*, as he supposed, on the scale of intelligence; and the generous emotions of his bosom were seldom brought into exercise, and the gentle charities of life shed not their genial influence over his neglected youth. Thus circumstanced, the long years of his minority passed slowly and sadly away—till, at last, he was thrust out into life friendless, penniless and alone. Now mark the crisis of Crockett's life. With his majority, seems to have dawned upon him, almost the first ray of his own proper individuality; and, as he waked to a consciousness of his real life, he seems to have taken his bearings and settled the great car-

dinal point of his practical chart, "Be sure you're right, and then go ahead." This—his polar star, was ever above the horizon, in all the storms and tempests of his subsequent pioneer and political life. This, to him "was the Law and prophets;" and its magic influence gave him strength and courage, when on the floor of Congress, in after life, he "exposed the intrigue and corruption of the 'government'" and when he encountered the beast of the forest. Indeed it was ever his talisman in the hour of his extremity. Thus charted and compassed he was ready for the voyage and only hesitated whither to direct his course. But his delay was of short duration, for an insuperable barrier had grown up between him and refinement, in the cruel neglect of his youth, which had left his mind without symmetry and form, and now suffused his cheek with a burning shame whenever he appeared in refined society. He has now approached the crisis of his life. He must sink into comparative insignificance or launch out upon a life of adventure—at the former his soul sickened within him, but for the latter, his whole early history seems to have just fitted him; and therefore he boldly enters upon the task which, he knows, shall unroll his individual destiny. He turns away from the conventionalities and cold formalities of civilized life; and penetrates into the deep and, hitherto, almost unexplored bosom of our western forest; where he, at least, might not be *despised*, if he could not be *appreciated*. About this time also, the wood-man crossed the mountain, and already in a few bordering places the wilderness began to "teem with life" and put on the garb of civilization. The "district of Virginia" was about to develop its vast resources, and the "dark and bloody ground" was now no longer to be the theater of fierce and terrible combat. The time drew near when the pioneer should begin to feel security in his "new cleared home" and government extend its genial sway over the fairest portion of the West. As yet, however, the western declivity of the mountains was the acknowledged limit of civilization. The whole extent of country between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers stretched itself out in its wildest and rudest state. Into this had been driven the beasts of the forest and here was the red man's hunting-ground. In this wild and uncultivated retreat, far from the scenes and home of his youth, Crockett next appears in the full pride and strength of his untutored manhood, and, for the first time began to feel a dignity and importance commensurate with the high

order of *natural* talents he was conscious of possessing. True, he was sometimes sad; and not unfrequently was the solitude of his wilderness home overpowering; but the wrongs of his boyish days were burned deep into his soul, and "it would be a sad day," thought he, "when the onward march of civilization should throw around him the restraints of society, or force him from his lone retreat." He and the Indian were the lords of the forest, and, in search of his prey, he roamed, unrestrained, by the red man's side. Thus he passed the happiest and pleasantest years of his life—emphatically the lord of the forest; for not a nook was left unexamined, not a beast but knew his foot-fall and saved itself in precipitate flight. Though surrounded by Indians he still retained sympathy with the white man, and, in the onward march of civilization, formed the connecting link between the two. In process of time they both met in his cabin in council, at his table they both partook of a common bounty and ratified their treaties, and around his cabin fire they both smoked the "pipe of peace." Learning and refinement are seldom the possession of the pioneer. Their place is more usually supplied by a rustic simplicity of heart, that nourishes the best affections of the soul, and a fixedness of purpose and determination that knows not opposition. These were emphatically the characteristics of David Crockett, and in the tide of emigration that now flowed into the West, he stands forth in the full pride and simplicity of his character.

Our limits forbid further detail in relation to this portion of our hero's life—and we pass over, therefore, many of the brightest and most interesting pages in his history—comprising a full account of the prominent part he took in settling this desirable portion of our country, the manner he was accustomed to receive the hardy pioneer, beguile away his fatigue, and send him on his way, with a hearty God speed. We say nothing of the active part he took in the Seminole war in which he received the commission of Colonel, and last though not least, his terrible encounters with the wild beasts of the forest and his narrow escapes—we pass all this and hasten to a brief sketch of his political career—and the circumstances that led to his expatriation and death. Thus far we have followed Col. Crockett through the quiet and retired vale of *private* life, but now we are to trace his footsteps along the more treacherous and uncertain path of *political* life.

How mysterious the circumstances that shape our being! and how strange their influence in directing our steps! They constitute the woof, if not the web, of our lives, and silently, though surely unroll our destiny. So thought David Crockett, as he was almost unanimously called from his quiet and secluded home, to represent the western district of Tennessee, for the first time, on the floor of Congress. Although the call was imperative, he hesitated long before putting on the livery of the "public servant;" for to him "the woodman's life and the woodman's home" were dearer than all the pageantry of office and the honors of the great. He ventured, however, at length, upon the stormy sea of political life, trusting to his genuine common sense and the purity of his motives, both of which he was conscious of possessing, yet

"Hope and fear, alternate swayed his breast;
Like light and shade upon a waving field,
Coursing each other, when the flying clouds
Now hide, and now reveal, the sun."—

Col. Crockett was ill at ease at the Capital. Probably a more uncouth representative was never sent to Washington—to his praise be it spoken, never a more honest. The former made him, at first, an object of general interest, and with some, even an object of ridicule; the latter, an object of dread to the craven parasites that were clinging to the skirts of "the government;" and both together deeply embittered his cup. At first the tones of his homely eloquence fell, with ludicrous effect, on the ears of the "Nation's Great." Some were amazed, some affected disgust, some were pleased and others offended, and all interested. At length the corruptions of "the government," the intrigues of "the party," and "the removal of the deposits" &c., fully aroused him, and he, henceforth, held himself in constant readiness to pounce upon every measure that looked to the support of "the government," i. e. General Jackson. He, of course, could exert but little influence, and was most generally cut off from debate, sometimes by the "previous question," but oftener by the "eternal cry of order." Yet he prowled around the skirts of "the government," and few of its adherents escaped his biting sarcasm. It was during his Congressional life that he made his celebrated

northern tour, and spoke to assembled thousands of the condition of affairs at Washington, and in particular of the "General's matters which by the way were *all* wrong." It was during this period, also, that the famous correspondence of Crockett and Downing came to light, and the celebrated letter to the convention of Mississippi, by which (in derision) he had been proposed as a suitable candidate for the presidency. But we hasten to the sequel of his life. The seven years that Crockett spent in Congress were among the most unpleasant of his life. He had, alone, of all the delegation from his own state placed himself in direct opposition to the policy of General Jackson, and repeatedly declared that "he would rather be politically damned, than hypocritically immortalized." An unseen agency was gradually undermining the confidence of his constituents in his judgment and integrity. Unfortunate, therefore, on the whole as it had proved, in his political life, he retired from Congress with wounded sensibilities, a fair reputation tarnished and pursued by vindictive foes. He waited an opportunity for redress, he prays for retributive justice, and appeals to the hitherto warm and gushing sympathies of his constituents; but he appeals in vain. The splendor of Jackson's military achievements had thrown over the more mysterious parts of his policy a brilliant though uncertain lustre, and now Col. Crockett felt for the first time how hard it was to measure arms with a Chief of such renown. He could do nothing; and, therefore, sat down,

"Gathering his brows like gathering storms,
And nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

Weeks, months, and years were passed, yet peace did not return to his wounded spirit, for what can compensate for a fair reputation wickedly and cruelly blasted? The tide of misfortune had now set fully against him, and he strove hard to rise upon its angry and noisy surface. The brief remnant of his life exhibits a continued struggle of a brave man contending nobly with his fate. One misfortune after another followed in quick succession, and yet he manfully breasted the current, until most of the ties that bound him to his kind were severed; and then he sat down on the ruins of his home and wept. It was the first time in his life, and now he gave

full vent to his burthened soul. All the wrongs of his private and political life passed in review before him with all their harrowing power, and flowed back upon his soul, with all their sickening and dispiriting influence. There *are* tears that bring no relief to the disconsolate heart—tears that fall hot and scalding on the wounded spirit, and “sighs that sigh in vain.” This was painfully true in our hero’s case. But the last link that had bound him to his country had been severed, and with one convulsive effort, he tears himself away, and goes forth, with firm steps but broken spirit, self-ostracised from his native land. The almost defenceless Texans were, at this time, suffering the most extreme cruelties that the degenerate Mexicans could devise. Their wretched condition and noble resistance had attracted the attention of the civilized world. Many brave hearts were now going forth from the south to take vengeance on the relentless foes of their kinsmen and friends; and among them goes Col. Crockett. It would be foreign to our present purpose, to relate all the incidents of this noble struggle for liberty, in which our hero took a prominent part. Suffice it to say he was no idle spectator, and many an imbecile Mexican had occasion to testify most sadly, to the reality of his prowess.

But we pass to the final scenes of his life and his glorious death. Many a battle had been hardly fought. Many a victory dearly won, and many a soldier had “slept his last sleep.” Gloom and sadness brooded over the whole South. The last campaign had been disastrous, and few who began it, were spared to see its effects. Most of these had retired to the “Alimo”—a fort in one of the finest districts of this delightful country, to recruit their wasted energies and watch the progress of events, with the high hope that one more campaign would restore peace to that blood-drenched land. And here they sat down to recount the incidents of the campaign and mourn over the sad fate of their companions.

But now the last day and evening of November have come* in all the richness and beauty peculiar to that climate. The glancing rays of the sun struggle through the tops of the trees and play upon the bosom of the sleeping lake that washes the foot of the fort. A slight frost has given the leaves of the forest their richest hue. The

* The writer would here apologize for any chronological error he may have made in this sketch of the taking of “the Alimo,” by stating that authentic confirmation is not at hand; but such is his recollection.

dark foliage of the evergreen contrasts brilliantly with the bright gold of the Beech and the crimson of the Maple, and the air is loaded with the fragrance of the full ripe fruit that hangs in blushing clusters from the branches. The Pine lifts its lofty head far above all, and there, too, stands the majestic Oak with gnarled and fantastic arms, thrown abroad in all the wildness of unrestrained liberty. O 'twas a glorious spot, and with it also a glorious night; for just now arose the disk of the full round moon above the eastern horizon, and threw its misty and uncertain light around every object. Every thing seemed clad in a mysterious garb of beauty. The bland breeze that wafted the fragrance of the air, sighed mournfully among the leaves of the forest. Yes, it was a delightful evening; just such as we love to extend indefinitely into the night, and, in its witching spell, pay our devoutest adoration under the broad open sky, such as renders us pleasingly sad, and makes us think of the departed, of home, and friends.

“In such a night as this
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night;”

and thus, also, did many a brave youth within the narrow limits of this fort, that night, as he thought, with suppressed emotion, of his long separation from the home of his youth, and longed for its quiet and repose; but as the image, that rendered that home so attractive rose to his view, he turned away with tearful eyes from the pleasing prospect, and sought to suppress the gushing sympathies of heart, in the forgetfulness of sleep. Thus one after another retired until our hero was left quite alone, and he waited long recounting the stirring scenes of his eventful life, until he, too, turned his back upon the lovely scene, and all was now hushed to stillness. The hours flew swiftly by and when the moon was now riding at her highest noon, there might have been seen the forms of the swarthy Mexicans lurking among the trees and drawing near the fort. But here we pause, and attempt no description of the dreadful scene that followed. Suffice it to say, but one escaped to tell the sad tale; and when the

morning sun arose and threw its cheerful light over the scene, all was silent indeed, but it was the silence of death.

The recollection of the sad fate of "the Alimo" even yet opens new fountains of grief in many a disconsolate heart, for there the bright hopes of many a fond mother and confiding maiden went down for ever; and there, too, perished David Crockett.

In this brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of Col. Crockett's life, a full analysis of his character has not been aimed at; nor, would this be an easy task, since he has left but little, in tangible form, by which we can trace the singular workings of his mind. That he was a decidedly marked character, however, all admit. He seems to have possessed the essential elements of a great mind; and needed only the polish and symmetry imparted by early discipline, to have fitted him for a high place among the great of his day. As it was, his thoughts, though they evinced the deep workings of a mind powerful in its own inherent energy, never seemed to flow with any regularity or long in one channel, and though they produced efficient action in most trying circumstances, few were ever transcribed from the living page of his heart. In consequence, what men are wont to rely on chiefly, for lasting fame, passed away with him; and all that remains of him—the recollection of his deeds,—is destined soon to follow. That he was a man of singular genius, none ever disputed; and few ever questioned, except for political effect, his unbending integrity of character. Possessed of a firm constitution and early inured to hardship and want, he soon learned to stare poverty full in the face without emotion. In pioneer life he was matchless in tact and feats of daring. Indeed the language of Cicero, in relation to a much less worthy character, may, without modification, be applied to him. "*Omnia nôrat, omnium aditus tenebat: nihil erat, quod non ipse abiret, occurreret, vigilaret, laboret; frigus, sitim, famem ferre poterat.*" In courage, both physical and moral, he had few equals. He could encounter the wild beast of the forest, and an opponent on "the stump" or on the floor of Congress, with the same provoking coolness; and both were alike vanquished. He was one of "the people," ever at home and ever ready. He was a man "of infinite jest," and his mirth, wit and hospitality, were absolutely boundless. They welled up from the deepest fountains of his very being, ever enlivening, sparkling, and overflowing.

"His latch string hung out side the door,
And was never pulled through."

As an opponent on "the stump," he was truly formidable, as many a one can testify. He had a vein of sarcasm that made him most terrible. He was, in fine, a genuine "Westerner" in the pregnant meaning of that term. The final scenes of his life were alike honorable to himself, and in keeping with his early career. At a time of life when the quiet and retirement of home are beginning to lend their greatest charm to other men, we reluctantly follow him, as he turns away, forever, from the scenes with which he had been so familiar, to engage in the stern conflicts of war. But he goes forth without hesitation, goaded on, partly by a love of adventure, partly by sympathy for an oppressed people, and partly by a belief of ingratitude on the part of his former constituency; and, it is with melancholy pleasure, that we trace his footsteps along his hard-fought way to the closing act of his life. And here the sad fate of twenty Mexicans, all prostrate before the place where he lay, testified to the existence of the same prowess in his last struggle, that had characterized him during the whole course of his life. He died as he had lived, and as he had always wished, with his sword in his hand, fighting for the liberty of an oppressed and downtrodden people; and with it, he was buried.

"Lay his sword by his side, it hath served him too well
Not to lay near his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
Its point was still turned to the foe.
Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death,
Side by side as becomes the reposing brave,—
That sword which he loved, still unbroke in its sheath,
And himself unsubdued in his grave."

NOTE. The writer is aware that a Biography of Col. Crockett has been published; though it has not been his good fortune to read it. The outlines from which this brief sketch has been drawn, were obtained entirely from those who were personally acquainted with him. This will account for any slight error into which the writer may have fallen.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL. *Briggs.*

I am not quite alone—a spirit walks
In quiet trust beside me; thro' each day,
Each weary, glaring day and waiting night,
Patient and unbeloved she still is there
With a calm smile and untiring pace.
Onward she presses and her shadowy hand
Points to an unseen goal, her soul-like eyes
Earnest and deep and sorrowful—perchance
Bathed in the fountain of unearthly dreams—
'Grave in my early and unlettered heart
A mystic emblem that I cannot read,
A sentence fixed, yet dim and most perplexed,
Invisible, yet most felt. I feel within
A mighty thought lies wedded to my life,
Sleeping and unawaked, yet ever there;
A noble purpose yet to be wrought out
And written in the book of great men's deeds;
Yet dream not what it is; that a proud way
Lies waiting for my footsteps, yet can see
No path that wanders towards it.

'Mid the crowd
That sweeps thro' the full city, where the din,
The toil and tumult of a busy life,
Strike on the loneness of an empty heart
Like echoes thro' a tomb—where startled grief
Is hushed by its own strangeness, and the soul
Grows cold and selfish, or at best puts on
A garb of hollow smiles; where mocking mirth
Flings its mad chorus in the face of Death,
And song and dance and innocent blooming flowers—
That should have purely died where first they bloomed—
Picture a bliss that gives a sharper edge
To reckless haunting thoughts that still intrude;
She still is there with the same constant face,
The same pure earnest eyes and beckoning hand.
I've wildly craved for love. To feel a heart
Beat warmly 'gainst my own, a human heart
Weak it may be, yet pure; a human heart

To love me and be mine was all I asked :
I had no wish for beauty, for I looked
Beyond the outward seeming of fair brows ;
Beyond the sculptured vestibule I sought
A dedicated shrine where I might kneel
And offer my whole being like a prayer,
Whose depth was inarticulate in words.—
To know, most fully know, that bliss or pain
Hung on each impulse of my wayward life,
That breaths came quicker through the parted lips,
Eyes moistened, and the pulse beat hot and strong
At my approach,— would be a maddening joy
Worthy a god to live for, and would thrill
Existence to its centre, till the chord,
The silver chord of life would breathe a tone
Unheard of in its melody before ;
Yet when I met an eye that filled my soul
With its clear truth and pureness, her chill hand
Crushed back the throbblings of my wakening heart
To a more desolate stillness.

When the throng
Swept to the pageant of some gorgeous scene,
Where other days, wakened to passions fierce
And uncontrolled, gave to the sated mind
A dainty feast to glut its sicklied powers,
And to the pure, the young and fresh of heart,
Glowed with bright flowers most beautiful and yet
More serpent-haunted and with deadlier sting
Than those they plucked for Egypt's dark brow'd Queen ;
When night held day more brilliant than the sun's,
But shone on viler things ; where fairy scenes,
Wrought in the phantasies of Poets' brains,
In their high magic kept a moment's life,
Hollow and false, yet seemingly most real ;
Where shadowy walks, and gorgeous palaces,
And glittering fountains jewelled by the moon,
And solemn groves by peerless lovers haunted,
Frantic with griefs that never knew a birth
Or wept a tear, save in the gazer's eye ;
Where beings fairer than the fairest thought,
(O'er whom the glittering lights fell bright and clear
As the fresh sunbeam o'er the Upas flower,
But knows not what it touches) loved and wept,
'Till their feigned tears wrung groans from hearts that ne'er
Gave pittance to the beggar— where all these
Held revelry to tempt my wandering feet,

Like a dark spectre sternly by my side
 She pointed to the still and quiet stars,
 And led me forth to breathe amid the fields.

But in the city's haunts where sickly vice
 Threw off its mask, and mirth grew faint at heart,
 Where labor unrequited, without hope
 Of reaching in old age its quiet goal,
 Still toiled, and toiling died; where noble hearts,
 That crowned with hope had been a nation's stars,
 Fretted by trivial things, wore slow away—
 Souls that had stemmed a flood's impetuous course
 And mounted on its billows, but whose days
 Of constant common cares to common things
 Levelled their high aspirings; and where crime
 Wolf-visaged snapped its gaunt and famished jaws,
 And howled and wept and laughed with fiendish mirth,—
 There nightly and by day she led me forth
 That I might read and ponder.

I can think
 Of one wild day of storm; the wintry wind
 Swept thro' the icy streets, and flying forms
 With fast congealing breath and shivering limbs
 Sped past me—when a low and fearful voice
 Begged me for alms: I gazed upon her face—
 'Twas a fair radiant face, I never hope
 To look on Angel's brow in Paradise
 More pure and Christ-like, yet her grief-worn cheek
 Had still a fitful blush that rose and fell,
 As if the delicate heaving of her thoughts
 Left her impassioned heart and found her lips
 Too mute for utterance; on those child-like lips,
 So child-like and so patient, lay a world
 Of such unuttered suffering, that my heart
 Gushed into angry tears: her full soft eye,
 Radiant as the breaking of an early star,
 Gleamed with a fear of blows and shrunk and fell
 As still I gazed upon her. 'Twas a tale
 Too often told, and as its accents fell
 In poisoned sweetness from her silver tongue,
 I can remember how a delicate blush
 Like a young rose-bud opened on her cheek,
 And like a sweet contagion downward spreading
 Fled to her heaving bosom and there hid.
 Oh, God! I gave her alms, and in my shame
 And grief for one so innocent, so lost,
 Prayed her by that sweet prayer her mother felt,

When first she saw her young and innocent face,
To wander back once more to the old paths
Of her lost home—far off among the fields,
The shadowy meadows and the quiet streams.—
I felt, I know not why, her early years
Had breathed the odors of the simple flowers,
That still clung 'round her like a dim regret—
She was so young, so innocent, so lost.
And ne'er again I met her in my walks—
Perchance the blooms of her old garden-home
Awoke the echoes of her broken heart
To their old tone of sweetness.

Thus evermore
The days pass slowly onward; most unloved
Yet loving most, I learn each teeming hour
Some lesson of the heart, that cheers me on
To hope for the far Future. It may be
In after years when the full thread of life
Lies clear and disentangled, I may see
An object and an end, may fully read
The mystic emblem of my hidden life,
Led by the fullness of a well-tried faith
Into the perfect and most sure belief
That the true heart to work its purpose out
In aught that's noble, thus must lay aside
All lagging chains of human frailties,
All soul-engrossing love and busy cares,
Lest hope like a strong anchor may not bind .
His soul alone to earth, but like the wings
Of a proud seraph upward mount to Heaven.—
Thus the strong mind, unknowing, is betrothed,
In its first struggle for the right and true,
To the bright mystic form that leads it on
Thro' devious darkened ways, till the taught soul,
Strengthened and purposed into perfect manhood,
Stands wedded to its guardian Angel—ΤΗΡΩΝ!

W. M. B.

Marblehead, Mass.

PRINCIPLE AND EXPEDIENCY.

To write the history of Parties would be to write the history of the world ; since, so far as the records of the past are continuous, we can trace their existence from the manhood of Cain and his more righteous brother, through all successive time— unless they were, for the space of a twelvemonth, united in one pure Democracy ; man, beast, bird, and creeping thing, being driven by the raging elements of Nature, to compromise their party principles, for the sake of promoting the general welfare. But if we adopt the modern theory of the creation and distribution of human kind, we are relieved from the inconvenience, even of so brief an interregnum. Hence those who advocate the necessity and utility of Parties, may safely plead for their theory the sanction of ages, and claim respect for its hoary hairs. Yet it seems to have been reserved for our own age, and our own country to devise a system of multiplying and baptizing them, far beyond the comprehension, and most sanguine hopes of ancient worthies. They, forsooth, were content with few divisions, and names that might respectably serve their end. Now their name is legion, and the title which each shall assume or receive, must be a signal of honor or disgrace ; to build up or cast down ; in fine, must be a perpetual speaker to exalt or vilify.

To enumerate these would exceed both our time and purpose. We will now speak only of the Party of Principle, self-named ; and the Party of Expediency, christened by the former. The one claiming that she is ever actuated by pure principles of right, never doubting that He who orders all events, will not suffer evil consequences to follow motives and actions so pure and noble, though they look not beyond the present ; while the other is premised to have little regard to the means employed, if so be the end in view is desirable. But is the distinction, held before us, in the spirit and purpose of these terms, founded upon a due apprehension of the present state of society, and the true province of Government ? This inquiry we wish to answer.—In this crooked and wayward world ; drawn hither and thither by conflicting and opposing forces, we seldom find the true

golden mean ; but vacillating on this side and that, we are even tending toward extremes. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the different opinions that prevail in relation to the real standard of moral action. And although this is, indeed, a practical question, it admits of beautiful theories, altogether too refined for the gross materials to which they must be applied. Such, we believe, is that theory which would bring all things to the rigid test of abstract and independent right. The prudent husbandman does not go forth, in the depth of winter, to scatter his wheat broadcast upon the frozen and ungrateful clods. The pleasant suns of spring-time must first impart a genial warmth, the showers bestow their generous bounty, and the faithful ox lend his aid. Then the glad earth receives her seed to give back sixty or an hundred fold. So with men ; their hearts covered over with the deep snows of ignorance, and penetrated by the stiffening frosts of sin, must feel the melting influence of wisdom's rays, and drink in the dews of Divine truth, ere they can yield the richest fruit. But while mankind are "prone to evil and that continually ;" full of selfishness, deceit and wickedness ; stern necessity demands that we endure the sight of gloomy prisons.

The voice of Wisdom is heard above that of Pity, calling for stringent laws, human and Divine ; with penalties varying in degree of severity that obedience may be secure. These codes, interspersed here and there with lines of blood, sound harshly to the ear that has just listened to the music of that Golden Rule : "As ye would that men would do unto you, do ye even so unto them." A rule which alone will suffice for the wide world, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together in peace ; when universal love and justice shall prevail. Till then, however dear are life and liberty to us, we must take them from our brother who has rendered himself obnoxious to a righteous law. When your own desires and principles have been conformed to the highest and purest standard of a perfect being, rational, moral and religious, then the requisitions you make upon another may safely be taken as the measure of your duty towards him, if he also has attained this same pure and complete integrity. But till then, such a course is neither safe, nor one under which society can exist. While there are men disposed to trample on all rights save their own ; associations must be formed for mutual protection, and in them, individual interests must be regarded subordinate to the general good. Will you ask then—shall we lay aside, as unmean-

ing and dead, that rule we have been wont to admire and love, as the very vital element of the whole moral law? We answer, no. For it commands every man to build up in himself that perfect purity of character which shall render him a fit subject of such law, and so far as may be, make it the chart of his daily life.

Having shown that, in the present state of the world, we must often choose between two evils; and that, when applied in its most absolute sense, the maxim—do right, let the consequences be what they may,—is unsafe, we do not hesitate to pronounce that other extreme, imputed to the Party of Expediency, a still more dangerous one.

In the physical world there is harmony and law unalterable. Each cause, though its course be silent and unseen, is hard pursued by its effect. Harvest followeth seed-time; but to him who does not improve the former, the latter is as if it were not. And the good man who has neglected to provide a shelter, will cry in vain to the merciless storm and the fierce, cold wind of winter, to spare his unprotected head.

In the moral world God has established the same law; hence He has given us reason, that we may choose means with reference to the end. But there are bounds, beyond which the end hath no efficacy to sanctify the means. And though it be difficult to determine the limits and set up the landmarks; though it may require a nicer judgment than lieth in man—we surely know that the audible voice of enlightened conscience may not be unheeded; or the obvious dictates of Revelation disregarded.

Using Principle and Expediency in this restricted sense, we would say: If any government would work into herself the elements of perpetuity and justice, she must not make the one or the other the key stone of the arch; but a union of the two; and adopt as her motto—not Expediency first and Principle afterwards: but Principle and Expediency, one and inseparable.

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Let no one believe he may blot out the first impressions of youth. If he has grown up in lonely freedom, amid fine and noble objects, among good men—if he has been taught what he first needs to know to understand the rest—if he has learned what he never wants to unlearn—if his first actions were such that he might afterwards perform good ones more easily with no bad habit clinging to him—then he will lead a purer and happier life than he, who has wasted the strength of youth in opposition and error.

GOETHE.

## WHAT IS TRUTH?

"What is truth?" Pilate scoffingly asked, but did not wait for an answer.

Truth is the foundation of the throne of the Eternal, the great principle extending to the minutiae of his government and impressed on each atom of his creation. There is not a star in the firmament, not a sand on the shore of the ocean, not a falling leaf or opening flower, not a ray of light or drop of rain, but involves truths undeviating and unalterable. The entire animate and inanimate creation is Truth; there is not a seed that falls or a rising germ, not a beat of the pulse or motion of a muscle, but in its dumb language tells of truth. All the laws of man's intellectual nature are in conformity to it, and when Conscience speaks, it is her only language.

But while the world is so radiant with truth, mankind, age after age, have been wandering in the dark, groping through the thick mazes of error—a labyrinth, where no light shines and where there is no thread to guide them. This world, so full of loveliness and beauty that it would seem fit for the residence of angels, man's imagination has clothed in somber shades, and peopled with every hideous spirit that nether darkness could beget. The happy arrangements in nature, the intimate connection between cause and effect, the perfect order and the undeviating laws that pervade the material world, have been to the mass of mankind without a meaning. The hand of a kind Providence, a merciful Father, but the God of justice and truth, has not been seen or known, while ignorance and error have deprived men of happiness in this life and at death closed against them the gates of Paradise.

But notwithstanding a large majority of mankind have always been under the dominion of error and loved the delusion, there have been those who in sincerity have asked, "what is truth?" and made this inquiry, the absorbing business of their lives; who have delighted to hold communion with nature, to interrogate her in every form and woo a truth from each object about them. And it has been by the labors of such only, that the curse pronounced in Eden has been in

any degree lightened, and the darkness that then came upon the human intellect lessened. Every truth that has been developed, whether philosophical or theological, has been a light whose genial influence has caused all nature to assume a greener, richer and holier aspect. Even the truth respecting the smallest insect, the pebble from the mountain or the little flower, that just lifts its head from the earth, has been an influence that has taken something from the heavy burden of human degradation.

The history of the progress of truth in our world is full of the deepest interest. The long series of dispensations by which the Almighty revealed his will to man, unfold mercy and love beyond the power of language to express. The superstition which Philosophy has dispelled, the terror which it has lifted from the aspect of many of the phenomena in nature, the system on system of laws acting in unbroken harmony which it discloses, fill the mind with wonder and admiration; while the successive stages of progress, which the race has made as truth has been evolved and disseminated, teach that it is the great instrument for the removal of every human evil and the great source of every good.

The promulgation of truth has ever been attended with violent opposition. The human intellect is so trammelled by error, that much energy and effort is necessary to break its shackles while in the seeking for truth, the mind is often, so influenced by previous habit and prejudices that all its conclusions are false. It is not strange then, that there are so many skeptics, who jeeringly ask "what is truth?" and will not seek for an answer. There are truths about us on every hand, which, if disclosed to our understanding, would fill us with amazement and delight. The inquiry respecting this object and that object, this subject and that subject, this and that mystery, is continually pressed upon our attention, and the noblest employment in life is the patient investigation and discovery of the truth respecting them.

The history of the human race furnishes many illustrious examples of inquirers after truth. "What is truth?" was Kepler's inquiry, and after forty years of patient study, he arrived at the great truth of the solar system. "What is truth?" was the constant inquiry of Newton, as he expounded the laws of nature and solved a truth from each sparkling dew drop and twinkling star, feasting his mind on this—the food of angels. "What is truth?" was the burden of

Martin Luther's spirit, as groping in the dark he stumbled upon that "chained bible," which revealed truth to him with such clearness as to dispel all darkness from his mind, while it inspired within him such courage that, undaunted, he met and combated the highest earthly powers and scattered the seeds of that Reformation, the benign influences of which have been felt in the lowliest cottage and most secluded hamlet of the civilized world.

Truth is a strong fortress, where no violence can terrify and no threatenings alarm; a high vantage ground, where the air is clear and serene, while below and beneath, are dark mists and troubled waters; how happy and safe then is he, who stands on this elevated position which no enemy can command! But truth is fearful and awful as well as pleasing and interesting. The unison and harmony observed in all the arrangements of the universe, we admire. The least deviation from these laws, would result in a catastrophe, the thought of which fills the mind with unutterable terror. The rewards which rectitude and uprightness bring are glorious; the retributions of error and falsehood awful beyond description. How sad then is the state of man! How melancholy the condition of the human race! How prevalent is falsehood in human actions, how is error interwoven into every hope and feeling of the human breast! Dissect human character, take away every delusive hope, every false valuation, every idle fancy, every erroneous sentiment and opinion, and what shrivelled and empty things would the minds of most men be! Then cast the eye down the vista of the future and behold the anguish of disappointed hopes and the loss of every real good, and how startling a picture is before us! Then, O man! if thou wouldst be wise, if thou wouldst shun the dark, mad vortex of unending remorse and despair, to which all the currents of error and falsehood set and flow with a resistless energy, then sedulously watch and examine each thought, passion and emotion of thy breast and ask thyself "what is truth?" and thus shall thy hopes be built upon foundations, which the floods cannot wash away, or the ceaseless ages of eternity cause to decay.

Ancient and Modern Taste. Hope is in our day symbolized by a strapping hoyden attached to a rusty anchor. The Ancients, with infinitely superior appreciation of true beauty and taste, represented her as a fair young maiden, whose delicate fingers clasped a half-opened rosebud.

## THE LAST OF THE SOPHISTS.

A TALE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

## CHAPTER V.

We must introduce the reader to a room faintly lit, and whose atmosphere is almost sickly under the fragrance of the spices burning in a censer opposite the door. Its occupants were two,—a figure stretched upon a couch, near the wall on your right as you entered, and a slave watching by his side, with folded hands, apparently awaiting the time when the sleeper should awake. The place seemed a library rather than a sleeping apartment. The whole of the left wall was filled to the ceiling, with rolls, and clasps of gold glittered here and there throughout the mass. The opposite wall was cut into three square pannels, whose limits, formed of a dark and costly wood, were the frames of as many paintings. The floor was of beautiful mosaic, and the half-couch, half-chair we have mentioned, was of the most elaborate carving and adorned with gold. The front of the room was entirely filled with rich curtains, and the whole aspect of the place bespoke the taste of one evidently peculiar in his likings, and the wealth that was able to gratify the wildest whim. The form of the sleeper was but dimly discerned in the light of a single flickering lamp in a distant corner of the room,—his breathing was irregular, and he seemed ill at ease. The slave had been watching by his side, some two hours, and had already stooped over the couch several times, within a few minutes, to ascertain if his charge were now awake. At length the sleeper coughed and uttered a low groan,—the slave stepped forward to aid him—raised him partially on the couch, and left the room; and a moment after, returned. Another slave entered the room behind him, bearing a lamp, and ushering one, who seemed by his stooping gait and withered face, soon destined to need the care he was about to bestow on the enfeebled occupant of the couch. His long tunic of white linen trailed

over the floor, and his silver beard fell low upon his breast. He bent over the couch, and shading the light from the eye of the sick man, let it fall full upon his own features.

"Dost still recognize me?"

The invalid made a feeble sign of assent.

"Is there aught I can do for thee?"

Again the invalid replied by a motion, and the old man turning to the slave, took a gold chalice from his hand, and proffered it to the lips of the prostrate form before him.

The draught had an immediate effect. He half raised himself on his arm, and spoke in a distinct voice to the slaves, bidding them retire. The visitor placed the lamp on the floor, and taking a long woolen robe from a corner where it hung, spread it by the side of the lamp, and seated himself upon it. They gazed for some time upon one another, but not a word was spoken. The face of the invalid, though much worn and wasted by disease, was full of interest. His thin white hair was smoothed up from a broad and massive forehead. His eye was dark and large, and though hollow and often glaring in its expression, was yet piercing. The beard was entirely removed;—the lines on his forehead and mouth were few, but deeply drawn, and the expression of his countenance, was a curious mingling of enthusiasm and caution, softened by traces of suffering induced by long disease.

The face of the other was chilling and repulsive. The eye was sunken—his hair and beard long, and his skin furrowed into a thousand wrinkles. But these were nothing to the ghastly complexion. There was not a particle of color in his face—it was of a sickly, corpse-like whiteness, and the perpetual sneer on his thin lips completed an expression which none could regard but with horror. His voice was sharp and sarcastic as he spoke: "And thou art Libanius! How goes the Augustan age with thee?"

"I am just entering it," replied the other, in a calm voice. "And what has sent thee hither to trouble my last hours?"

"Ate," was the reply, "as I think we called her once. Faith, I have nearly forgotten the mummeries. I would see thee close up this farce of ages. Knowest thou not that the reign of thy gods is over? Didn't hear the crash of our old temple last eve? I had nearly died with laughter when they heaved the statue over. A free slave must needs push himself into the hollow breast of the colossus.

He should have known that we lean priests were the appointed of the gods for the sacred responses,—the fool stuck in the passage, and groaned piteously; thou knowest the reverberations when I did but whisper thy answers there, and canst imagine how the loud groan sounded from the sacred lips. Hercle! but the destroyers should have had pity on the bellowings of our fallen god." And he laughed with a harsh, low chuckle.

The old man sank back in his couch and feebly replied: "Thou canst not force me to forget myself,—thy apostasy has been too base. Say what thou wilt, and relieve me from thy hateful presence."

"Apostate say'st thou? How can one be traitor to a falsehood? Did I not know as well as thou, the whole miserable sham? Do I not hold the new faith, only a sham more spiritual? And thou dost well to taunt me—thou, who art left alone in thy faith,—who canst not hope that even thy children will tread in thy steps. The noble boy thou wast so wont to boast of, threw off thy philosophy even as he laid aside his travelling cloak in the hall of his betrothed. A fair face won him in an hour from all the teachings thou had'st given him in years."

The old man raised himself again, and in a tone of passion, bade his strange visitor retire, threatening to summon his slaves.

"Aye, thou wilt do well to drive thy companion and ally for so many years, from thy door,—'twere noble to close thy life with such an act. And I come to do thee service—but I fear me, thou wilt not bear my message, when the simple truths I have already spoken so excite thee. I was thy earliest friend, and my Christian brethren fancy that I have some influence with thee. I came, at their entreaty, to make an effort for thee. Perchance thou wilt be softened in the near coming of death. See now, I proffer thee our religion—I pray thee to do me the kindness of accepting it. 'Twill raise me to high favor with the bishop, if I can bring so illustrious a convert to his fold."

The sneer on the speaker's lips and the glitter of his cold eye met the sight of the invalid as he turned upon his couch. A shudder passed over his frame, and he closed his eyes as if to shut out the fiendish object from view.

The visitor seemed disappointed—he was seeking to arouse some outbreak of passion and none of his efforts had been successful. He rose to his feet and a change passed again over his countenance,—in

place of the cold scorn he had a moment before exhibited, his eye glared now with deadly hate, and his lip quivered with emotion. "Proud Sophist!" said he, while he drew his form almost to its full height, "I leave thee—leave thee to die in thy loneliness—leave thee to thy forebodings and regrets. 'Twas thou enticed me away in youth to enter thy accursed band. I was a simple mountain boy, and from the hour you crossed my path, have known no joy. You tempted me with glowing offers—you fired my passions into fierce life, and made my heart desolate,—my life a crime. When my mother died,"—he moved a step nearer to the couch, and spoke with fierce earnestness, "you kept me from her last blessing,—you have made me the hopeless, faithless wretch I am, and I thought you might like to look upon your work. And art thou in better plight? Who is there to love thee,—who will mourn for thee? Thou had'st a boy—a noble youth he was too; could it have been in the vile nature you gave me, to love anything on earth, I should have loved him;—and your boy is a stranger to you. Thou hast sacrificed to the gods indeed,—thou hast laid the best affections of life on the altar of this cold faith of other times, and now let thy faith support thee. Thou art dying, old man,—dying all alone. The line of heathen sages is dying with thee, too,—thou hast outlived the religion of the age. There is none to care for thee; aye, call for Glaucon,"—the white lips of the sick man were feebly uttering the name of his son, "thou shalt see him no more—he is happy over the blue waters yonder,—he has forgotten thee long ere this. None cares for thee, but one, and he lives only to torment. And list, old man,"—he bent his head close to the couch and hissed out his words, "if this Christian faith be true, I will follow thee, and torment thee even beyond the grave." He waited not to observe the effect of his words, and the slaves entered the room immediately after he left it. Their master was moaning still the name of "Glaucon," and stretching out his withered arms, as if to clasp his long lost son. The slaves seemed bewildered,—they gazed upon one another and then on the dying man. Presently one of them bent down and whispered, and receiving a gesture of assent, motioned the other to assist in moving the couch. They bore it to the front, and then, one in each hand, drew away the curtains, and fastened them high on the sides of the room. The old man ceased his low moans and gazed steadily on the scene. The silent city, and the plains and waters beyond lay all before him.

His mansion, situated on the high grounds over the western wall, commanded a perfect view for miles around. On the right, a dark river, completely hidden in the shadow of the cliffs, foamed along, and tall cedars rose one above another to the mountain tops that were continuous with the great Lebanon range. On the left, the spires of the great city shot up from the mass of square roofed dwellings, and parts of the gray wall were seen in the distance. Beyond, a sea of foliage waved mile after mile to the edge of the lake, and the sides of the far off mountains on the East. It was the palmy day of Antioch,—the slight earthquakes of years before had not shaken the confidence of the people, or forced them to build their houses low, and avoid the vicinity of the loftier edifices,—temple and pillar stood in many places, undisturbed as yet, by the zeal of the Christians, and more than three hundred churches attested the numbers and spirit of her inhabitants. The moon, not yet at her full, was rising in the east, and in the clear atmosphere, gave distinctness and relief to the most distant objects. The old man gazed long upon the peaceful, and yet varied scene. Thoughts of days gone by, and musings on things to come must have been suggested by the prospect. He had looked on that same valley during the high day and decline of life. Where all was now so still, he had heard the tramp of armies, and seen the fierce conflict of sects and partisans. The alternations of hope and fear, that had preceded and followed the sway of each successive emperor, from the great Constantine down to the present, must have been crowded into the rapid moments that were spent in his gaze over the balcony. He was the last representative of a line of sages that went back more than a thousand years,—the last living stone of that great temple of faith wherein the two mightiest empires of Antiquity had worshiped. It was not him alone that the age had scouted and rejected,—he was but the expounder of a great system,—but one of a mighty throng who had gone before him. His age had rejected the counsels and the experience of all their fathers, and the feeling of indignation that had so often broken forth in the days of his strength, was glowing again in his heart, now rapidly numbering its last throbs. He raised himself by a sudden,—almost convulsive effort, and murmured forth his thoughts, apparently unconscious of the presence of the slaves: "Alone! In truth I am; but I come soon to ye now; ye have been with me, so, these many years; have I not heard your voices?—have I not seen ye on the

furrowed pages ye have left? Ye were the great and good of days gone by, and who of those that tread the soil ye hallowed once, are worthy to know ye? Ye touched the lyre,—a rude and sylvan thing it was, but Poesy had her home there,—the nations have stopped to listen, ever since. Ye held communings with yourselves, and Truth was in those early whisperings,—ye gazed upon the glorious Earth,—ye knew that gods were in it, and that was Faith enough. While ye sat in her councils the state was sure, and when ye lit the flaming brand of war, it left a lasting glory round your brows. And when this dull age is gone, shall ye not live on earth again? Ah! I had fondly hoped myself the god-appointed messenger to the expectant future. O! Glaucon, Glaucon, why hast thou saddened my life thus? Thou should'st have been the great defender of the dead, the teacher of those who are to come. And my grandson,—will he heed my last words? will he face the current of the age? Alas! he is too young. I am alone,—alone. Yet would I could gaze upon thy face, my boy,—thy mother will ask me of thy welfare, in the happy fields;—tell me,—he turned to the slaves, “is there hope of the arrival of my son ere long?”

They had stood quietly back during the murmured soliloquy of the old man,—it was nothing unusual for him thus to speak aloud his thoughts; one of them now advanced with the reply: “A day must yet elapse before he can reach Antioch, at least so thought the sailors we inquired of. The dying man fell back upon his couch,—the excitement that had sustained him gave way to exhaustion. That life was ebbing fast away, was too apparent. The slaves exchanged glances of intelligence, and one of them spoke his thought: “He will gaze no more at evening, on the earth. The hand of death is on him.”

Hour after hour passed away, and still the slaves stood over him. His breathing grew fainter,—they could not rouse him by their calls, or in any way attract his attention. The moon had passed to the west, and threw a strange glare on the rushing river beneath,—another hour, and the dawning day would streak the East,—but Libanius was not to gaze again upon the sun. The slaves started as the door opened, and a group of persons noiselessly entered.

“Doth he live?” whispered one to the slave who stood farthest from the couch.

“Scarcely” was the reply, “He has been dying through the long night. I fear ye have come too late.”

The last words of the slave were unheeded. The stranger who had so abruptly put the question, was already kneeling by the couch. "Father! father! 'tis Glaucon calls. Father." The old man opened his eyes and gazed on him with a steady stare, but gave no sign of recognition. The voice of his son still called with that peculiar tone of mingled earnestness and mildness heard only by the bedside of the dying. Slowly, as the accents came on his ear, the old man seemed to be rousing his faculties once more. A momentary gleam of intelligence shot from his eyes, and then he closed them again. Still did that tender tone entreat him, and when the eyes opened again, they smiled upon his son. From him, he turned to Myra, who stood on the opposite side of the couch,—he glanced inquiringly upon his son for a moment, and then with a look of reproach, motioned her away. He essayed to speak, but a rattling sound was all that could be distinguished, and a sudden expression of anguish passed over his features. His son hid his face in his hands, and wept aloud. Myra, unable to bear his grief, stole to his side, and winding her arm around him, pressed her cheek to his. The grandson was kneeling on the right of the couch, and Ludovic alone stood, gazing intently on the wasted form before him. The expression of sharp pain passed away a moment after, and the old man looked again on his son. Apparently the tender care of Myra softened him,—he reached out feebly, and taking her hand laid it on the hand of his son, and pressed both with his own. He turned to his grandson, and glanced from him to the rolls on the opposite wall,—it was a glance of anxiety and significance. The youth understood him, and turned to Ludovic, as if for aid. The Presbyter seemed to comprehend, at once, what was passing in the mind of the dying man, and in a tone of deep emotion he spoke: "Aye, they shall live. Fear not for them. The religion they held was of Earth, and it has passed away,—but their genius and greatness were the gifts of Heaven. They shall surely walk in ages coming, through the abodes of men."

The eye of the old sophist was lit, once more,—he gave the speaker a look full of gratitude, and roused himself to gaze again upon the world he was leaving. It was that strangely mysterious hour that precedes the dawn,—the vast waste of foliage to the east had a chilling, startling power in its unearthly stillness,—the river gurgled dismally below,—he raised his arm and pointed to the West,—the wind moaned through the dark cedars on the mountains,—a hoarse

rattle sounded in his throat, and he fell back suddenly on the couch. There was a smile of triumph on his lips,—but as Ludovic pressed his hand beneath the linen folded on his breast,—he found that the heart was still,—he had stood on the last rampart of the Ancient Faith, and done battle, his life-long, with an advancing age,—but his conflicts on earth were over,—he was at rest in the land of the unknown.

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### EDITORS' TABLE.

And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.

Hamlet.

Those "old familiar" tones that from the Chapel Tower ushered in a new term, and aroused College Hill from the torpidity of vacation into life and activity, have now sped their way over the valleys, and died on the hill sides, that surround us.

With the entrance of the term closes our little performance, and the actors now make their exit. Many things there are we would say on this occasion, but to the favors of our contributors we willingly give way and will crowd the little we *must* say into the smallest compass.

This, it would seem, is the *last* of the Indicators. In the reasonable expectation of able successors and long life to our *Maga* we are disappointed. Pleasant anticipations were those, we had indulged, of the career our Periodical would run beside the kindred attempts of sister institutions, and the reception it would meet in the heart of our New England Home. Who are responsible for this, where the blame falls, if any, of dropping the enterprise at this stage, let them answer whom it concerns. We reluctantly mention the *fact*, and leave the matter there. But we must forego our wonted chat with our readers and yield the little remaining space, to notice a few more glaring oversights of the press, leaving many for their indulgence to overlook or good sense to correct.

Page 18 line 6 from bottom for there, read *then*, and after falls insert *as*; page 38 line 4 from bottom for purify, read *putrefy*; page 49 line 7 for Eschylus read *Eschylus*; page 67 line 2 from bottom for feign, read *fain*; page 73 line 9 for Plato, read *Pluto*; page 120 line 4 from bottom for Molthus, read *Malthus*; p. 121 line 11 from bottom for and was read *and I was*; p. 136 line 21 for body, read *lady*; p. 148 line 4 for hopeless, read *hapless*; p. 148 line 7 after path insert his feet; p. 209 line 12 for stay, read *stale*.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Our thanks are due to our subscribers for their very general promptitude, but all the arrears have not as yet come in, and we would request early attention to the same.



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# THE INDICATOR:

A LITERARY PERIODICAL,

CONDUCTED BY STUDENTS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

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VOL. III.
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Published monthly during each collegiate term.

CONDITIONS. \$2.00 per annum, payable on receipt of first No.  
No subscriptions will be received for a less term than one year.

✉ All communications or subscriptions to be addressed (post paid) to "Editors of the Indicator," Amherst College, Mass.

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